



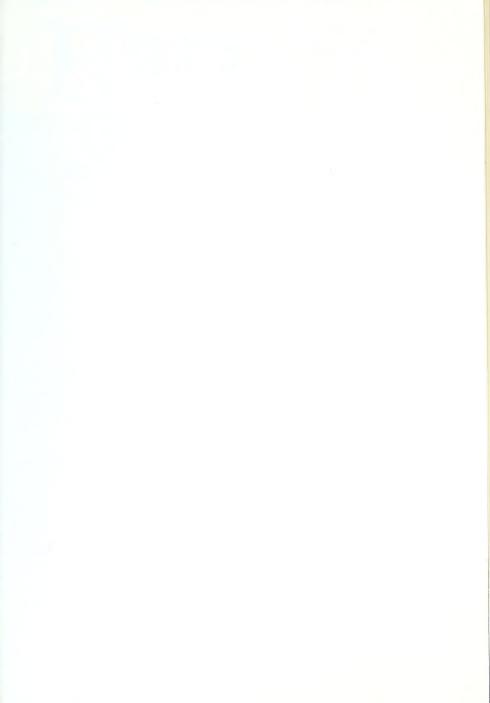
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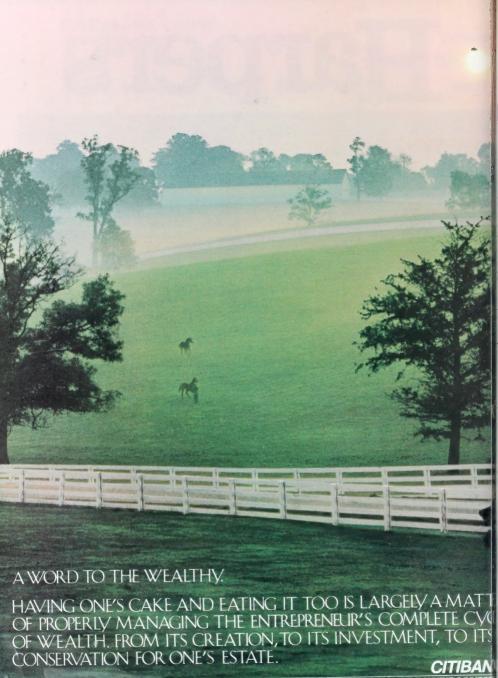
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goes to the opera... Lewis Laphan in the Easy Chair.



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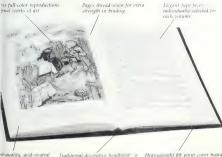
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR are very welcome, especially if they are short and typed double spaced. We enjoy hearing from readers, even though volume precludes individual acknowledgment.



#### Child can

Accurate light

Sylvia Ann Hewlett's article ["Child Carelessness," Harper's, November 1983] reached a sympathetic audience in our house. The November issue of Harper's arrived as I was explaining to my first-grader's skeptical home-room mother that, since I was unable to locate transportation for my son to the only adequate after-school child care we have been able to find. I must spend every moment he is in school trying to cram eight hours of work into a six-hour day, and therefore I would not be able to take off Wednesday to serve as teacher's assistant or to cancel my Thursday business appointments to drive seven children to see a pumpkin patch.

Oh, to be Susan, thought I, with my children happily ensconced in a Scandinavian day-care program and my editors kept on a leash

by the government.

Then I began to wonder how much of Susan's income goes to her government to support those day-care programs and to underwrite all those paid months off from her job. Can Susan depreciate her word processor or her desk? Is Susan allowed to write off part of the cost of her office and office supplies? Can she write off her mileage or depreciate her vehicle, and claim working lunches with colleagues or clients for tax deductions? If she ran a tiny business as a freelance writer, as I do, would her government regard her as a greedy capitalist elitist? How much does she take home at the end of a pay period, and how much does it cost to live in Sweden?

Hewlett struck a loud and familiar chord with me, but I wish she had answered some of these questions. Difficult as I find my circumstances in the absence of good year-round child care, I'd like to know all the possibilities before taking steps that could make things worse instead of better.

MILLICENT V. HAY Phoenix, Ariz.

Having been a subscriber to Harper's since my undergraduate days, an editor of the Frozen Food Executive, and a reasonably close business associate of the Messrs. Rich, I read with great pleasure and a certain self-satisfied sense of personal continuity David Owen's insights while adrift on "the cutting edge of pudding technology" ("The Soul of a New Dessert," Harper's, November 1983].

Owen shed accurate light on two of the most dynamic and highly regarded business minds in the frozen-food industry. He also captures some of the personality, style, and uncanny ability to turn disaster into fortune for which the Riches are famous. An excellent article in an excellent issue of *Harper's*.

ROBERT J. PHILBIN President Hershey, Philbin & MacMillan Harrisburg, Pa.

#### Sad times

I was saddened by James Wolcott's parenthetical announcement in his review of Philip Larkin's poetry ["Philip Larkin's Enormous Yes," Harper's, November 1983] that he has written his last column for Harper's. I discovered Wolcott's crisp, clear, imaginative, playful, insightful, and enormously entertaining as well as deeply meaningful essays about a year ago when I first subscribed to Harper's.

WILLIAM E. ROBBINS Kenosha, Wis.

Report from the Letters Lady

Just room for one short item this month: we're happy to announce that Life and Times of Michael K, by J. M. Coetzee, which was excerpted in the September 1983 issue of Harper's under the title "The War and Michael K," has won the prestigious Booker prize for fiction awarded every year in Britain to the best work published in English.

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# LETTER TO THE READER

by Lewis H. Lapham

Notes on a Newer Journalism.

ATE LAST summer I again became editor of Harper's magazine, and within a matter of days I had letters from several correspondents offering explanations. They had seen the news in the papers (a brief item somewhat garbled in transmission), and it amused them to propose variant readings of the text. A woman in California said that she had been informed by reliable sources that I had gone to Paris in search of a missing author and there had been held for ransom in the Hotel Meurice by agents in the pay of The Atlantic, Another reader said it was well known in southern Kansas that I had fallen afoul of the CIA and so had been condemned to spend two years in earnest discussion at the Aspen Institute.

I mention the letters as evidence of a sardonic and not so random constituency that still takes the trouble to read the small print. What I missed during my sabbatical from Harper's was the correspondence with its readers, and I was glad to find them in their customary good humor. The editing of Harper's I construe as a joint venture employing both reader and writer. Without the one, the other might as well watch television. Although familiar with this truth before leaving the magazine, I was reminded of it when writing for publications of large circulation that lacked for nothing except an audience. The editors were polite, the fees generous, the offices modishly furnished, the views invariably south. But no matter how nominally "controversial" the topic in hand and no matter how expensive the paper or how misleading the headlines, no reader ever bothered to reply. The words vanished without trace. Published in *Harper's*, the identical article or essay would have attracted as many as a hundred denials, confirmations, glosses, counterarguments, and further references. Nor would the responses have been predicated on the author's celebrity. The unknown writer could count on being drawn into the same conversation with writers unequivocally famous.

The gaudy façades of the big media often conceal a vast silence, and when I try to imagine the condition of the audience measured out in Nielsen ratings, I think of a bleak Sunday afternoon in the winter of 1963 at the Gaiety Theater in Baltimore. Commissioned by The Saturday Evening Post to report the decline of vaudeville as an American art, I had been traveling for a month with a burlesque troupe consisting of a straight man, two clowns, and three girls who preferred to be known as "exotics."

On the Sunday in question the troupe performed the 2 P.M. mathere before an audience numbering precisely three. All were gentlemen wearing hats and ample raincoats. They had arranged themselves in an equilateral triangle in the first twelve rows, and they were so placed that none could see the others' eyes. It was a cold day, and the gold paint peeling from the plaster cupids on both sides of the stage contributed to a feeling of mildew and regret.

The show was cast in an archaic form of the sequence subsequently made into the formula for prime-time television—clown followed by girl followed by clown by girl. The clowns were men in their late seventies who told very old and very fun-

ny jokes. As soon as they bounced onto the stage, wearing plaid stitus and sneakers of outrageous size, the three customers out front picked up newspapers and studied the racing or basketball results until the clowns, accompanied by no applause, exited not quite so heartily as they had entered.

The conventions of the period required the exotics to perform three dances, the first in evening gown, the second in fetching degrees of undress, the third in the nude. Somewhere in the second chorus of the second dance, the gentlemen in the audience noisily folded their newspapers, stuffed them into the pockets of their coats, and then, apparently without prior arrangement, withdrew, either from the same or another pocket, heavy German binoculars. These they slowly lifted into focus, and for the rest of the act their heads never moved. They held their binoculars on the objects of mystery with hands as grim as Ahab's on the telescope through which he marked the wandering of the white whale. When the music stopped, none of the gentlemen uttered so much as a single sound.

It is their silence that I remember, a silence that I associate with the immobile and trancelike state of a television audience. The mass media can perform any number of wonders, but to whom do they speak. and in what language? The questions lead to the paradox implicit in the technologies of modern communication. Harassed by data of all denominations, surrounded by a din of images, people revert to a primitive exchange of signs. Given too much to read, they tend to read as little of it as possible. It is easier to watch "Monday Night Football" and to hope that at the next conference or cocktail party somebody will turn up with an authoritative bit of gossip descended from James Reston or Alexander Haig. Despite the miracles of the new data bases and computer systems, we seem to know less than we did when we sealed letters with wax and waited eight months for a reply from London. Fewer and fewer people find the time even to glance at

## **PAC Americana**

Before 1972 it was perfectly legal for a candidate for office to accept a campaign contribution of any amount without disclosing the amount or source of the money. It was an era of millionaire contributors, 'laundered money,' and large cash campaign transactions.

Campaign financing was badly in need of reform. And reform came—first, with the Federal Election Campaign Act, which went into effect in 1972, and then with subsequent laws that grew out of Watergate-related investigations. These laws cleaned up the system. They required disclosure of political funding, established limits on contributions to candidates for federal office, and reformed the rules under which people could group together under political action committees.

Popularly called PACs, these committees are voluntary associations of like-minded individuals who contribute to a joint campaign fund. They do so in the hope of increasing their effectiveness with issues and candidates they care about. There are PACs for labor, business, civil rights, the elderly, professional, environmental and consumer groups, and many other groups. Joining a PAC is one way people have of exercising their freedom of speech.

The federal government has established very strict restrictions for all PACs, particularly for corporate PACs. These restrictions have been observed. There's not been a single scandal involving a corporate PAC since the campaign financing reforms of the 1970s paved the way for the growth of PACs.

Despite this impressive record, PACs have come under criticism. The core of the argument against them is that they exert too much influence in the political process.

Actually PACs contribute less than onefourth of the total of federal election costs and corporate PACs account for only 8% of those costs. The average corporate PAC contribution to a candidate for federal office in 1981-82 was \$657. The average cost of that candidate's campaign was in excess of \$500,000.

PACs are scarcely the dominant factor in campaigns that they are accused of being. One assumes that PACs exert some influence. Otherwise people would not join them. But "too much" influence? With 8%? Hardly!

PACs are people. What influence people exert through PACs has been at the expense of the monied interests who did dominate the political process before the reforms of the 1970's created the modern PAC. By accumulating contributions from donors, many of whom never gave before, PACs have brought more Americans into the political process. This represents a welcome shift toward the grassroots. The people who give to PACs are more likely to take an interest in campaigns and to vote. The additional money they bring to campaigns increases competition for office and the quality of the campaigns.

"Those who expect to reap the blessing of freedom," Thomas Paine wrote, "must...undergo the fatigue of supporting it."



the papers. The periodicals gather like unwelcome cousins in the hall; the memorandums, the books, the abstracts, the briefing papers collect in briefcases that people would rather not open. They find it easy to forget how or why events came to pass. The times seem to get more complicated, but the language in which to render or illuminate those times seems to get either too simpleminded or too abstruse. In the mass media the language deteriorates into slogan and salable cliché: in the more rarefied atmospheres of the specialized media the language becomes so recondite or technical as to be intelligible only to the children of the archduke. The loss of a common language in which the numerous American publics can address one another coincides with the loss of what used to be called the common interest.

OW THEN to arrange the bewildering fragments thought and experience into a plausible design? Social critics as well as presidents of multinational corporations routinely mention the "interconnectedness of things" and the "interdependence of the global community," but what do the phrases mean and who can translate them into an idea that people can grasp? How is it possible to formulate believable generalizations in a universe of specializations that recede from one another literally at the speed of light? The solving of this problem belongs among the principal tasks of the next twenty years. It is a problem not only for magazine editors but also for bellhops, bond salesmen, politicians, and generals. Much of the religious ferment abroad in the world reflects the longing for meaningful generalization, for answers, for ideals that hold their shape in the dissolving images of yesterday's news.

The environmentalists long ago learned to speak of ecosystems that sustain the balances of power among the organisms of the natural world. Analogous and equally subtle lines of connection run through the cul-

tural and political provinces of experience, binding together the economies of nations and the gravitational fields of human thought. But how is it possible to make these lines visible? Most people know, instinctively if not because of what they were taught at school, that the lines exist, that all the pieces of reality fit somehow together in patterns variously identified as chemistry, Marxism, or God. If the lines become hard to see in a world more accurately represented by the randomness of quantum mechanics than by Newton's geometry, then they must be brought into focus by acts of the imagination.

In Edward R. Murrow's generation it was necessary to send out for the news. Now the news beats down the doors, besieging the offices of the media with an uproar of fact and opinion. The media have no choice but to become agents of interpretation, but on what basis, and with what purpose in mind? Being reluctant to ask these questions, and being by nature deeply conservative, the purveyors of the news stay well within the familiar conventions. Despite the available technology, and with only a few exceptions (ABC's "Nightline" and "The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour"), the news on television remains oddly predictable. It is as if everybody says everything and nothing. The news proceeds in such a stock sequence (the same footage, the same words, the same official spokesmen) that it is possible to imagine that what was said last week will be said again this week, and then next week, and then six weeks from now. The bland artificiality of the language conveys the impression that only the camera angles change.

Nor do the journals of literary and political argument offer a much more imaginative view of events. Again with a few notable exceptions, the smaller journals rely on familiar forms that seem not only predictable but also superfluous. It is as if the editors were still standing around twenty-five years later, at a publisher's cocktail party in honor of Philip Roth's Goodbye, Columbus, still saying the same things to the

same people in voices as faint as old gramophone recordings.

The distinction between the general and the special interest works to the advantage of magazines aligned with products. A market is easier to find than an audience. The magazines still dealing in ideas have fallen captive to the whim and subsidy of their patrons, and because few of these magazines can maintain their economic freedom, they become as consistent in their apologetics as the sermons of Jerry Falwell. In the name of doctrinal purity (and not wishing to cast doubt on their own loyalty to the presiding dogma) the editors close off even the pretense of debate.

What is common to many of these magazines is an aura of intellectual defeat. Having accepted the canons of modernism revealed in the 1920s. the custodians of refined opinion continue to insist on the myth of the doomed artist waging guerrilla warfare against the smug and triumphant philistines in command of a bloated consumer society descending rapidly into a technocratic hell. The myth has little to do with anything other than the politics of university English departments, but it encourages the belief that no mere individual, especially an individual given to reading poetry or literary criticism, can hope to solve the puzzles of money, politics, and science.

For a magazine editor the prevalence of this attitude presents problems both of form and of intention. Harper's is the oldest of America's monthly magazines for the oldest of American reasons-because it has had the good luck to retain an instinct for survival, a willingness to experiment, and the wit to change with the times and make a new deal in a new line of country. The question now comes as to how to turn these talents to the making of a magazine that seeks to instill in its readers a sense of intellectual confidence while at the same time acknowledging Whitehead's dictum that "It is the business of the future to be dangerous." Next month I'll discuss the corollary changes that I think necessary to the magazine's organization and design.

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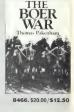






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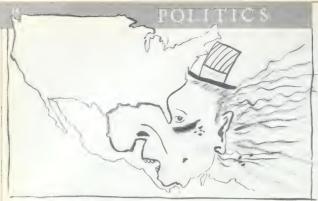
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# THE DOCTRINE THAT NEVER WAS

by T. D. Allman

Taking Grenada is not what Monroe had in mind.

T STAKE was more than some Caribbean island. America itself, one elder statesman informed the president, faced a crucial test "in the great struggle between liberty and despotism." Would the Russians and their allies be permitted to take over Latin America? Or would we Americans stop them?

The president, for the moment, kept his own counsel, but the intelligence community had made its judgment. The Caribbean was only the beginning. The "general expectation," the president's chief military adviser warned, was that the Russians and their surrogates were plotting to "employ force against South America" as well. We must fight for the hemisphere's freedom, one House leader urged the secretary of state, even if it meant "a war for it against all Europe."

But the secretary of state turned out to be a dove. The Russian menace, he argued, was more an American fantasy than a political reality. He suggested that the United States

T. D. Allman's forthcoming book, Unmanifest Destiny, deals with both the illusion and the reality of U.S. foreign policy. He is a frequent contributor to Happer's.

pursue détente with the Russians while letting the Latin Americans work out their own problems in their own ways.

A sense of crisis gripped Washington. Would the president stand up for America? Or would he let aggression be its own reward? Finally the president made his decision, and informed Congress.

The year might have been 1983, the president Ronald Reagan. But it was 1823. The elder statesman was James Madison. The military adviser was Secretary of War John Calhoun. Henry Clay was the hawk in Congress; John Quincy Adams was the secretary of state.

The president was James Monroe. And we all know what Monroe did. Or do we?

HE Monroe Doctrine, 160 years later, is more and more with us. "The first major foreign policy statement by an American president," Richard Nixon said in 1981. as Central America once again made headlines, "was the Monroe Doctrine. We cannot allow the Soviet Union to get a further footbold in Latin America.

Cuba and Nicaragua is enough."

President Reagan and his followers evidently agree. Over the past three years the Monroe Doctrine has enjoyed a notable revival. In 1982 Senator Steven Symms of Idaho proposed a resolution committing the United States to stopping Marxism-Leninism in the Western Hemisphere by "whatever means may be necessary, ... including use of arms." A few senators fretted that the Symms measure would be a new Tonkin Gulf resolution. But the resolution's backers did not see it that way. The Senate was only "reinstituting the 1823 Monroe Doctrine to protect the Western Hemisphere," a Symms spokesman explained. The new "Monroe Doctrine" passed both houses by an overwhelming vote.

The Monroe Doctrine, according to some of Reagan's supporters, not only empowers the president to make war in Latin America; it forbids the United States to make peace. Negotiating with "communists" in the Western Hemisphere "is a direct contradiction of the Monroe Doctrine," Howard Phillips, national director of the Conservative Caucus. announced last July. But is the Monroe Doctrine sufficient to protect the freedom of the Americas? In April William Safire urged the president "to update the Monroe Doctrine." Defending countries like El Salvador was not enough, he argued. The U.S. should go on the offensive against "the subverting countries." Safire called for a "Reagan Corollary" to the Monroe Doctrine. Now, with the invasion of Grenada, supporters of the Monroe Doctrine have their Reagan Corollary. By what right do we Americans violate the sovereignty of others? Is there any difference between the Reagan Corollary and the Brezhney Doctrine?

Neither the president nor his supporters, it seems fair to say, sense any moral or legal contradiction between "saving" El Salvador and subverting Nicaragua—between defending the hemisphere and invading a hemispheric neighbor. For many Americans these actions embody a return to the values of a safer, surer time—the reassertion of



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principles going back to the Founding Fathers. Senator Jesse Helms caught this mood well when he called for "reinstituting" the Monroe Doctrine. "It's time America starts acting like America again," he declared.

RESIDENT MONROE never proclaimed a Monroe Doctrine. Instead he rejected the calls for alarms and war, and adopted Adams's proposal for negotiations with Russia and strict U.S. nonintervention in Latin American affairs. In fact, Monroe's policy in almost all respects was the opposite of what we imagine the Monroe Doctrine to be. Far from hurling defiance at the emperor of Russia and his fellow members of the Holy Alliance. Monroe informed Congress of "the great value" he and his cabinet "invariably attached to the friendship of the Emperor" and their "solicitude to cultivate the best understanding with his government." Monroe did not tell the Europeans they had no business being involved in the Western Hemisphere. Instead he explicitly recognized Russia's "rights and interests" in Alaska, and propounded a doctrine of U.S. respect for the colonial rights of other European powers as well. "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power," he pledged, "we have not interfered and shall not interfere."

Why did President Monroe proclaim no Monroe Doctrine? One reason is that no great Russian-led conspiracy to crush freedom in the New World existed, and both Monroe and Adams knew it. Russia wanted only an amicable settlement of the Alaska boundary, not new colonies in the New World, Indeed, by the time Monroe sent his message to Congress, all the principal European powers-Great Britain, France, Austria, and Russia-had abjured future colonization in the Americas. They all also either opposed, or refused to support, any attempt by Spain to regain its lost empire. "The story that the president prevented a terrible danger," observes Dexter Perkins, the premier historian of the Monroe Doctrine, "is legend and nothing more."

Monroe had another reason for not proclaiming a Monroe Doctrine. The real threat to the United States at that time came neither from Russia and its allies nor from Latin America. It was Great Britain whose power and ambition threatened U.S. interests. Both the U.S. and Britain claimed the Oregon Country, a vast territory stretching from California north to Alaska. If the British checked our ambitions there the way they had checked our ambitions in Canada, the United States, whose borders then stopped at the Rocky Mountains, would be denied a Pacific coastline. Preventing future British colonization in North America, not averting future European colonization in Latin America, was the overwhelming U.S. strategic concern in 1823.

It was fear of being co-opted by the British, not fear of the Holy Alliance, that led President Monroe to write his message to Congress. A few months earlier Britain had urged the United States to join it in opposing any European attempts to recolonize the Americas. The British wanted the two countries to pledge to respect Latin America's territorial integrity and to avoid military intervention there. France, the member of the Holy Alliance thought most likely to attack Latin America, accepted the British proposal without hesitation. But in Washington it created alarm-not because of what it meant for the independence of Latin America, but because of what it implied for the independence of the United States.

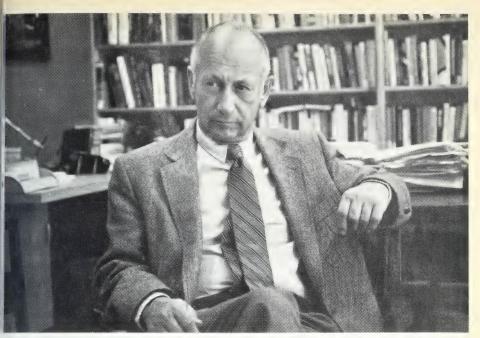
Monroe opposed any U.S. action that "would have the appearance of taking a position subordinate to that of Great Britain." Adams was equally against any scheme that might make America look like "a cockboat in the wake of the British manof-war." Rather than let Britain seize the initiative, the United States issued its own declaration on Latin American independence. Though this declaration was later generally regarded as one of the key provisions of the Monroe Doctrine, it was nothing of the kind. Monroe's

statement fell far short of the commitment to Latin American independence the British and French had already made. He made no pledge that the United States would either respect or defend the independence of Latin America. He did, however, inform the Europeans, in the interests of maintaining "the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers," that his administration would not view with "indifference" any "interposition" in Latin American countries recognized by the United States

This was no New World declaration of independence. Monroe proclaimed no unalienable right of selfdetermination; in fact the rhetoric of our Declaration of Independence is entirely absent from his message. And Monroe's statement, mild as it was, contained an even bigger irony. Because it was limited to Latin American nations whose independence the United States "acknowledged," it excluded such countries as Brazil, Peru, and Haiti, whose independence the United States had not recognized. Monroe and Adams. it should be emphasized, were fervent anticolonialists. Why, then, was Monroe's statement so limited?

The answer lies in Monroe's desire to avoid, not launch, an American crusade against Europe on behalf of hemispheric liberty. He wanted to end fifty years of U.S. embroilment in Europe's wars and rivalries, and get on with the business of consolidating the independence-and expanding the territory -of the United States. His message strongly reaffirmed the U.S. policy of nonalignment and nonintervention set out by President Washington in his Farewell Address. Monroe also made it quite clear to the British that, even though he was recognizing Russia's ownership of Alaska, he had no intention of letting Oregon slip from America's grasp. He asserted:

as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are hence-



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 $\begin{tabular}{l} \textbf{Norman Cousins,} currently Adjunct Professor, Department of Psychiatry and Biobehavioral Sciences, UCL.A. Formerly editor of the Saturday Review magazine. \end{tabular}$ 

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forth not to be considered as subiects for future colonization by any European Power.

This was hardly the Monroe Doctrine forever justifying-indeed ordaining-U.S. military intervention in Latin America. Monroe and Adams adamantly opposed foreign military intervention, including U.S. military intervention, as a matter of principle. They were determined to avoid U.S. involvement in the guarrels of both Europe and Latin America. The "purpose" of Monroe's message, as Adams put it, was to avow American principles "while disclaiming all intention of attempting to propagate them by force." Furthermore, this particular section of the message was quite separate from his discussion of Latin America. As Monroe himself put it, his statement dealt with "the North West Coast of this Continent." Far from proclaiming a Latin America doctrine, Monroe was serving notice that the United States did not intend to be left out of any territorial settlement in North America.

"[W]e should emphasize the fact,"

Perkins writes in A History of the Monroe Doctrine, "that there is no evidence that Monroe was in any degree aware that he was enunciating maxims which should govern in perpetuo, or at least for a long time to come, the foreign policy of the United States. The language of the message related to a specific situation." The Europeans, the Latin Americans, and even Monroe and his immediate successors completely forgot about the statement soon after it was made. Even when real threats arose to the independence of the New World, U.S. policy remained one of "indifference."

Only one example need be cited. In 1833 Britain, reneging on its earlier pledge, seized the Malvinas Islands from Argentina. How did the United States react to this flagrant act of "future colonization"? The United States did nothing. A decade after Monroe's message had been sent to Congress, no one in Washington had any idea there was such a thing as a Monroe Doctrine. And so the scene was set, 149 years later, for the Falkland Islands war.

F MONROE did not proclaim the Monroe Doctrine. who did? Though not even he presumed to use the word "doctrine," the honor belongs to President James Knox Polk-conqueror of Mexico and real founder of our national doctrine of continual violation of the sovereignty of our Latin American neighbors.

The year was 1845 and, like some later presidents, Polk had a hidden agenda. He wanted to launch a war against Mexico in order to seize California, but great obstacles stood in his way. He had won the presidency on a pledge to gain for the United States Texas and the "whole territory of Oregon," not California. Yet Texas had been annexed before he took office, and Britain was too strong to challenge. So Polk, a generation after Monroe's injunction against "future colonization," was obliged to accept a negotiated settlement that left half of Oregon -the present Canadian province of British Columbia-under British colonial rule.

Polk had hoped Mexico would go to war with the United States over Texas, and thus provide an excuse for seizing California. But he soon faced the same dilemma some of his successors would. What does one do with an aggressor who refuses to attack? In a rehearsal for the Tonkin Gulf resolution, Polk used naval patrols and raids into Mexican territory to provoke a Mexican "attack." For more than a year he also mounted a concerted disinformation campaign designed to convince Congress and the public that U.S. rights in Texas were threatened by Mexico. Finally, Polk's spurious contention that the Mexicans had "shed American blood on American soil" stampeded Congress into a declaration of war.

Still, how could a war to defend Texas justify the conquest of California?

The "principle avowed by Mr. Monroe." Polk claimed, made it not only proper, but necessary. The British, the president said, were conspiring to seize California for themselves. What better way to prevent "future colonization" there



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than to seize it for ourselves? No British conspiracy existed then, just as no Holy Alliance conspiracy had existed in 1823. But the substance of the Monroe Doctrine had been established. Thereafter, U.S. presidents would attack the weak in Latin America on the grounds of defending them against conspiracies by powerful Europeans.

The phrase "Monroe Doctrine" did not come into popular use until the 1850s. Having taken half of Mexico, many Americans also wanted Central America, the site of the prospective interocean canal, as well. "Let no technical impediment be thrown in the way of our Americanizing Central America," declaimed the representative from Missouri, in one of the earliest formulations of both the Roosevelt and the Reagan corollaries. "Humanity, philanthropy, and Christianity demand that it shall be done at no distant day."

But what could justify such intervention? Theodore Roosevelt ultimately provided the same answer that, in one variant or another, our presidents have given us, not just for invasions of countries like Grenada or for destabilization campaigns against countries like Nicaragua, but for intervention in countries like Vietnam and Cambodia as well. "[Aldherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine," Roosevelt informed Congress, entitled the president to "the exercise of an international police power." America's commitment to "civilization," he added, gave it a special right to intervene in countries guilty of "wrongdoing or impotence."

In fulfillment of the Roosevelt Corollary, dozens of countries, and not just in Latin America, would experience U.S. invasion and military occupation. Only two examples need be cited.

In Nicaragua and the Philippines, U.S. forces fought protracted counterinsurgency wars in order both to stop "outside aggression" and to confer democracy on the threatened countries. Many Americans supported these wars, but not everyone was convinced of their justice. "We talk of civilizing lower races," ob-

served William Graham Sumner,
"but we have never done it yet. We
have exterminated them." "If you
want war," he added, "nurture a
doctrine." The United States won
its wars against Aguinaldo in the
Philippines and Sandino in Nicaragua, and both nations were occupied by U.S. forces for decades.
But there was no triumph of liberty
—only the Somozas followed by
the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, and
the eventual establishment of the
Marcos dictatorship in Manila.

RESIDENT MONROE, in his famous message to Congress," the secretary of state reminded his audience, "denounced the expansionist and despotic system of Czarist Russia and its allies." Would Americans be unequal to the proud legacy of President Monroe now that the Russian conspiracy threatened the world?

It might have been one of President Reagan's aides speaking. But it was John Foster Dulles. The year was 1954, and the United States was about to overthrow democracy in Guatemala in order, as President Eisenhower explained, to stop a Soviet "beachhead" from being established in the Western Hemisphere. Already the Eisenhower administration had restored the Shah to power in Iran, setting up one more domino fated to fall later. Soon it was to establish Diem in Saigon. But for the moment the United States was busy injecting, in the name of Monroe and liberty, the poison that still festers in Central America today.

These actions were not unusual. Since the end of World War II a quality of the fantastic has run through the conduct of U.S. foreign policy. Successive administrations have acted out the same fantasy in Cambodia, in Iran, and all over Latin America—the fantasy that invading a foreign nation can liberate it, and that imposing a government of our choice on foreign peoples can make them free. But most of all the U.S. has acted out a fantasy about itself—the Monroe fantasy that once upon a time our

presidents, by proclaiming doctrines, could make whole hemispheres conform to our notions of what they should be; and that if Americans only proclaim, and enforce, enough doctrines now, then the whole world will become safe for democracy.

It started soon after World War II with the Truman Doctrine, which, as Henry Steele Commager notes, "was widely hailed as . . . a worldwide equivalent of the Monroe Doctrine." Since then we have had the Eisenhower, Nixon, and Carter doctrines. Yet, none of these doctrines have had much success in conferring liberty on others. "Cambodia," President Nixon declared in 1970, "is the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form." And in the gruesome fate of that nation we have the most extreme example of what our doctrines have produced—carnage, destruction, terror, mass death.

What might Monroe and his contemporaries have made of all these doctrines? They would have denounced the Reagan Corollary and its variants not just as a threat to the liberties of others, but as a violation of American principles that threatened America's own freedoms as well. Monroe and his colleagues opposed such military interventions because they had quite literal notions of both independence and freedom. They believed that the independence of Latin America meant freedom from "interposition" not only by the Europeans, but by us. Adams's proudest boast was that the United States, "without a single exception, respected the independence of other nations [and] abstained from interference in the concerns of others, even when the conflict has been for principles to which she clings."

But most of all they feared what American violations of the liberties of others would do to the cause of liberty in the United States. America's "glory is not dominion, but liberty." Adams declared on the Fourth of July, 1821. If Americans cared to preserve their liberties, he added, they should not go "abroad in search of monsters to destroy." America's commitment to "freedom and independence" would then be

replaced by "the murky radiance of dominion and power," "The fundamental maxims of her policy," he warned, "would insensibly change from *liberty* to force."

Adams never forsook his principles, even when the Monroe Doctrine epoch of conquest had become established. In 1848, the former president and secretary of state, still considered the primary author of the Monroe Doctrine, collapsed and died on the floor of the House of Representatives after protesting the war President Polk claimed was justified by "the principle avowed by Mr. Monroe."

Monroe opposed expansion at Mexico's expense for the same reason he very probably would have opposed the Vietnam War. Like Lyndon Johnson later, Polk called his war an attempt "to extend the area of liberty." But Monroe feared that this kind of expansion would create divisions within the United States-a veritable crisis of American liberty—that no president could control. Monroe was right. Polk got his war. But, like Johnson and Nixon, he got it at the cost of a first-class constitutional crisis at home. For as the facts came out. Congress and the public began to realize that Polk had committed aggression against the Constitution, not just Mexico.

"Allow a president to invade a neighboring nation whenever he deems it necessary," declared Abraham Lincoln, then a freshman congressman, "... and you allow him to make war at pleasure. Study to see if you can fix any limit to his power in this respect after you give him so much as you propose." In the end, the fundamental question raised by Polk's war was the same question raised by the war in Southeast Asia. But the attack on Mexico produced an American domestic crisis that makes Watergate seem trivial. Conquering California was easy enough. But who could overcome the American divisions the Mexican war created? The answer was that no one could. The question of whether slavery was to be permitted in the newly seized lands divided the United States more

deeply than any other issue, either before or since.

Samuel Eliot Morison's epitaph for our first Monroe Doctrine war to "extend the area of freedom" by force is also the epitaph for what remains the most horrible event in American history. Had there been "no Mexican War," he points out, "there would have been no Civil War, at least not in 1861."

John Calhoun, like John Quincy Adams, lived long enough to see the Monroe message turned into the Monroe Doctrine. Even though he had opposed Adams's approach in 1823. Calhoun was outraged at Polk's misrepresentation of Monroe's declaration, as he made clear on a number of occasions, most notably when Polk, having conquered California, turned his attentions to Central America. Predictably, the president discerned a foreign conspiracy there. Equally predictably. Polk had decided that the Monroe declaration of 1823 empowered him to intervene in the supposedly threatened territory, which in this case was the Yucatán.

"Declarations are not policy," Calhoun protested, "and cannot become settled policy." The president "tells you that these declarations have become the settled policy of this country." But decisions of war and peace, he reminded the nation, under the Constitution "belong to us -to Congress." As for U.S. military intervention, he went on, "There is nothing said of it [in the Monroe statement]; and with great propriety it was omitted." Polk was attempting to go "infinitely and dangerously beyond Mr. Monroe's declaration.

Like Adams and Monroe himself, Calhoun recognized the real danger of a Monroe Doctrine approach: it allowed the president to turn U.S. policy from a matter of constitutional deliberation into a matter of executive privilege. To let presidential doctrine decide national policy was not merely to undermine the Constitution. It was to empower presidents like Polk "to make us a party to all their wars," Calhoun predicted, "and hence I say, if this broad interpretation be

given to these declarations, we sharf forever be involved in wars."

RESIDENT REAGAN has cor quered Grenada; but what does his historically unprecedented control of press coverage of the invasion imply for the First Amendment? He is fightin an undeclared war against Nicaragua. But what does this CIA operation imply for constitutional way making powers?

Grenada has a population of les than 120,000, and a gross national product of \$60 million a year. Dur ing the uproar over the invasion another statistic caught my atten tion. In five years, U.S. military ex penditures have doubled; we ar now spending a quarter of a trillion dollars annually to defend "free dom." It certainly is to be hoped that the Marines will bring de mocracy to the little island. Bu what price will we Americans wind up paying for these attempts "to extend the area of liberty" by force?

On December 2, 1823, the very day Monroe's policy of nonintervention was announced to Congress Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams discussed the same issues the Reagan Corollary raises today Adams told Clay that he viewed a "war for South American independence...in a different light from you—as necessarily placing high interests of different portions of the Union in conflict with each other, and thereby endangering the Union itself."

"Not a successful war," replied Clay. "But a successful war, to be sure, creates a military influence and power, which I consider the greatest danger of war."

Two hundred years after our independence from Britain, our past is to us what the monarchy has become to the British. It long ago lost the power to govern our actions, and its illusory glitter often blinds us to the realities of both the world and our place in it. But like Bagehot's constitutional monarch, the past, if we are willing to listen, still has the power to warn.

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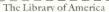
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by Richard Grenier

A first-world view of the "third-world club."

HEN the United Nations was founded in San Francisco in June 1945, its principal purpose, recorded in the opening line of the preamble to the organization's charter, was "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war." Since that time the world has seen more than one hundred armed conflicts, including some forty major wars, which have killed over ten million people. Even an imbecile can see the place isn't working.

Many men schooled in the conduct of foreign affairs knew from the start that the U.N. was a pipe dream. George Kennan, not exactly a hard-liner these days, never entertained the faintest hope for the organization's success. Nor did the late Professor Hans Morgenthau. Dean Acheson, assistant secretary of state at the time of San Francisco, recorded in his memoirs that the U.N. Charter's "presentation to the American people as almost holy writ and with the evangelical enthusiasm of a major advertising campaign seemed to me to raise popular hopes which could only lead to bitter disappointment." Acheson's boss, Secretary of State George Marshall, wrote to his British opposite number, Ernest Bevin, in 1947: "The transfer of the vexatious problems to the United Nations unforless complicated or difficult." But we owe the most lucid and simple analysis of the "grand fallacy" of the United Nations to Sir Harold Nicolson of Britain. Nicolson, whose experience of world affairs was probably greater than that of the whole U.S. delegation put together, explained that the U.N. "began with the idea that one could and should apply to external affairs the institutions and practices of legislative procedure in a liberal democracy." What was expected in San Francisco, he noted with some incredulity, was that all these peaceloving peoples (the war-loving peoples having been suppressed forever) would meet and by debate and majority vote decide what was reasonable and right. Violence would be superseded by reason. People would no longer make war on or bully a neighboring people, it seemed, because it was so unreasonable and their mutual love of peace so great. (Would the people of Massachusetts make war on the people of Connecticut?) And thus war -unreasonable and brutish by its very nature-would disappear from the face of the earth.

tunately does not render them any

But it somehow escaped the attention of most of the 282 delegates, 1,444 assistants, 1,589 members of the new Secretariat, 2,636 journalists, 800 Boy Scouts, and 400 Red Cross workers who toiled so mightly in San Francisco to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war

that what applied to Massachusette and Connecticut might not apply for example, to Libya and Chad When, just this September, Libyar troops invaded Chad in a classic act of international aggression with out a shred of propaganda rationalization, the matter didn't even generate enough interest to cause a resolution to be drafted (let alone approved) by that holy of holies the U.N. Security Council.

Mind you, the otherworldly for that enveloped San Francisco in those first days began to dissipate rather rapidly-within monthswhen it became clear that the lands occupied by the Red Army during World War II, from Petsamo to the Kuriles, would never get a chance to be Connecticut, or, for that matter, even Chad. But this, to be frank, did not disturb Washington overmuch. Even if the U.N. was not going to be the Kingdom of God envisioned in its charter. America was going to run it; which it proceeded to do. To support the U.N. in those days-and I would say this lasted for some twenty years-was to support the United States as an internationalist world power, to support the containment of communism and, indeed, to support American policy everywhere. Hard-nosed pragmatism supplanted starry-eyed idealism, though no one explained to the American people that the United Nations itself was based on preposterous assumptions about the world. even about the nature of man, and that it might someday fall into the hands of bad-type people, who might not only reduce it to impotence but use it to do a lot of mischief. For the time being we ran it, and that was enough.

er. Some analysts feel that the watershed year was 1960, when a bumper crop of seventeen new members was admitted, raising the membership from eighty-three to one hundred. All of them were former colonies of once great European empires; none of them was a democracy. But if the position of America

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When The Yale Literary Magazine was founded, Beethoven was completing the Missa Solemnis, Coleridge's Biographia Literaria appeared, and Emerson began his Journal. The names of a few authors we have published since then — Rudyard Kipling, Sinclair Lewis, Stephen Vincent Benét, Thornton Wilder, John Dos Passos — show that some of our judgments have been quite timely.

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and the West deteriorated steadily during the '60s, it became a rout in the '70s. Rightly or wrongly (I would guess wrongly), the U.S. had fought to the end to keep communist China out of the United Nations, preserving the "Chinese" seat-and above all the permanent Chinese membership (and veto power) in the Security Council-for Taiwan. In 1971 there was a battle royal. Washington lost. The People's Republic of China (with which, curiously enough, we were soon to have excellent relations) took over the Chinese seat. But American power in the U.N. was broken, probably forever.

The United Nations now has 158 members, more than triple its original membership. Its latest admission is St. Kitts-Nevis, two islands in the Caribbean with a total population of 65,000—two thirds that of Sioux City, Iowa. I will spare you Vanuatu, Fiji, and the Sevchelles. Washington now pays, by assessment, 25 percent of the official budget of the United Nations, and perhaps one third of all real U.N. expenditures (the U.N. Secretariat has never been able to determine the exact figure), whereas the seventy-two nations who voted for the "Zionism is racism" resolution in the General Assembly pay an average of about one third of one percent apiece. In the United Nations, it is obviously not one dollar, one vote. More interestingly, it is not one man, one vote either. Africa, for example, has only 10 percent of the world's population. But the African bloc at the U.N., because of the continent's political fragmentation, accounts for a full third of the U.N. membership. China (one vote) has more than twice the population of all of Africa.

The United Nations has become, in short, a third-world club. It is a glass house filled with elegantly turned-out and inordinately highly paid delegates from impoverished, nondemocratic countries who on every public occasion pour the most vitriolic abuse on the Western democratic nations that gave the organization birth, and under whose lofty principles it supposedly still meets. The U.N. is often called a mere debating society, a "bag of wind."

I think this is flattery. What emerges from that immense tower on the shore of the East River is not just a harmless, if noisy, passing wind. By setting the agenda for world debate, and hammering away at many demagogical idées fixes, this organization is responsible for a lot of mischief at loose in the world today.

Perhaps thirty members of the United Nations represent democratic societies of proven stability. Applying the criteria of Freedom House to determine what is a democracy and what is not, another twenty-five members make the grade today, though who knows in what column they will be tomorrow. (Nigeria is just taking its first baby steps as a democracy, and Lord knows I wish it well.) Most of the 100-odd members of this "parliament of man" represent countries that, back home, are naked autocracies. In other words, we have here an organization devoted to peace between neighbors whose members routinely practice war on their citizens. What kind of peace-loving governments are these? When their delegates meet in Manhattan it is rather like a group of Mafia family chieftains gathered for a "peace conference" in upstate New York. Actually, this metaphor might be unfair-to the Mafia. Mafiosi, at least, do not make endless highsounding speeches about global peace and justice.

Since the evaporation of American primacy, the United Nationsand I mean the Security Council almost as much as the zoo-like General Assembly-has been controlled by a system of blocs. We have the Soviet bloc, of course, which now includes South Yemen, Ethiopia, Angola, Mozambique, and quite a few others. But more important, we have the African bloc, the Arab bloc, the Latin American bloc, the Islamic Conference (some overlapping), and a really dynamite bloc you have probably never heard of (because it amounts to so little) called WEOG. Now on the face of it, it is somewhat odd that WEOG is such a contemptible bloc at Turtle Bay, because WEOG stands for "Western European and Other States Group" and its members include many of the world's richest and most powerful nations, even Japan.

The two greatest blocs at the United Nations, however, are the "Group of 77," so called because it has 126 members, and the "Non-Aligned Movement," so called because of its systematic hostility to the West. These two groups do more than overlap; they are essentially the same group wearing two hats. When the Third World wants to powwow for economic purposes it calls itself the Group of 77 (in U.N.ese, "G-77"). When it wants to powwow for political purposes it calls itself the Non-Aligned Movement (in U.N.-ese, "NAM"). Last year's president of the Non-Aligned Movement was Cuba, which was accorded the customary courtesy of drawing up the agenda and drafting the original version of all the Movement's proposals, initiatives, and resolutions. This must have been great fun for such a nonaligned person as Fidel Castro, whose nonaligned island is the base for a Soviet combat brigade. But once the sanctified U.N. nomenclature is breached, who knows what might happen next? The whole glass house might come tumbling down. Cuba was succeeded this year by India, which was the first country outside the Warsaw Pact to recognize the Vietnamese puppet regime in Cambodia, has refused to condemn the Soviet Union for invading Afganistan, and, most recently, refused to condemn the Soviet Union for shooting down the South Korean airliner.

Now these third-world "blocs" that run the United Nations are highly fissiparous, or, put otherwise, have hardly any real existence in the outside world. Witness the murderous relationships between Syria and Iraq, Libya and Egypt, Morocco and Algeria (Polisario), not to mention the-yes-ninety-six contending domestic militias in Lebanon. As for the Islamic Conference, witness the three-year war still going on between Iraq and Iran, in which the toll of dead has reached an estimated 200,000. The "African bloc" is probably the most disciplined by the time it gets to Manhattan, but

Ethiopia and Somalia are still fightng over the Ogaden. Five years ago an army from Tanzania invaded Uganda with the worthy purpose of verthrowing the notorious Idi Amin and incidentally setting up a new government sympathetic to Tanzania, but word of the invasion never seemed to reach Manhattan. Idi Amin, now living comfortably in Saudi Arabia, is not one of nature's noblemen, but the function of the United Nations is to prevent wars and invasions among sovereign, national states. It was never intended to issue free hunting licenses to countries wanting to make war for laudable purposes, even overthrowing Idi Amin or Pol Pot.

The African bloc, so solid at Turtle Bay, is actually a highly variegated group, and when governments deal with these countries individually they often get surprisingly good results. But when the bloc caucuses it reaches for some kind of lowest common denominator. which is, of course, hostility to racist South Africa. Now, every state in black Africa is filled with tribal animosities, and often with racial discrimination. A few years back the Tutsi of Burundi, a Nilotic people and a "master race" physically very distinct from their Hutu serfs, found the Hutu were getting a little uppity and exterminated some 200,000 of them pour encourager les autres. It was all a domestic affair, just a little intramural squabble that did not disturb the international order. Few people have even heard of it, although it is in the standard reference books. But I ask the reader to imagine the world reaction if white South Africa had tried any such trick against its black population.

The Arab bloc's lowest common denominator is Israel. The two groups caucus and meet annually in the Conference of Non-Aligned Nations. By the time these "nonaligned" nations arrive at Turtle Bay, they are ready to steamroller all opposition in the General Assembly. That, incidentally, is the true meaning of the "Zionism [Israel] is racism [South Africa]" resolution—the United Nations is now

controlled by an Arab-African coalition, with the blessing of the Soviet Union.

o THOSE who think my view of the United Nations is too gloomy, I can recommend the brand-new annual report to the General Assembly of the U.N.'s own Secretary-General, Javier Pérez de Cuéllar of Peru, an honorable man, although not too quick, perhaps, since it has taken him thirty-eight years of observation of the U.N. and nearly two years as its chief to discover that the "vision" of the organization's charter has been "obscured." It has been a frustrating year, he writes, not only

for those who seek peace, stability, and justice but for those who believe "that the United Nations is the best available international instrumentality" to achieve these goals. Multilateralism and internationalism are eroding. There is fighting in Afghanistan, Southeast Asia, Central America, Chad and other parts of Africa, Lebanon, Iraq, and Iran, he notes sadly, while the United Nations, in its top-priority function of preserving international peace, is in a state of near "paralysis." Well, you kind of feel sorry for the guy. At the same time you are compelled to conclude that any man of his age who feels that if we only tried a little harder, and improved our international instrumentalities,



and our multilateralism, and filled our hearts with hope, and if the United Nations General Assembly, Security Council, Economic and Social Council, Trusteeship Council, and any other council they have lying around all gathered in threepiece suits on the shore of the East River and passed a hundred more resolutions urging the Soviet Union to withdraw 120,000 troops from Afghanistan that the Russians would do so is just a little retarded. For the world is not filled with peace-loving nations. It is a dangerous place. And if all the organs of the U.N. were to so forgather they wouldn't criticize the Russians at all but would probably call on the United States to decolonize Puerto Rico. And the existence of the United Nations does not diminish or attenuate the dangerousness of the world in any way. Instead, it makes it worse.

The U.N. is patently not a "world government," since the power to govern is the power to coerce, and the U.N. can't coerce anybody. Read The Federalist Papers. Does the U.N. have any "moral authority"? I think that it once did, when a predominant number of its members espoused democratic values, and that this moral authority served some function well into the '60s, in the Congo, for example, and in the Middle East. But now that so many of the members are unadulterated despotisms, organized in antidemocratic blocs, this moral authority is gone. Does the United Nations inspire any respect at all? Judge for yourself. In the spring of 1982. Argentina seized the Falklands. I lounged about in the great chamber of the U.N. Security Council as the members of that high body met in an atmosphere of world crisis and passed a solemn resolution urging the Argentines to cease and desist and go back home. Argentina, never thinking for one minute that Britain would attack, simply ignored the U.N. resolution. Britain did attack, however, with some ferocity, at which point the Argentines, who were losing, came to the Security Council with hat in hand and sued, not for peace

(old-fashioned), but for negotiations. Whereupon the Council turned around and passed a new resolution, directed at Britain this time, demanding that the British negotiate. But Britain, on the point of victory, ignored the resolution as sublimely as the Argentines had. And thus peace returned to the South Atlantic. But I am showing you the United Nations at its best here, which is to say foolish and totally impotent. This is now the U.N.'s nice side.

My second war in the great chamber of the U.N. Security Council, immediately after the war for the Falklands, was Israel's invasion of Lebanon. I can no longer even count the number of Council resolutions frantically drafted condemning Israel, ordering it to do this or that. Israel, of course, is the alltime champion pariah nation at the U.N., even beating South Africa, and yet Yehuda Blum, Israel's permanent representative, a cocky little devil, sauntered about the Council chamber. For days he had been listening to the special representatives of the PLO and the Islamic Conference call him a "Judeo-Nazi" and "Dr. Goebbels II" and other such unlovely names. The delegate from Jordan had gone into a towering rage because Blum had referred to him as precisely that instead of as the delegate from the "Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan," which he claimed was 3,000 years old. This surprised Blum, as it did me, since Jordan was created in 1946. but the Jordanian representative qualified his statement by admitting that 3,000 years ago Jordan had been part of a "conglomerate." During a break in the name-calling. Blum paused to chat affably with the delegate from Japan. This did not surprise me unduly. But then Blum continued around the table to the section assigned to the delegation of Togo-whose members greeted him like a long-lost relative. They joked. They laughed. Blum sat down right in the middle of the Togo delegation, sprawled back against the conference table, while he and the Togo people, their faces shining with pleasure, swapped stories, old varns perhaps. It all came back to me. Before the Arabs put the screws to the Africans in the early '70s, Israel had had wonderful relations with black Africa, and the continent had been filled with Israeli trade representatives and technical advisers. And it slowly dawned on me as I watched all those beaming Togo faces that these people had no grudge against Israel at all. They didn't think Blum was a Judeo-Nazi for one minute. That was just U.N. talk. This was some of what the U.N. has done for the cause of world peace.

T HAS done more. The United Nations is an organization that actively supports the violent overthrow of sovereign states by revolutionary movements. But not all states and not all movements. It is highly selective. To qualify, a movement must be radical and Marxist. and, of course, terrorists are welcome. In 1970 the U.N. General Assembly approved a resolution encouraging "colonial peoples" and national liberation movements to use "all necessary means at their disposal" to overthrow sovereign governments. In 1974 Yasir Arafat of the PLO, pistol on his hip, received a standing ovation when he addressed the General Assembly. The PLO and swapo (the Marxistterrorist "South West Africa People's Organization") are now not only official "permanent observers" at the United Nations, they are partly funded by it. Since 1977 SWAPO has been granted an estimated \$40 million of U.N. money, and a pro-PLO "Division for Palestinian Rights" has spent more than \$6 million. The PLO-get this-took part in a U.N. conference on civil aviation and airplane hijacking. The ANC and PAC, communist-dominated guerrilla and terrorist groups operating across the South African border, receive a biannual U.N. subsidy of at least \$9 million. The major nonviolent black opposition to the South African government, however, is the Inkatha, led by the head of the Zulu Nation. It receives no U.N. support.

Notice the odd concentration of U.N. activity around the organization's two pariah states, South Africa and Israel, as if they were the only trouble spots on the globe. In the Through the Looking Glass world of the U.N., words mean only what the U.N. says they mean. I have no idea why the Afghans struggling desperately to free their country from Soviet occupation do not qualify as a national liberation movement, but I have never heard them mentioned once in the corridors of the U.N., except by the United States. Nor have I ever heard talk of the Kurds, who have been fighting everyone around them for generations. And again, except from the U.S., I have never heard a whisper about such obvious non-nations as Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Moldavia, Uzbekistan, Kirghīzīa . . . but you know the list. Or do you?

Why is there no Hutu Liberation Front? Why is there no Hutu permanent observer at the U.N. stirring up excitement and securing funding so that the Hutu of Rwanda can go charging across the border to liberate the Hutu of Burundi? Those poor Hutu are going to live and die without having a single resolution passed about them in the United Nations. But of course you can't expect all those nattily dressed third-world delegates at the U.N. to worry about a couple of pipsqueak countries like Rwanda and Burundi when they have important humanitarian jobs on hand, such as running the vocational training center at Siblin in Lebanon. Unfortunately, when the Israeli army overran Siblin in 1982, they found the center stocked with crates of machine guns, bazookas, grenade launchers, assault rifles, and explosives in various convenient shapes and sizes, making even the most "We Believe" United Nations supporter wonder just what vocation these U.N. personnel were preparing their trainees for. And there's more where that came from. The U.N. does lots of good works like that.

Other functions of the United Nations are menacing, if not open-

ly bellicose. With the 260 members of the Soviet U.N. delegation and the 250 Soviet citizens employed by the U.N. Secretariat, New York is the key center for Soviet espionage in the United States, a simple proof of which is that Vladimir Kazakov, KGB station chief at the Soviet mission, is the former head of the American Department of the KGB in Moscow. Gennadi Yevstavyev, special assistant to U.N. Secretary General Pérez de Cuéllar, is also an officer of the KGB. The "New World economic order," now totally espoused by the United Nations, is systematically and relentlessly anti-Western and "redistributionist."

URING the recent flap over the Korean airline massacre, many Americans asked if the U.N. should get out of New York. The more profound question is whether or not the U.S. should get out of the United Nations. There is a Jewish joke that runs (Americanized): "With the miserable condition of the world today, if a guy had any luck he wouldn't even be born." To which the answer is: "Yeah, but what kind of a guy has luck like that?" And there are a large number of serious scholars who have no doubt whatever that the world would be a better place today if the United Nations had never been born. But what kind of a world has luck like that? The United Nations is there, and the problem is what to do about

As one very high official in the administration remarked to me, the primary issue is whether with us out, the U.N. could become even more dangerous for us than it already is. Do we serve to brake its anti-Western extremism? Without us, would it become an even more effective tool of our adversaries? But another very high official in the administration feels that the presence of America in the United Nations gives the organization one of the principal claims to legitimacy it now possesses, and that without us it would stand revealed as the thirdworld Soviet lynch mob it has become, diplomatically useless, in consequence, to these very parties. With us out, our Western allies would soon follow, he feels, along with many pro-Western countries in the Third World (some of which have already defected from the "Non-Aligned Movement"), and the United Nations would soon collapse.

Would such a radical course lead to a breakdown in international affairs and threaten world peace? Well, as George Kennan once wrote. the difficulty of a negotiation varies directly with the square of the number of parties participating. Since the square of 158 is 24,964, this would suggest that the U.N.'s value as a forum for negotiations is vastly overrated. Let me give you an example. Mexico and the United States face a number of issues that they must sooner or later resolve. It would be an act of utter madness to bring these questions before the U.N., thereby involving 156 countries that have little if anything to do with the matter. In fact, if either the U.S. or Mexico were to drag its problems before the U.N., it would be perceived by everyone as an act of unqualified hostility.

On the other hand, despite the vicious anti-American rhetoric that members of the various blocs indulge in, once the United States gets an individual delegate involved in a bilateral negotiation of the ancient sort, he often turns out to be quite a reasonable fellow.

As for whether the U.N. should leave New York, with us at dockside waving it a fond farewell as it sails into the sunset, this is turning out to be quite a popular idea. There might even be votes in it, and the administration is engaging in repartee about the U.N. at least spending half the year in Moscow. Having been to Russia several times, I feel that Moscow is too good for the United Nations. I think it belongs in Ouagadougou, or, better yet, Marxist-Leninist Maputo, capital of Mozambique. Karl Marx himself said that to establish socialism in an undeveloped economy would merely "socialize poverty." I think the U.N. should test its vision of the future and see if it works.



# ARE YOU LISTENING, HENRY KISSINGER?

by Carlos Fuentes

Washington, D.C. 20520

An open letter from a distinguished Mexican writer to the Commission on Central America.

Dr. Henry A. Kissinger
National Bipartisan Commission on
Central America
2201 C Street, N.W.

S A MEXICAN, I am particularly concerned about United States policy in Central America, since it will inevitably hurt or help my country. Mexico is living through the most acute economic crisis since the revolution. That the crisis is not yet political is due to the revolution it-

self. Whatever the failings of the Mexican experience since 1910 (and God knows they are many and large), we have managed to attain a remarkable stability and to avoid the extremes of anarchy or repression. This is so because the revolution created institutions that then furthered stability.

What we see in Central America, from our Mexican experience, is the absence or weakness of political institutions, the resistance of the prevailing structures to reform, and the desperation of many groups suf-

fering under long-standing injustice. The causes are indigenous, the complaints are old, and the solutions have been postponed over and over again. But there are also external problems that have to do with the deterioration of the international economy. Central America spawned a significant economic boom in the Sixties and early Seventies. Middleclass expectations rose accordingly. Greater wealth was had, even if unevenly distributed. As the weakest link of the Latin American economic chain (and weak in world terms as well). Central America was hit hardest and earliest by the international economic crisis. This is an objective reason for unrest; it must be dealt with objectively, but it has now become utterly enmeshed with the political and even military aspects of revolution and counterrevolution. Can the two themes (one historical, political, ideological; the other having to do with trade, income, debt, production) be separated first, then reconciled on positive terms? Is it too late?

Because they are small and weak, the countries of Central America are proud, self-conscious, and have long memories. They sometimes remind me of the Baltic republics. It has been very difficult for the Central American countries to assert their own personality. The remarkable wealth of their cultural production is an indication of their desperate attempt to be. With a combined population of twenty-three million in an area about the size of Texas, these five nations have produced the greatest modernist poet of the Spanish language, the Nicaraguan Rubén Darío; the first Latin American novelist to win the Nobel Prize in Literature, the Guatemalan Miguel Angel Asturias; and an abundance of poets, philosophers, painters, and musicians.

These matters must be understood because they pertain to an intangible issue: that of the national pride

Carlos Fuentes has written a new novel, Christopher Unborn, which will be published in Mexico this year. A book on the cultural context of Latin American politics is forthcoming. of very small and very weak countries—our Estonias, Lithuanias, and Latvias, but without the degree of material progress and democratic reform the Baltic nations achieved during the period between the two world wars.

What does "Sandinismo" mean to many of these humiliated peoples? It means that you no longer take orders from the United States ambassador. It means that you are no longer a United States base. It is as simple as that. The problem for many Latin Americans is not that Nicaragua might become a Soviet base. The invasions against Guatemala in 1954 and against Cuba in 1961 were launched from Somoza's Nicaragua. Many people in the region are impervious to thoughts about Soviet danger because they have known only one danger against their national integrity, and that has been the American danger.\*

\* The October invasion of Grenada by the Reagan administration and its satellites from the Caribbean Warsaw Pact enhances the fear that Washington seeks to establish a virtual protectorate over the Western Hemisphere. Since the Teddy Roosevelt era, Latin America has tried to defend itself against U.S. interventionism through a network of treaties, laws, and principles. In Grenada, the United States rode roughshod over all of them. It is not convincing to argue that by applying what George Ball has called "the reverse Brezhnev Doctrine" in this hemisphere the United States simply acted as all other great powers, including the U.S.S.R., have always acted. Latin America is not Eastern Europe or Afghanistan, and will not tolerate being treated as such. I hope that our determination in this matter will not be put to the test in Nicaragua or elsewhere.

I wrote this letter to the National Bipartisan Commission in September. I still maintain what I said then, and I believe that sooner or later the democratic polity of the United States will understand that someone in our dangerous world must stand up for the rule of law, the respect for treaties, the use of diplomatic imagination, and the search for political solutions in international affairs. If neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. respects or supports any of these civilized values, then we are certainly headed toward World War III. My urgent question to the commission is this: Who will respect and support these values? Will you?

■ HE PERCEPTION of the United States by Latin Americans as the paramount regional power in terms comparable to the perception of the Soviet Union by the people of Eastern Europe should not be underestimated. Many defects and errors of a revolutionary regime are pardoned or overlooked by the majority of its people because they feel that the new government has finally lifted the weight of American hegemony. Therefore, attacks by the United States serve only to strengthen the government Washington would like to see overthrown. The same would be true, mutatis mutandis, if a right-wing, militantly Catholic, anti-Semitic, and fascistic government managed to come to power in Poland. Its policies would generally be accepted if at the same time such a neo-Pilsudskian government broke Polish subservience to the U.S.S.R.

It follows that a revolutionary regime, on the basis of its anti-American posture, can mobilize the people for its internal radical goals. Again, many Latin Americans feel that, whatever their shortcomings, the regimes in Cuba and Nicaragua have done what no previous governments in those countries were capable of doing: mobilizing the people; finding solutions to problems of literacy, health, nutrition, and life expectancy; and at the same time imposing, at a high price, a politics of equality. (One of Cuba's most effective assets in Latin America, for example, has been the fact that even if most of the medical profession left the island in the 1960s, Cuba now exports doctors to the Third World.) These are seen as enormous achievements in the light of a history dominated by privilege, extreme inequality, and callousness toward the needs of the majority. The association of the word "democracy" with governments incapable of coming to grips with these problems or indeed bent on maintaining the status quo only furthers the derogatory comparisons.

Yet a revolution that does not face, sooner or later, its duties to the democratic dimension runs the danger of sacrificing even its best material achievements. As a writer I am of course concerned by the problems of political freedom, human rights, and intellectual liberties in revolutionary societies. My concern is nuanced by the experience of my own country. Mexico has not achieved a fully democratic polity. although it has made gigantic strides toward nationhood while keeping open the channels of intellectual diversity. As I see the new revolutions coming, my preoccupation is perhaps not the central preoccupation of countries that have never practiced true democracy. But the guestion remains. The people now read. The children do not die. What will they read? What kind of political beings shall they grow up to be?

One answer lies in the very mobilization I have referred to. The people of Central America have never been asked to move, but to abide. In Nicaragua, as in Mexico in the Twenties and Thirties, a liberation from traditional servitudes has occurred; the people are participating in myriad aspects of the national life from which they were historically excluded. They have been handed arms. This also happened in Mexico under Cárdenas. An irreversible momentum is thus gained, and its goal is greater freedom, even beyond the regime's expectations. This momentum is not something instantaneous. It is a response to situations that began with Columbus.

It is just this dynamism that first provokes enthusiasm and then serious misgivings as the price of national mobilization rises. Then a renewed solidarity appears as the United States responds with excessive alarm to different aspects of the new situation. A point is reached when we would all like to see the revolutions enter a stage in which anti-Americanism is not defined negatively, but as positive independence. Mexico has reached this stage. Cuba and Nicaragua have not. The United States perhaps must pay in patience for the many decades of its political and economic abuse of Central America and weather the rhetoric by which small but proud nations sublimate old and

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often justified animosities. After all, Anastasio Somoza and his brood were not put in power by Joseph Stalin.

UT THEN, as part of this historical response to the United States, shall not these countries fall into Marxism-Leninism and/or the Soviet sphere of influence? Does this not pose a danger to the security of the United States? As regards Marxism-Leninism. I believe this to be the latest incarnation of a Latin American penchant for what the French sociologist Gabriel Tarde called "extralogical imitation." This consists of adapting the latest, or prevalent, or most "universal" philosophical mode to our national realities, whether it suits them or not. In Latin America, this attitude derives from our refusal of the Spanish and Indian pasts, judged barbaric and retrograde when we became independent in the 1820s, under the then subversive banners of the French Enlightenment and the American Revolution. We adopted liberalism. positivism, and then Marxism as our passports to modernity. We believe we can thus overcome our historical shortcomings. If the philosophy at hand frightens the United States, so much the better. We can all afford to be patient. Especially if the label "Marxist-Leninist" is seen as precisely that: a label, generally disguising an ecclesiastical aberration, that takes many Latin Americans from one church to another-dogma, hierarchy, and protection.

But if it also means (and to be a Marxist does not necessarily mean it: witness Yugoslavia and China) an alliance with the Soviet Union, then the danger is perceived not only in the United States but also in many parts of Latin America. Two questions arise. First, what sort of danger? Second, how do you deal with it?

For some United States commentators, the danger is military and of the gravest consequences. It affects shipping lanes, the Panama Canal, and even the national territory of the United States. But we all know that if the United States does not need a South Korean airliner to obtain military intelligence about Sakhalin Island, neither does the Soviet Union need bases in Nicaragua or El Salvador to hit the continental U.S. A nuclear submarine can do it quicker, cleaner, and in a more efficient fashion. In any case, it has been repeated many times that a general settlement on Central America would include the assurance that no Soviet military bases would ever be installed there. in exchange for the assurance that the United States would not intervene against the established revolutionary regimes.

But what about the alleged Cuban and Nicaraguan interventions in other Central American countries? What about the strength of the Nicaraguan army? What about the fear of Nicaraguan aggression against its neighbors? At this stage of the game, all these questions have spectral twins. What about United States intervention in El Salvador and Honduras? What about the strength of American naval flotillas on both shores of Nicaragua? What about the fear of American aggression. through proxies, against Nicaragua? Indeed, what about the aggression against stability and national integrity in Costa Rica and Panama?

LL OF THIS, so symmetrically posed, can and should quickly be the subject of negotiations. As seen from Mexico, the dangers are several, but basically they are covered by the fear that the problems of Central America will continue to be generalized, that they will be wrenched out of their historical context, and that-in the name of East-West confrontation, going to the source, proving American strength in its "backyard," or whatever-the circumscription of the problems will be forgotten and a military response be promoted, sucking everything and everybody into the conflict. The opportunities for negotiation, if seriously pursued, can defuse these dangers.

Let me now try to articula what I consider the view from Mex

The Soviet presence. We do no see a Soviet threat to or from Cerl tral America. Soviet interests ar purely peripheral there, and th Soviet Union, which believes i spheres of influence as much as d more than the United States doe! is not about to wander wantonl into Washington's yard-front c back. Would the U.S. wander pro vocatively into Czechoslovakia d Poland? Rather, the U.S.S.R. would do in Central America what the United States would do in Easter Europe or Afghanistan: show sol darity with forces antagonistic t the other power's hegemony.

But can the U.S.S.R. seriousl offer or assume a real commitment in peripheral states—indeed, I woul think, in any state that the armel forces of the U.S.S.R. cannot reac overland? Can the U.S.S.R. giv Nicaragua (or El Salvador) \$4 bil lion a year? Could the U.S.S.R. en dure a probable defeat if it wer engaged in military provocation il Nicaragua (or El Salvador)?

El Salvador. This conflict wa born and bred in the political his tory of that unfortunate nation Cuba and Nicaragua could well sin into the sea, and the U.S.S.R. con tract to medieval Novgorod: th local, bitter struggle in El Salvado

would continue. Only the direct involvement of American armed forces can defea the guerrillas (momentarily: wai five, ten, or twenty years . . .). Thi is an unlikely event. Therefore th Salvadoran army does not want vic tory. That would mean the end of American aid. It does not want such cessful negotiations for the sam reason. In effect, the United State has become the captive of the Sall vadoran military, not the other way around. In El Salvador, negotiation do not signify "power sharing." They simply signify that the army shall be brought under some sort o control so that truly free election can take place. Please recall that the opposition in El Salvador (and in Guatemala) has been and con tinues to be decimated by deatl

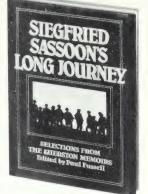
squads whenever its members have tried to join the political process. Controlling the army should be the central theme of negotiations in El Salvador. In the course of such an apertura, an opportunity might conceivably arise to reconstitute a semblance of the left-center alliance that democratically won the elections in 1972 and was promptly thwarted from taking power by the military. Such an opportunity should now be seized if it appears.

Nicaragua. What we fear in Mexico is that the consequences of a military action there have not been truly thought out. Nicaragua is not Guatemala in 1954 or Chile in 1973: the government in Managua has an armed populace behind it. The overthrow of the government would only take it to the maquis. They are perfectly prepared to offer long-term resistance. Sandino managed to pin the Marines down in Nicaragua for six years. He had only rifles and machetes. The tide this time would engulf the country in one of the most bitter civil wars this continent has known. The contras back in Managua would stage a bloodbath and restore the old tyranny: what would prevent it? The wild cards of Pastora and Robelo coming from the south would add to the confusion. The quick fix would turn out to be a prolonged agony.

Honduras. We see this country becoming an American base and liquidating its modest political gains under outright military takeover. Already, Gen. Gustavo Alvarez Martínez is considered the man who gives the orders, not President Suazo Córdova. The civilian government withers, the Salvadoran collusion of a corrupt military and a corrupt oligarchy takes over, the military starts milking the United States, and the stage is set for a new El Salvador as the center-left becomes marginal and desperate.

Costa Rica. This country does not want to become a U.S. base. San José is already the Beirut of Central America, with all the contending factions of the region represented there. This tinderbox will explode if Costa Rica cannot maintain sovereignty over its borders under the

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pressure of U.S.-backed contras.

Guatemala. This country offers the best example of why the "quick fix" does not work. The elected moderate-left government of Jacobo Arbenz, itself the product of the Guatemalan revolution of 1944, was overthrown in 1954 by an invasion led by Col. Carlos Castillo Armas and avowedly financed and directed by the CIA and the American ambassador in Guatemala City. Guatemala has known nothing but civil strife, repression, and economic distress during the past thirty on its southern border? years. The fugitives from a policy akin to genocide press on the Mexican border and spill over. Nothing was gained by intervention. Three decades were lost. A democratic Guatemala would have been to everybody's benefit.

Mexico, finally, would be the most eminent victim of war in Central America. It must be understood that the stability of my country depends on a large national consensus. Mexican foreign policy in Central America is national. It has been practiced continuously since 1909, when Porfirio Díaz stood up to Philander Knox on the issue of the overthrow by American forces of the legitimate government of Santos Zelaya in Nicaragua. These policies come from the traumatic event of the war of 1847 with the United States, and they have been reinforced by all the postrevolutionary administrations. Thanks to them, Mexico has managed to maintain a balanced attitude toward conflicts in this hemisphere.

When a truly East-West confrontation occurred during the missile crisis of 1962. Mexico was the first Latin government to support President Kennedy. But when such confrontations are fictitious, improbable, or remote, Mexico is interested in rooting the conflicts in their national grounds. A generalized conflict presented as an East-West confrontation would force Mexico to choose sides, forgo its expert diplomatic shuffle, and break the equilibrium. If the government is seen as choosing the American side, it will lose its nationalist legitimacy, and this is its strongest suit

for internal stability. If it seems to come down on the side of Nicaragua, it will be judged as pro-Soviet and open to pressures and even reprisals from Washington or American companies. In either case, it will face unrest from the Left or the Right, destroying the ruling party's carefully constructed umbrella. A political vacuum might then develop, coupled with inflation, unemployment, demographic pressures, and a huge international debt. Is this what the United States wishes

EYOND the region, the gravest problems occur in Brazil and the Southern Cone. As these countries grope toward democracy, they are as conscious, if not more so, as the Central Americans are of the role played by the United States in the past twenty years. Many people in Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina associate American policies with the end of democracy and the rise of the military, with recent winks in the direction of human rights violations, with mixed signals that seemed to authorize absurd military adventures, with the deployment of brutal internal-security measures enforced by American aid, and, finally, with an international economic situation in which anti-Americanism is coupled with anti-bankism. A frightful brew. But even if the United States were totally absent from the picture, the deterioration of economic, social, and political structures is such that huge problems are certain to arise, next to which the Central American problems will seem small indeed. Is the United States prepared for this? Mexico, Argentina, Chile, and Brazil cover three quarters of the Latin American territory and contain three quarters of its people and its means of production. The challenge is there, not in Managua.

There is a danger that in order to arrest a debatable Soviet influence in Central America, the United States would first alienate, destabilize, corrupt, and build up the future problems of the region, from Mexico to Panama. It would prob ably end up sacrificing lives: American and Latin American. The U.S. would gain nothing from giving it to the ambitions of the military in Central America. Neither democ racy nor social progress is to be had in this way.

Peace through negotiations is the only real, politically enduring, and politically self-interested solution There are dangers and there are costs. But these are infinitely lower than those assured by the recourse

Throughout the region, including Mexico, Colombia, and Venezuela young people are talking of forming brigades to join the Sandinistas in case of outright conflict. These brigades would catch (are catching) the imagination of many unemployed vouths. There would be death counts of Mexican, Colombian, and Venezuelan boys on Mexico City, Bogotá, and Caracas TV.

Peace through negotiations would enhance the standing of the United States in the nations committed to the negotiating process: Mexico. Venezuela, Colombia, and Panama. These governments are serving your interests better than you serve them yourself. They are not being supported in their efforts by the administration in Washington, Gunboat diplomacy is felt as a danger not only in Managua, but in all four Contadora capitals. The issues for negotiation have been spelled out clearly and tacitly approved by all concerned, except the United States. These issues include: no Soviet bases or armed capabilities in Central America; border patrols; no passage of arms; no foreign military advisers; progressive demilitarization; strict respect for the internal processes of each nation.

The success of negotiations would isolate the Soviet Union from the process of change in Central America and bring in the plural forces of Western Europe, Japan, and the multilateral organizations. I would not go as far as to suggest that the United States, in the name of its own origins, should embrace the revolutionary movements in Latin America and love them to death.

But since the United States obviously cannot influence the status quo, why doesn't it attempt to influence change... for a change?

EVOLUTIONS in Latin America pose challenges to American diplomatic imagination. Lessons from the past have not been learned. The problem for the future is how to achieve some balance between the nationalist fervor, the anti-American rhetoric, and the internal transformation, on the one hand, and, on the other, normal diplomatic relations, cool-headedness in dealing with provocation. and constant political action through the multilateral organizations, the major Latin American nations, Japan, and Western Europe.

The revolution's early recriminatory and radical stages must be endured calmly. Instead of cutting of aid, blocking loans from the Inter-American Development Bank, and taking other spiteful actions, behave coolly, let the aid flow from other quarters, multiply the ties of the new revolution with institutions and nations free from the stigma of past American actions in Central

America.

Perhaps no other great power in recent history is as well prepared, because of its internal texture, institutions, and origins, to live with cultural difference. Latin America is the great challenge to the very raison d'être of the United States: can you learn to live with the other, with the complexity and intractability of different cultures?

Recently Robert Mugabe, the prime minister of Zimbabwe, visited the White House. I remember the situation in his country five years ago. The bloodbath, the fatalism, the sense that Rhodesia had no solution, the characterization of Mugabe as a Marxist, Soviet stooge. Lord Carrington and Christopher Soames proved that this problem did have a solution and that the solution was diplomatic negotiations. Perhaps today the United States might be willing to take a page from the book of British diplomacy and apply it to Central America.



# HOW THE BARBARIANS DO BUSINESS

by A. Craig Copetas

Marc Rich made money the old-fashioned way.

N OCTOBER 11, 1983, guests at London's distinguished Grosvenor House who frequent the hotel because it is one of the few remaining bastions of proper innkeeping were either behind bolted doors or at the front desk complaining about the howls that ricocheted through the pale green lobby. Pranksters had piled furniture into corners; entire floors had become hospitality suites, wildernesses of fast-flowing bars populated by tuxedo-clad men downing bomber doses of bonded bourbon. It was metal week in London,

A. Craig Copetas is at work on a book about Marc Rich and the world of the commodities markets.

and Grosvenor House was the site of the annual dinner of the London Metal Exchange, an influential commodities market. Until dawn 2,000 metal buyers and sellers from Boston to Beijing-some of the industrial world's wealthiest and most powerful men-reveled like a convention of Moose Lodgers. The hotel staff, accustomed to the yearly dinner and all-night cocktail party, handled the behavior they had come to expect with true Tory breeding and dispatch. They calmly defused the South African gold trader who tried, unsuccessfully, to drive a truck into the lobby, and they tamed the roaming packs of communistbloc executives who flashed fat rolls of dollars in front of any woman seedy confines of Manhattan courtwith the tenacity to remain in the

open after midnight.

"This is cirrhosis week, a very trying and difficult time for all of us," chuckled the group's chairman, Michael Brown, before going in to the formal dinner. "There are plenty of barbarians involved with the London Metal Exchange."

The "barbarians" at the exchange's blowout are part of a tightly knit tribe of capitalists who generate trillions of dollars by quietly controlling the buying and selling of the earth's crust. The drama of their lives is centered on the cost and the availability of metals like copper, tin, and tantalum, strangesounding lumps of earth called ferro-molybdenum, chambishi cobalt, and wolfram-trioxide; their edge on life is a canny understanding of how to make hundreds of millions of dollars while paying a minimum amount of taxes.

The men who traveled to this year's conclave to toast their prodigious wealth, however, radiated the tawny hues of fear. Their craftiest colleague, Marc Rich, had been slapped with a fifty-one-count indictment by the U.S. government. He was accused of racketeering. mail and wire fraud, and violating a trade ban with Iran. One of the world's greatest metal traders had been charged under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organization (RICO) statutes, laws that were enacted specifically to handcuff businessmen like Al Capone, and he was now liable to pay the IRS a back tax bill of \$90,433,574.39. All in all, the air in Grosvenor House that October evening was reminiscent of a Chicago speakeasy. with patrons who would make excellent witnesses for the prosecution.

It was not the staggering amount of money Rich owed in back taxes for a handful of deals conducted within the space of three years that concerned these dinner-jacketed gentlemen. Their fear arose from the fact that one of their own had somehow allowed the secret world of financial shadows to be breached. to be put on public display in the room number 128.

TOMACHS churned out of control from the moment Rich was subpoenaed last June, and traders must have been consuming a bottle of Maalox a day in August after the world press gleefully reported that customs agents at Kennedy Airport had stopped a plane meant to ferry two large steamer trunks chock-full of secret corporate documents from Rich's New York office to the safety of Swiss vaults. One London aluminum trader, upon hearing of the seizure. was said to have urinated in his trousers while walking off the floor of the Exchange. "Everyone in this business has dealt with Marc Rich," said a metal broker who has executed millions of dollars' worth of deals with him, "The last thing we want is the U.S. poring over records that might outline our activities. We do not want people to understand how we operate."

Ironically, Marc Rich was the most secretive of all the metal merchants. He kept a low public profile while personally orchestrating the hour-to-hour activities of a \$10-billion-a-year corporate trading giant that dealt in metals, oil, weapons, sugar, and grain. He speculated on prices, juggled metals like casino chips, and gambled billions to seize control of large caches of strategic commodities essential for manufacturing goods as disparate as cereal and jet fighters. Marc Rich. say those who worked with him, wanted to be a cartel.

Rich knew about the velocity of money, about keeping your money in a state of perpetual motion in the world's financial markets in order to make more money. Those who know him joke that lists of the world's richest men exclude him only because they have no formula with which to gauge his total worth. They also say that he is so self-confident that he was not in the least disturbed when in July he had to flee the United States to Switzerland in order to avoid indictments that could lead to a jail sentence of 325 years. People who have dined with him, his wife, and their three daughters at his Park Avenue apartment, which once belonged to Helena Rubinstein, say that he did not even blink over paying \$4 million in government fines, at the rate of \$50,000 a day, to prevent a federal court from gaining access to his sensitive corporate files.

The government admits that it doesn't know where all the assets of Marc Rich are buried, despite digging through 200,000 pages of subpoenaed documents. And even if it did have a treasure map to Rich's domestic fortune there would be no way to design fines that would shut down his operations in Europe, Southeast Asia, Russia, the Middle East, Africa, the Caribbean, and Latin America. It's not easy to track down billions and billions of dollars when the money remains in one place for as little as twentyfour hours to take advantage of a particular bank's one-quarter-percent interest increase over another bank.

ARC RICH'S empire operates through an international hydra of traders, revolving Swiss bank accounts, and cleverly sculpted Panamanian corporations with nonsense names like Highams Consultants and Rescor Incorporated. In nine years he managed to nurture a global business colossus that may sell more oil than Kuwait, more copper than Chile, and enough aluminum to wrap the British Isles in foil. He owns 50 percent of 20th Century-Fox and controls GORCO, an oil refinery in Guam that sells jet fuel to the U.S. Air Force and petroleum products to the entire Seventh Fleet. His myriad of international corporations control thousands of acres of real estate, mineral rights, and mines. He sells arms to the Third World and trades commodities to such diverse groups as Iran's Revolutionary Guard and African tribal Marxists.

Rich's vast holdings are headquartered in the tallest office building (which he owns) in the center of the tiny Swiss canton of Zug, a village reputed to be a hideout for trading firms and multinational corporations seeking cheap taxes. Over 8.000 companies have been lured to Zug by lucrative tax concessions and the promise that they could be considered Swiss firms if they simply screwed a brass nameplate into the wooden door of a local law office. But Rich came to Zug in force and took great pains to shape every nuance of his private financial nation. The canton's chief public prosecutor, Dr. Rudolph Mosimann, served on the board of Marc Rich AG. The canton's finance director, Georg Stucky, publicly proclaimed to the Swiss newspapers that Rich was being "blackmailed" by the United States. In Switzerland he was a local hero and became one of the country's leading employers, while in the United States he was branded an international lout who had been paid millions by the Iranians during the months that Americans were rotting in a Teheran basement.

It was a classically sweet deal: American citizen Marc Rich was headquartered in Switzerland, but conducted his business activities from a U.S. corporation nestled in the penthouse of Manhattan's Piaget building. The U.S. corporation Marc Rich International was in essence a subsidiary of Marc Rich & Co. AG, the Swiss parent. Although Rich paid U.S. taxes on Marc Rich International, the structure of his corporate juggernaut allegedly allowed him to defer boxcar loads of American-made profits to Zug. So much money, in fact, that the Justice Department believes Rich could be assessed for over \$200 million in back taxes if the Swiss would allow it to subpoena his overseas records.

Rich's 1,400 employees in forty offices in thirty countries are forbidden to mention his name in public; all meetings with the press, social or otherwise, are forbidden. Even those who have left his company in the wake of the U.S. indictments gingerly refuse to give details of Rich's activities for the record because, according to sources once close to the firm, its bonus scheme

is structured to extend payments over a period of years, and former employees don't want to be cut off for collaborating with government or journalistic probes.

ARC RICH'S life is shrouded in secrecy, and the details of even his early years are hard to pin down. He is the only son of a man who is believed to have made burlap bags and dealt diamonds before he fled Antwerp for America to escape the Nazi persecution of the Jews. David Rich moved the family to Kansas City in 1944 and then to New York City in 1950. He raised enough money to put his son through the private Rhodes School, from which, according to school records, Marc graduated in 1952.

Marc Rich then studied marketing at New York University for two years. Somewhere between his graduation from Rhodes and his dropping out of NYU he made the acquaintance of Steven Dale, a former British commando who was the

tungsten expert at the multinational trading firm of Derby & Co., an enterprise managed by Philipp Brothers, the largest commodity outfit in the world. Dale soon became the closest thing Rich would have to a mentor. "If you want to become a trader, then learning the business from a tungsten expert is a great way to get started," explained a leading London metal dealer. "The metal is so strategic that it's used in every type of armament from a bullet to a tank, and it's the only item openly brokered between China and Russia. The power, the politics, and the money of the trading world is all there in that little piece of rock." It appears that Dale convinced Marc Rich to become a trader and later helped him get a junior position at Philipp Brothers.

The bottom-line education and grooming of the man who would one day be the target of the largest tax evasion case in U.S. history was provided by a clannish group of mostly German-Jewish metal traders at Philipp Brothers. Now known as

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Phibro-Salomon, the company remains the world's largest and perhaps most influential commodities firm, trading everything from South African platinum to Dakota wheat. It's the kind of company that metal merchants like to say has the ability to "create a situation." Phibro's stockpiles of raw commodities are so vast that its dealers can create a worldwide shortage or glut of any particular commodity by simply transmitting a Telex to purchase or dispose of material.

The company's former chief executive, Ludwig Jesselson, treated Rich like a son. Under Jesselson's tutorship Rich learned to tame the volatile world of tin prices, for instance, by going to Bolivia to deal with the military junta and coca-leafchewing peasants. Rich traveled the world for Jesselson, and made dozens of friends in the international industrial community. He would visit factories and drink with managers in an endless succession of hotel bars. He would never forget an anniversary or a birthday, and made sure that the Christmas envelopes were fat. Soon Jesselson placed Rich in charge of the firm's Madrid office, a strategic location that allowed Rich to work his trading magic on Europe, Africa, and the Middle East. His personality, associates say, put Rich ahead of the hundreds of other traders who agonized over what the Swedish steel industry would need in the way of nickel or what Poland's future copper requirements would be. Rich learned how to get his hands on shiploads of Zambian cobalt, Moroccan copper, Russian chrome, and Yugoslav bismuth. He also learned about oil.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s the OPEC nations began gobbling up oil fields from the big petroleum companies. Jesselson figured that his company, by virtue of its friendly and profitable associations with the OPEC cartel, could easily move in as a middleman between OPEC and the West. The move would bring Phibro into an area that had been almost exclusively controlled by the oil giants. It was high-risk, but the money that stood to be

gained made it worth a roll of the dice.

Jesselson contacted Rich in Madrid and the two men decided that Iran would be the first target in their oil gambit. Rich developed his contacts with Iranian chrome dealers into access to large tracts of Iranian crude. The payoff was swift. During the 1973 Arab oil embargo Rich's ability to work the Middle East generated huge profits that propelled Phibro into the world's largest spot oil trader.

Rich's work made him due for a bonus of over \$1 million, the largest bonus in Phibro's history. according to traders familiar with the company. Jesselson was outraged over the figure and implored Rich to forget about the bonus since he was heir apparent to Jesselson's own iob. But Rich, say those who know him, became livid. He flew to Switzerland, where Jesselson was on a skiing holiday, and demanded the bonus. Jesselson told Rich to go back to the office. "The story may be somewhat apocryphal as to exactly what Rich did next," a London trader explained, "It's generally believed that Rich went to a coin box in the Zürich airport, phoned Madrid, and closed an oil deal on his own that netted him \$10 million. He then phoned Pinky Green [another Phibro employee] and told him to quit that afternoon because they had enough capital to start their own company. From that point on Marc Rich became obsessed with destroying Phibro. He had only one goal in mind: grind Phibro into oblivion at whatever cost."

ICH'S FORTUNES bloomed. He continued to travel the world, buying copper, lead, tin, zinc, oil, sugar, aluminum, and rice from producing nations and quickly selling them to consumers. His own network of traders were given huge incentive bonuses. They would purchase the titles to materials that had yet to enter the harbor. They sold metal to foundries and developed their own system to sell oil to refineries.

Rich's new outfit, Marc Rich &

Company, began guerrilla raids on Phibro. He hired away dozens of traders and their secretaries. His senior staff was instructed to do whatever necessary to pound a spike through Phibro. Marc Rich secretaries were dispatched to "date" Phibro traders; industrial moles were recruited in Phibro offices. "Anything was possible if it screwed Phibro," said a trader who had an opportunity to observe one raiding party. "Rich wanted to get his hands" on a Jamaican aluminum trader who had some sort of Phibro connection. The trader was flown from Kingston to London, driven to his penthouse hotel suite in a Rolls. and arrived to find naked hookers prancing around the room. "Women," cocaine, cash-it didn't matter as long as Phibro was put out of business."

By the mid-1970s Rich seemed to appear like a Saudi sheik wherever there was an oil deal to be made, often to the embarrassment of the American oil companies. Big Oil, which was used to purchasing crude directly from the producing countries, squirmed when dealing with Rich. He had become a prickly thorn it could not remove because of the nationalization of foreign wells. When Exxon wanted access to oil in Marxist-controlled Angola in the mid-1970s, executives set up a meeting with the country's oil agents. Expecting to receive a politburo of Angolan officials, senior Exxon executives were stunned when the "communist" representative turned out to be Pinky Green.

Rich's deals did, however, sometimes spiral out of control. In 1979, for example, he was involved in a multimillion-dollar oil deal in Ecuador. To ensure an edge on the competition he also began providing weapons to the Ecuadoran government, acting as an agent for a manufacturer. The man who brokered the deal was Edmund Mantell. the executive in charge of Rich's Southeast Asian operation from offices in Bangkok. The situation became explosive for Rich because he was also purchasing oil from Peru, which at that time was involved in

a border war with Ecuador. But Mantell, a German who sources assert also brokered arms for Rich throughout the Third World, managed to stabilize the sensitive situation through promises and payoffs. "It was just a little border skirmish that was easily contained," a British oil broker explained. Mantell's life, however, was more difficult to contain. He was found bludgeoned to death in a Monte Carlo alleyway last August. Police said he had been tortured. Mantell's associates said that the murder was not random, and that it was probably linked to some deal in some forgotten war.

ANTELL was the kind of aggressive executive Rich liked to surround himself with to maintain a grip on hundreds of different metal markets. He had proved his worth on more than one occasion. In 1981 he assisted Rich in pounding out an agreement to represent Malaysia's state-controlled tin company, the Malaysian Mining Corporation. They sculpted a curious arrangement with the country's prime minister to buy all of Malaysia's tin, stockpile it in Singapore, and push up world prices. It sounded like a good deal, since tin prices had been evaporating and Malaysia was feeling the drought. The deal went down in June 1981 and prices skyrocketed from a low of \$4.33 a pound to over \$7. But in less than a year prices dropped and Rich took a \$60 million bath because he had neglected to sell. The Malaysians lost \$150 million and ended up with somewhere in the neighborhood of 60,000 tons of unwanted tin.

"Rich's feeble attempt to corner the world tin market by trying to buy all of Malaysia was a dumb move but not a real disaster," a veteran Southeast Asian metal trader explained. "People in this business are stuck with tons of unwanted metal every day. Rich made a deal, like a lot of us do, that didn't work. What's important is that he made a deal, and a rather large one. This business is about creating situations and that's exactly what Rich knows

how to do. If you think that the money is what's important, you're wrong. The deal is what's really important. You can always find money. But you have nothing unless you have a deal to go along with it."

"It's kind of sad that he got caught," laughed a trader with a shrug of his shoulders. "Now you're going to want to know how we all get away with it."

ARRETED away two flights above a greasy spoon on London's Tudor Street is the consulate of the Republic of Panama. Paint is peeling from the walls of the office and the stench of burned bacon and oil-fried eggs hangs heavy, but this foul-smelling place is Lourdes to those who refer to themselves as "international traders." It is to this dilapidated room that they flock to be cured of the affliction known as taxation.

Sitting behind an old wooden desk, underneath a tattered map of the Republic of Panama, is an attractive secretary with the ability to exorcise the demons of the IRS. The liturgy is simple: "May I please have information outlining the formation, operation, and taxation of corporations under the laws of the Republic of Panama?" one asks.

The secretary hands you a thirteen-page document and says: "You can choose your own name to be incorporated or I can provide you with a selection of titles already incorporated in Panama. When you make your decision please return with \$1,650."

"Will you take a check?" "Cash only," she says.

The U.S. government believes that Marc Rich was a frequent visitor to numerous Panamanian consulates around the world, establishing dozens of "Sociedades Anónimas" structured to prevent anyone from following the movement of his money. "We all have Panamanian corporations," said a metal trader who funnels millions of dollars his U.S. company earns overseas into Swiss and Dutch banks through two So-

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ciedades Anónimas and a similar corporate scheme offered by Liberia. "It's just smart business practice to avoid paying money that the U.S. has no business asking for," he said.

If someone has a Panamanian corporation, he can conduct legal business transactions in any country, have a small percentage of his profits declared as taxable income (to avoid government scrutiny), and pay the rest to the corporation. whose owners are considered sacredly secret under the laws of Panama. The corporate money can then be filtered into any number of foreign banks whose by-laws also ensure secrecy. Panamanian corporate law is particularly helpful to a businessman with deals in several different countries. Any Panamanian corporation that operates outside of Panama is not required to file financial reports or tax returns and may maintain its books in any manner it desires in any part of the world. This permits a procedure generally known as laundering. For a billiondollar metal dealer like Marc Rich, it's quite the bargain at \$1,650 plus a \$50 annual franchise tax.

Corporate frameworks similar to that of Panama are aggressively marketed to metal traders by the governments of Switzerland, Singapore, Uruguay, the Bahamas, and the Cayman Islands. "The trick to establishing a successful metal trading business that can operate worldwide is to ensure that a substantial amount of your capital is hidden." advised a metal trader who was then being assisted in camouflaging potentially taxable income in Switzerland by Arthur Moussalli, the managing director of Geneva's Business Advisory Service, which peddles Swiss secrecy laws to businesses. "Our deals involve so much money and so much speed that we could not afford to conduct a substantial portion of our business without having a perfectly legal foreign banking and corporate structure to cushion us from prohibitive tax rates," he added. "Since many of the companies we do business with also have secret foreign accounts and corporations, a portion of the payment we receive can be exchanged between two secret accounts to avoid taxation. Depending on the circumstances involved, another portion of that money can be exchanged on a different set of books established for purposes of American, British, or whatever country's taxation."

MORE expensive and complex swizzle is to go out and buy a bank. A few days before this year's LME dinner, at a time when every metal trader in the world was wandering around London figuring out ways to avoid being baked in the afterglow of Marc Rich, a large ad appeared on the business page of the International Herald Tribune. The ad had been placed by a man who said his name was Josephson. He offered a "Tax Haven Bank . . . priced for quick sale at \$60,000." Josephson, who claimed to be an American, held court in the bar of Knightsbridge's Basil Street Hotel, a sleepy place usually reserved for wealthy tourists. But the characters who streamed into the lobby during metal week were not simply Americans in search of the autumn sales at Harrods

"Privacy is the primary purpose of owning a bank," Josephson hectored while nursing a tall scotch and water. "The U.S. does not afford privacy to its citizens. Whose damn business is it how much money Marc Rich had? Whose damn business is it how much money anybody in any business has?"

Josephson had traveled to London to dispose of a bank void of any currency or ownership controls that he had established in the Cavman Islands. It was a bank like any other bank, with the ability to issue checks, letters of credit, or cash from a street-corner money machine. The Cayman Islands, he explained, would allow anyone to open a bank if he could produce initial deposits of \$250,000. Once the structure was established, however, the owner could pull out his \$250,000 and sell the bank to the highest bidder. And the bidders for Josephson's bank were flocking to the Basil Street Hotel like cardinals to the Sistine Chapel to elect a new pope.

"Even in international business it takes days to clear checks of millions of dollars," Josephson explained excitedly. "Nobody in the world can use that money while it is being cleared except the bank. With your own bank you can keep the money working for you and you alone. . . . You can create your own impenetrable world!"

ARC RICH spent his life brewing deals that percolated money throughout layers of secret accounts, private banks, and corporations protected by foreign governments. He owed no lovalty to any country. His world had become a prism; he could refract and displace billions upon billions of dollars through dozens of countries and companies until they, like light, finally disappeared from view. After leaving Phibro in 1974 he rode the metal bandwagon, sidestepping the politics of nations by acting as a maverick middleman between producers and consumers. But the tightly spun global network he created with a phone call from the Zürich airport could not prevent the oldest and most simplistic of all criminal investigation techniques from unraveling his labyrinthine corporate mysteries. Marc Rich, in the end, was caught because the government found a snitch-a former business associate of Rich's who had himself been indicted for shady business practices and who offered up information on Rich in return for reduced charges for himself.

In 1980 and 1981 Rich and his partner Pinky Green allegedly created an oil racket that deposited over \$71 million in Switzerland to avoid domestic taxes. The bamboozle, according to the U.S. government, consisted of two separate deals that provided a bonanza of profits for the two men. The first deal was amazingly simple. Rich purchased \$200 million worth of oil from Iran with money he had in bank accounts in London, Paris,

nd Zürich. The transactions took lace at a time when American ompanies were forbidden to deal vith Iran because of the hostage risis. Rich operated out of New fork, but the money flowed to Iran rom Switzerland.

London traders say that Rich yould probably have gotten away vith his alleged 6.2-million-barrel packdoor oil deal had it not been for second blatantly illegal scheme. While he was dealing with Iran Rich also scooped up oil from old Iomestic wells, oil that was under strict price controls at roughly \$5 barrel. He then supplied the oil o West Texas Marketing of Abiene and Listo Petroleum of Houson. Both companies, the governnent contends, were in cahoots with Rich. West Texas Marketing and Listo Petroleum sent the \$5-a-barrel oil on a daisy chain, a process that propelled the cheap oil through dozens of shady transactions that ended with the controlled oil selling at upward of \$20 a barrel. The daisy chain was so complicated that it seemed unlikely that a government agency could trace the oil's passage.

When the price of the oil reached its ceiling, the Texans sold it back to Rich's New York company. The New York company then middlemanned the \$20-a-barrel daisychained oil to a host of domestic petroleum companies at the highest possible spot price. The agreement between Rich and the Texans, according to the government, required West Texas Marketing and Listo to return \$70 million in pumped-up controlled-oil profits to Zug after taking a cut. The taxes on the profits were effectively evaded when the Texans transferred them to Rich's Swiss parent company, a foreign concern protected by Swiss secrecy laws.

Rich's double oil deal was one of many shuffles conducted by commodity traders every day of the year in every commodity imaginable. Traders explain that there exists a built-in risk factor whenever such deals are forged, inherent problems that the smart trader will finesse. So when the Justice Department concluded its eighteen-month investiga-

tion into the activities of Marc Rich International, Rich and his sidekick Pinky Green eluded the federal collar simply by buying two first-class tickets to Switzerland, leaving a zealous team of U.S. prosecutors to wrangle with the problems of extraterritoriality. "You Americans have a tendency to consider firms that are controlled by Americans but domiciled in foreign countries to be under U.S. jurisdiction," explained Matthias Krafft, a Swiss official. "For us, Marc Rich is a Swiss entity under Swiss jurisdiction. We cannot accept that an American authority has the right to compel a company located in Switzerland to provide information to the U.S. government."

The Swiss were further outraged by the Justice Department's roughshod attempts to spirit Rich away from the protection afforded him in Zug. The U.S. was so bent on having Rich behind bars that it failed to invoke two treaties that would possibly have allowed prosecutors access to Rich and his documents. The failure of the Justice Department to put these treaties into action alarmed and offended the Swiss to such an extent that the Bern government said that release of the papers would now constitute "economic espionage" by the United States.

ARC RICH, his friends and colleagues will tell you, was a good citizen. He paid taxes, just not enough of them. He was a true American. Money delighted his soul but paying governments for his enjoyment made him angry. At times he may have outraged his colleagues, but he was a force to be admired and reckoned with because he built a company that delivered on time. And the metal men knew that Rich could create a situation. Rich's ultimate situation may well be the fact that he is now a Spanish citizen, ironically welcomed with open arms into a socialist country whose former dictatorial regime he helped support through lucrative oil and metal deals. "I'd love to know,"

said a trader in rhodium, "how he set that deal up."

Even in his own world Rich remains an enigmatic figure. Some people believe that he was driven by his hatred of Phibro, others that it was simply the power money buys that fueled him. But once the tales true and apocryphal are removed, the froth of indictments and accusations whisked away, you are left with a simple scrap merchant -a rag and bone man, as the British call their junk dealers. It's a profession born in the back streets of the Industrial Revolution, in the effluence of factories, where tired immigrants pulled junk-laden wooden carts with the hope of making a few cents selling discarded metal to a furnace in another town. Rich simply traded in the rickety wooden cart for a Telex machine. He mastered the rough-and-tumble realities of junkyard deals, heavy-mannered, bare-knuckled business techniques not offered in the Harvard Business School prospectus.

Traders admired Rich because he was able to dismantle the sticky web of mercantilist regulations and restrictions that hobble the wealth of nations and their corporations. Like the old junk dealers who left no garbage heap unturned in their search for discarded lead batteries. zinc cathodes, or copper pipes, Rich explored, and took advantage of, every opportunity that would add to his power, influence, and prosperity. "Only a scrap dealer would have the guts to take on the U.S. government over what is his and what is theirs," a metal trader who comes from three generations of rag and bone men boasted. "If Rich ultimately wins he's a hero. If he loses he's a martyr."

"The man is still trading millions of dollars every day," another trader said in amazement. "Can you comprehend that? We're all scared of maybe going down with him but we're still trading with him. He has to trade." In the metal world trading is a process no individual or government can contain with laws or prison cells. There will always be another deal, another situation.

# The American Conservatives

Where they came from and where they are going.

# by John Lukacs



F THE three political adjectives, conservative, liberal, radical, only the last one is ancient and English. The political usage of "conservative" and "liberal" derives from France and from Spain. They were not applied to politics in the Eng-

lish-speaking nations before 1825—that is, fifty years after the American Revolution. Of course there were conservatively inclined people within the new nation, including not only Lovalists but men among the Founding Fathers, but while we ought to recognize their existence, it would be wrong to invest them with the categorical label of "conservative." After all, even Edmund Burke was a Whig, not a Tory, and there were enough radical elements in John Adams's vision of the world to keep us from designating him as a conservative. But it remained for Alexis de Tocqueville to recognize and to explain that many of the institutions and the character of society and of public opinion in the American democracy were neither radical nor revolutionarywhich was what conservatives and even some liberals in Europe had feared at the time.

This does not mean that American institutions or the American national character is altogether conservative. It means that conservative tendencies within the American democracy existed from its beginning. It also means that American conservatism differed even more from European conserva-

John Lukacs is the author of Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century, to be published by Doubleday in March. This essay is a version of part of his book.

tism than American radicalism differed from Eurpean radicalism, a condition that goes back to torigins of American consciousness. An America of older native stock, for example, will usually pref to assert that this or that ancestor of his was radical, since somehow this will sound better (ar even socially preferable) than to say that his ance tor was a conservative.

Thirty years ago, Professor Louis B. Hartz Harvard, in The Liberal Tradition in America (1955), argued that the liberal tradition was the American tradition. This was one of those blar Harvardian works that, to paraphrase Wilde, pursi the obvious with the enthusiasm of a shortsighte detective: but in one important sense Hartz w: right. Even though the political meaning of "libera" appeared in the 1820s, the liberal vision of the worl came from the eighteenth century. It was the dom nant vision of the modern age: that society wa perfectible, that there was no such thing as origin sin, that it was within the power of men to tranform the world - a vision that, with all of its merit and with its optimistic progressivism, was esser tially antihistorical, or at least ahistorical. Again it arose the recognition of history by a thinker suc as Burke, who was not behind but ahead of Ton Paine, just as fifty years later Tocqueville was no behind but ahead of Karl Marx. For Burke was no merely a defender of tradition; he recognized an expressed the inevitability of the historical dimensio of human nature, something that not many Ameri cans were willing to accept. In a broad sense, ther the liberal vision was the dominant American vision propounded by Jefferson as well as by Paine. Unt

w—because the most important event in the recent story of the American people is that the liberal agma of linear and evolutionary progress is no

nger shared by many Americans.

It is noteworthy that Hartz's book was published the very time when the American conservative yement had begun to crystallize, and in the ry year that William F. Buckley's National Rew, a catalyst in that crystallization, began its blication. Hartz constructed his book during the cCarthy era, when a powerful wave of antiliberaln seemed to overwhelm American popular sentiant, at least temporarily. Yet as late as 1955 few nericans would accept the designation "consertive," while twenty-three years later opinion polls whatever their limitations) showed that more mericans preferred to designate themselves as convatives than as liberals.

But more important than these semantic preferces is the condition that most of the principal figes of that American conservative movement, which am 1955 to 1980 grew to the extent that it helped

propel Ronald Reagan into the White House, we continued to profess and proclaim the radical ffersonian and Painean ideas of progress and modnism and American exceptionalism—at the exmse of the kind of historical understanding that id been enunciated by Burke.



N ANY event, it is historical development, rather than its abstract ideological analysis, that tells us something of the character of a political movement, as indeed of the character of a man. The antithesis between liberalism and conservatism was

pical not of America but of Europe, and it was pical not of the twentieth century but of the century before 1870. Thereafter this antithesis was perseded by the newer, and more universal, relaonship of nationalism and socialism. More univeral because during the twentieth century these realies have applied to American politics too; the dirence between Republicans and Democrats being lat Republicans, by and large, have been more naonalistic than socialistic, whereas Democrats have een, by and large, more socialistic than nationalistic—a difference that is also applicable to the modern merican "conservative" and to the American tweneth-century "liberal."

In the United States during the first half of this entury the division—at times a chasm—between onservatives and liberals temporarily corresponded the division between American isolationists (who ould be more accurately called American nationalists) and American internationalists. This division ment deeper than differences over domestic politics, eeper even than arguments about foreign policies, involved different ideas and different sentiments

about the destiny and the character of American nationhood and of American civilization.

There was in this division a great and perhaps even profound similarity between Americans and Russians. The American division between the isolationists and the internationalists corresponded to the Russian division between "Slavophiles" and "Westernizers." The latter were those who believed that Russia had to come closer to Europe, that it had to become more progressive, more cosmopolitan, more liberal, less Asian and more European. The Russian Slavophiles were Orthodox nationalists, often isolationist and expansionist, conservative and messianic at the same time: Europe was decadent, while Russia had its unique destiny; it was the greatest and most Christlike nation in the world.

The difference between Westernizers and Slavophiles was ideological, religious, and cultural. Among Americans, too, the division was less political than it was geographical and ideological and cultural, with religious undertones. It was a division between two different geographical and historical views of American destiny, between those who believed that the advance of American civilization should bring the New and the Old World closer together, and those who believed that American civilization was meant to represent the opposite of that of the Old World. The national rhetoric of American exceptionalism produced plenty of believers who were suspicious of Europe: the United States had little to gain from a closer contact with Europe, and not much to learn from it.

Isolationists, nationalists, "redskins"; internationalists, cosmopolitans, "palefaces"; these categories are simple and often telling but, as always in life, the human realities were more complex. Consistent isolationists and consistent internationalists were few. Many, if not most, of the isolationists were isolationists only in regard to Europe; when it came to foreign policy they were, more often than not, Asia-Firsters. Many of the isolationists who were opposed to the American commitment to Britain and to the liberation of Western Europe from Hitler's Germany very soon became advocates of military commitments against Russia and of the liberation of Eastern Europe from communism. Many liberal internationalists and advocates of the wartime American alliances were opponents of American commitments restraining communism and the Soviet Union after 1945. Most American internationalists believed that it was America's destiny To Make the World Safe for Democracy: but wasn't that, in reality, Americanism broadly applied onto the world?

Here lie the roots of yet another similarity in the development of Russia and America. In 1917 in Russia the triumph of the Westernizers over the Slavophiles seemed complete. Orthodoxy and tsarism had collapsed, and the inheritors of the collapse were the Bolsheviks, who claimed to represent that most radical of European ideas, Marxist commu-

nism. Yet within a few years it became apparent—apparent, that is, except to Western intellectuals—that Stalin and his Soviet Union incarnated in many ways the very inclinations of Slavophilism, institutionalized in a police state that was reminiscent not of Marx or Engels but of Ivan the Terrible.

In 1945 in the United States the triumph of internationalism over isolationism seemed complete. Some of the most influential isolationists in Congress announced their adoption of internationalism, which to them had become inevitable. American internationalism—the externalization of a liberal and progressive ideology-was now in full flower. Yet less than a generation later the appeal of liberalism and of progressivism was melting away. By 1970 the principal proponents of an American internationalism, of an Americanized world order, were the conservatives, descendants of isolationists, representing an antiliberalism that corresponded to the sentiments of many Americans, as indeed Stalin's neo-Slavophilism had corresponded to the sentiments of many Russians.

In this respect there was yet another similarity between Russian and American nationalism, and perhaps especially between Russian Slavophiles and American conservatives of a certain kind. Their inclinations, and their propaganda, were conservative at home and revolutionary abroad. During the second half of the nineteenth century these Russian nationalist conservatives propagated revolutions and Russian intervention in the Balkans, against the Turkish and on occasion against the Austro-Hungarian Empire. During the second half of the twentieth century American conservatives propagated American intervention everywhere in the world against the vague monster of "international" communism-unaware of John Adams's warning, in 1821, that the United States would and should not "go abroad in search of monsters to destroy."

N TRACING the pedigree of the American conservative movement we must note that from, say, 1935 to 1955 (more precisely from the rise of Father Coughlin to the demise of Joseph McCarthy) the emergence of a powerful radical

"Right" in America was a possibility. This, too, followed a development in Europe, though with the usual time lag. In the history of Europe the twenty-five years from 1920 to 1945 were a quarter-century during which radicalism was no longer the monopoly of the Left; when neither communism nor capitalism but what is—inadequately and imprecisely—called "fascism" was the rising and dynamic political phenomenon, eventually leading to the Second World War; when men such as Hitler and Mussolini proved to be the dynamic world statesmen after Wilson and Lenin were gone. In the United States, too, the De-

pression was followed by the rise of the popula' appeal of radical nationalists. When in 1941 Senato Taft said that the danger to America was not Hitler ism but communism, "for Fascism appeals but to few, and Communism to the many," his diagnosi was entirely wrong; yet less than a decade late most Americans agreed with him, having convince themselves that communism—within and without th United States—was a far greater danger than fas cism had ever been.

It was then, shortly after 1950, that the American conservative movement made its appearance, and the great majority of its early proponents and support ers shared these ideological sentiments. In 1950 the designation "conservative" was still shunned by ev ery American politician. Yet by 1950 the opposition to liberalism and to the Democratic Party and even to the philosophy of the New Deal was no restricted to wealthy Republicans. The development of the Cold War and the successive revelations about domestic communists seemed to have vindicated Franklin Roosevelt's nationalist opponents in the minds of many people. The consequent opinion that the American alliance with Britain and Russis against Germany may have been a mistake alto gether was held by a minority among that majority mostly by German-Americans and Midwestern pop ulists: but the realignment of American politics tha took shape twenty-five years later was already in the making.

The first national magazine of the conscious con servative movement, William F. Buckley's Nationa Review, appeared in 1955, a few months after Mc Carthy's meteoric fall from political grace had begun Many of its subscribers were isolationists, resentful of the American participation in the Second World War, When in November 1956 National Review ap proved the Israeli-British-French attack on Egypt a Suez (only because Egypt seemed to have had the support of the Soviet Union), the magazine los thousands of (presumably anti-Jewish) subscribers But thereafter a dual development took place. Or the one hand, most of the isolationism, a fair amoun of the Anglophobe nationalism, and a considerable portion of the religious conservatism among Irish Americans and many other American Catholic melted away. On the other, the American conser vative movement was widening. Its ranks were no longer composed mainly of the isolationist remnan but of all kinds of people: disillusioned old radicals ex-liberals, individualist libertarians, and ideological anticommunists-the latter being the common de nominator of the conservative movement to thi day. As late as 1950 the isolationist Robert A. Taf -Eisenhower's opponent within the Republican Party-refused the label "conservative." By 1960 Eisenhower, the broad-smiling democratic soldie handpicked by Roosevelt for the command of the crusade against "fascism," said that he was a conservative. In 1941 Charles A. Lindbergh, the lead figure of American isolationism, said that his neipal opponents were "intellectuals, Anglophiles, d Jews." Less than thirty-five years later a fair mber of American intellectuals and American ws had opted for neoconservatism. This was a volution in American political and intellectual tory that still awaits its judicious historian.\*

NE OF the main elements in this revolution was the changed image of Soviet Russia. In the 1950s, the American conservative movement came into existence at a time when anticommunism was equated with American patriotism. That equation

is as wrong as it was shallow. In the minds of inv people it was but another manifestation of their lief in American sinlessness. God had given Amerthe monopoly of virtue and communism the onopoly of sin. Communism represented the ext opposite of what America stood for; conversely, ere were few evils in the world that were not the omotion of communists and their sympathizers. parently this is still the essence of President Ron-1 Reagan's beliefs. In 1982 Phyllis Schlafly, the roine of many American conservatives, said that iod gave America the atom bomb." No: the atom mb was made in America by refugee scientists om Central Europe whose ideas of morality could t have been more different from those espoused Mrs. Schlafly. Yet concerning the Soviet Union e ideas of the older conservatives and of the neonservatives had now become largely the same, nile many Americans (and not only liberals) had own uneasy with the nuclear prospects of an merican global strategy of anticommunism.

The other element was the decay of liberalism. uring the 1950s American liberals became fearful democracy itself. People accused of communist sociations were hiding behind the antique consti-

Between 1935 and 1945 a host of ex-radicalsax Eastman, John Dos Passos, Charles A. Beard, Harry mer Barnes, H. L. Mencken (this list is not at all comete)—had become postliberals. In this respect they were ntennae of the race," forerunners of a national developent, in some cases in extreme forms. Harry Elmer Barnes, the Twenties an intellectual debunker, Darwinist, and tter enemy of religion (The Twilight of Christianity, 1929), came a defender of Hitler; the Nietzscheite Mencken beme an acrid opponent of Roosevelt; Beard became a namalist isolationist and saw Roosevelt's foreign policy as a nspiracy; and so forth. All of this had a significance beand mundane politics, a significance that went beyond the ual appeal of conspiracy theories to embittered intellecals whose cause does not prevail. This significance resides the fact that for at least fifty years most conversions nong American intellectuals went from Left to Right-as Russia during the nineteenth century, where the overall nd, as I wrote above, ultimately deceptive) triumph of e Westernizers notwithstanding, the few significant conrsions (e.g., Dostoevsky) had gone in one direction only, om Westernizer to Slavophile, from liberal to conservave, from internationalist to nationalist.

tutional barrier of the Fifth Amendment. In almost every instance they preferred to avoid their trial by jury, since they were afraid of the American people. The liberal interpreters of the McCarthy phenomenon were the prisoners of their own outdated intellectual categories. In 1954 Edward R. Murrow said that Joseph McCarthy was "to the right of Louis XIV"; in 1955 Bernard De Voto called the Reece Committee of the House of Representatives "reactionary: they hate and defy the twentieth century." These images defied reason. In 1958 a gang in Harlem called themselves "Conservatives." They would no more have called themselves "Liberals" than would children play at being pacifists instead of soldiers or cowboys or gangsters.

Meanwhile the number of adherents of the conservative movement grew. The civil rights movement, its legislation, the extension of welfare, the reaction to the Vietnam War did show that the generous impulse of the American character was not yet spent. What was bankrupt were the institutionalized ideas of liberalism, including the modern liberal view of human nature. The realization that the liberals had contributed to—indeed, that they had vested interests in maintaining—the bureaucracies and the institutionalized legalism that were choking free choice, obstructing personal security, and creating disorder in so many American places was swimming up to the surface of consciousness in many minds.

The conservatives contributed to this recognition. By 1970 the constituency of the conservative movement had changed. It was no longer overwhelmingly Irish, German, Catholic, western Republican-indeed, it had become internationalist. The number of conservative journals and the intellectual quality of their contents increased. Even in the universities and colleges the presence of conservative professors began to make itself felt. The Republican Party now openly avowed its conservatism. Republicans and conservatives together survived the defeat of Barry Goldwater (the first avowedly "conservative" candidate) in 1964 as well as the trial and the resignation of their erstwhile heroes Agnew and Nixon ten years later. In 1980 the victory of Ronald Reagan coincided with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Buckley's National Review. A glittering celebration took place in the Plaza Hotel in New York, and the very names of those present showed that in the realm of intellectual as well as of political celebrity the near monopoly of the liberal establishment was gone.

Yet soon after that auspicious celebration it was evident that the conservatives had not fulfilled their own expectations. Here was a peculiarly American paradox: the liberals had become senile, while the conservatives were immature. Their intellectual—and moral—substance was not sufficient to fill the post-liberal vacuum. The reason for this was not the cultural inferiority of American conserva-

tives compared with American liberals: that was a condition that the conservative intellectual movement had, by and large, outgrown. The reason for this was the conservatives' split-mindedness-suggesting that split-mindedness, too, was not a monopoly of American liberals. The conservatives argued against big government, yet they favored the most monstrous of government projects: laser warfare, biological warfare, nuclear superbombs. They were against the police state, yet they were eager to extend the powers of the FBI and the CIA. They were against government regulation of "free" enterprise, yet at times they supported the government's shoring up or bailing out of large corporations. They stood for the conservation of America's heritage, vet they were usually indifferent to the conservation of the American land. They proclaimed themselves to be the prime defenders of Western civilization, yet many of them had a narrowly nationalist, and broadly Californian, view of the world-narrow enough to be ignorant, broad enough to be flat. American conservatives welcomed (at worst) or were indifferent to (at best) the dangers of excessive American commitments to all kinds of foreign governments and-more important-to the flooding of the United States by countless immigrants from the South who would provide cheap labor but whose increasing presence could only exacerbate deep national problems. There were many Catholics among the conservatives, but conservative organs would criticize popes and bishops whose allocutions did not coincide with their ideological nationalism. The true patriot, and the true conservative, is suspicious of ideology, of any ideology; yet the American conservatives were often ideologues, disregarding John Adams's pithy statement that ideology amounted to idiocy.

Their view of the world and the foreign policies they advocated were lamentable, since their view of the Soviet Union as the focus of a gigantic athesitic conspiracy and the source of every possible evil in the world was as unrealistic, unhistorical, ideological, and illusionary as the pro-Soviet illusions of the former liberals and progressives had been. Even though intellectuals of the American conservative movement were often more generous and less narrow-minded than were liberal intellectuals, they seldom hesitated to ally themselves with, and to seek the support of, some of the most uncouth and slovenly minded people and politicians.

That was just the trouble. As Jonathan Swift said, certain people "have just enough religion to hate but not enough to love." Many American conservatives, alas, gave ample evidence that they were just conservative enough to hate liberals but not enough to love liberty.

They have not been conservative enough. Their

insubstantial heroes have been Coolidge, Hoo Taft. Their very advocacy of a materialist capit ism has been but a negative reaction to socialisr they have overlooked, among other things, the that capitalism and industrialism were the great all conservative and antitraditional forces of the nie teenth century and after. "Tradition is the enemyr progress." This was not a statement by a liberal or intellectual. It was stated in 1928 by Julius A. Kla Herbert Hoover's assistant secretary of comme with enthusiastic approval by the Great Engine "Buying, selling, investing are the moving impulse! our life. The inhabitants of our country must be st ulated to new wants in all directions." These w the words of Calvin Coolidge, often seen as sour New England saint of thrift and probity stead of what he was, a man soaked in the pr tice of public relations and a proponent of inflati Ronald Reagan chose to hang Coolidge's portiin his office, and to designate Coolidge as one his heroes. Yet what the Twenties meant in the e lution of American society was something quite ferent. The ideals represented by Coolidge (in real the last shaky examples of a degenerated Purit ism) were being surpassed and overwhelmed by Americanism manufactured and represented by p ple such as the movie mogul Louis B. Mayer, other dedicated Republican—the ultimate trium of the ideals of Hollywood over those of New Els land, manifest in, among other things, the carand the expressions of Ronald Reagan, who show have hung Mayer's portrait in his office instead Coolidge's.

By 1980 the want of a sense of tradition among American conservatives was evident not on among some of their politicians but also amo their star intellectuals. Bill Buckley started out an isolationist; as late as 1950 he was suspicious the Yalie types who made up the CIA and its fo runner, the OSS. Twenty years later the hero of ideological thrillers was a CIA agent out of Ya an amoral American James Bond. Tom Wolfe's H roes were fast-flying and fast-living pilots; the ti twentieth-century heroes of critic Hugh Kenner we Ezra Pound and Buckminster Fuller. Jeffrey Ha the chief editor of National Review, wrote in 19 that American conservatism amounted to America modernism; that the progress of technology, t breaking away of modern literature and modern from all traditional forms, and the new loosening the family and sexual mores were matters that Ame ican conservatives should welcome, indeed, that the should espouse. In a recent article in National R view Hart advocated not only the public listing those Russian cities that American nuclear missilwould pulverize in the event of an atomic war b that this novel kind of diplomacy (he called it) "new conceptualization of atomic strategy") "h numerous connections elsewhere. In one area aft another, we appear to be entering an epoch in while Ility will be defined increasingly in terms of abact analysis. . . Abstract analysis becomes the ly knowable reality. . . . We now appear to be tering a distinctively new phase, in which abstract bught will again become [as in the Middle Ages] lecisive part of our sense of the real."

For at least two hundred years, beginning with rke and Dr. Johnson, the commonsense argument ainst abstract reasoning has been the strongest and best intellectual weapon of conservative thinkagainst the celebration of modernism. Yet the miration of the mechanical and the abstract, of mputerization and of a nuclear world, seems to ve had a strange appeal to many American convatives.



ot to all of them, of course, but then the conservatives have not been really united. The marriage more properly the cohabitation—of conservatives and neoconservatives has been uneasy. There has not been much compatibility in an al-

nce of nationalists whose intellectuality barely iled their anti-Europeanism, with worried intellecals who thought that their neoconservatism cometed their acculturation in America. One need not a prophet to see that in the event of a dangerous isis the nationalists would prevail. Their radical dipopulist strain was there from the beginning the conservative movement, in the ideas of e otherwise thoughtful Richard Weaver, who said at Tom Paine, "philosopher of a starker princie," was preferable to Burke, or in those of Willoore Kendall, who advocated a populist majoriranism that was a half-mad transformation into virtue of what Tocqueville had called the tyranny the majority.

Fifty years ago the greatest conservative thinker the twentieth century, José Ortega y Gasset, rote in The Revolt of the Masses: "Liberalism-it well to recall this today—is the supreme form of enerosity; it is the right which the majority condes to minorities and hence it is the noblest.... announces the determination to share existence ith the enemy; more than that, with an enemy hich is weak. It was incredible that the human secies should have arrived at so noble an attitude, paradoxical, so refined, so acrobatic, so antinatuil. Hence, it is not to be wondered at that this same amanity should soon appear anxious to get rid of . It is a discipline too difficult and complex to take rm root on earth." He was right. Forty years ago, ie Englishman Christopher Hollis wrote that "the hrase 'conservative mind' is today almost a tautolgy. There are no minds but 'conservative minds.' " e was right. By 1980 both statements had become pplicable to the United States. American life was ill multiform and protean. The dissolution of religion, the loosening of families, the deterioration of older beliefs and customs and manners went on, together with the growth of the political appeal of conservatism. In 1980 millions of Playboy readers voted for Reagan. Yet for the first time in their history large numbers of Americans had become conscious of their essential conservatism—a movement of ideas in which the conservative intellectuals played but the role of a minor catalyst. For the first time the unquestioned belief in progress, in the beneficial results of man's increasing management of nature, was no longer held as an article of faith by many Americans. Their growing opposition to the pollution of nature or to genetic engineering or to atomic plants or to nuclear weapons could not simply be attributed to liberalism, the impulses of which were still alive but the attraction of whose ideas was fairly gone. In sum, conservatism and neoconservatism have been but a partial phenomenon of the larger, post-liberal and post-progressive development of the American mind.

One indication of this maturation existed among the young. For almost a century before 1970 one could take it for granted that most of the brightest American students would be more liberal and more progressive than were their fellow students. After 1970 this was no longer so. Often the opposite was true. On the stock exchange of American words, too, the adjective "conservative" has risen. Perhaps even more significant is the increasing approbation and respect granted adjectives such as "old-fashioned" and "traditional," at a time when the connotations of "modern" and "progressive" are no longer very approbatory. We must at least essay the supposition that these are marks of a profound change, of an ebbing away not only of the rhetoric of a superficial public optimism but of the erstwhile dogmatic American belief in the inevitable benefits of Progress. Such post-progressive realization, occurring around the end of the second American century, may have meant the painful but evident maturity of the American mind, rising toward its acceptance and comprehension of the tragic sense of life, and perhaps even toward a new synthesis.

That is one possibility. The other is the floundering of the majority of the American people between two hard (and, on occasion, increasingly vicious) minorities: the so-called conservatives, enthusiastic advocates of technological "progress," indifferent to the poisoning of the land, propagating the American (and nuclear) domination of the globe; and the so-called liberals, opposed to nuclear technology while tolerant of the poisons of pornography, propagating the public and legalized abolition of personal moral restraints in every possible form, indifferent to the killing of millions of unborn by abortion. Here is the danger: without a more mature conservatism, the American ideological debate will be dominated either by the thoughtless proponents of mass murder through atomic war or by those of the suicide of the race.

# SKYWALKING WITH REAGAN

# by William E. Burrows

The Pentagon, with an arsenal of lasers and killer satellites,

stakes out its territory in space.

HE BATTLE for time is nearly over. The battle for space is about to begin. Plans for "securing" space started in some loosely defined way as a reflexive reaction to Sputnik in 1957 and have progressed in fits and starts ever since. But they have gained so much momentum in the last year that they are beginning to resemble, in projected scope and cost, the Apollo moon-landing program. Basically, the idea is that the military and the corporate sector will harness very advanced technology designed to move into space on several fronts. The Air Force, the aerospace industry, research institutions, conservative members of Congress, and Reagan administration philosophers agree that there is no place to go but up, that it is our manifest destiny to go there, and that we will fail to heed the call at our peril. The stakes, they argue, are nothing less than the national security of the United States. But it is here that the analogy with the Apollo program ends, because the race to the moon was merely political, while the race to control space is unabashedly military and therefore

The mandate to move into the "high frontier," or the "new high ground," as near space is variously called, came in oblique passages of two speeches made by President Reagan. The first was delivered in the Mojave Desert on the Fourth of July, 1982, when the space shuttle *Columbia* rolled to a stop after completing its fourth mission. The president

William E. Burrows is director of New York University's Science and Environmental Reporting Program. He specializes in writing about aeronautics and astronautics. took the occasion to announce a new national space policy with the goal of "establishing a more perma nent presence in space." A fact sheet distributed b the White House was less vague. While noting that the United States is committed to the use of space for peaceful purposes, the handout went on to ex plain that such purposes permit "activities in pursu of national security goals." The document specific ally mentioned development of an American anti satellite (ASAT) capability "with operational de ployment as a goal," and said that the administratio was considering a wide variety of other space sys tems, all of them military. It then got to the point the American space program "will be comprised c two separate, distinct, and strongly interacting pro grams-national security and civil."

Fittingly, and as if to underscore the marriage o soldiers and civilians in the new space venture, th shuttle beside which the president spoke had jus landed with its first classified military cargo, an at ray of sensors that had been tested in orbit to help develop new surveillance and early-warning systems

The second reference came on March 23 las year, in what became known as Reagan's "Star Wars speech. Appearing on television to sell his arm budget, Reagan stunned doves and hawks alike by announcing that he wanted research to begin on ballistic-missile defense system that would protect the United States and its allies from a massive en emy attack. He called on the nation's scientists—"those who gave us nuclear weapons"—to spend the rest of the century, if necessary, perfecting a ballistic-missile defense shield that could use lasers

extremely dangerous.

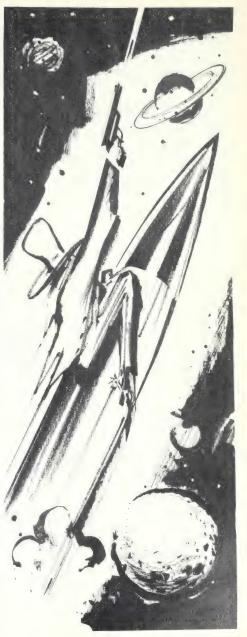
ticle or microwave beams, or some other adced technology to blunt or deflect an enemy sile attack.

Both speeches amounted to a benediction for evone who wants to seize the new high ground. by galvanized the aerospace industry, which is vily dependent on defense contracts; high-tech earch institutions such as the Lawrence Liverre National Laboratory in California, which are vily dependent on defense funding; and the Air ce itself, which is, after all, heavily dependent on ense. If the president believes that an effective sile defense is possible, the reasoning goes, then may also believe that space can be snatched from let the very eyes of the "Evil Empire," as he has erred to the Soviet Union.

LTHOUGH the president does not seem to have had any specific ideas in mind, the Star Wars speech breathed life into several plans, including antiballistic missile (ABM) etc that had been in the research phase but i not been officially encouraged. Reagan thus let see a flurry of activity that served to dampen the spects for serious arms control and enhance the sibility of war, both up there and down here.

While there is a great deal of military activity in ice, most of it has heretofore been passive: largesatellites performing communication, command 1 control, surveillance, navigation, weather-pretion, early-warning, and nuclear-test-monitoring rk. ASAT, however, drastically alters the pattern ause it is designed to attack the other side's sattes in order to make it deaf, dumb, and blindnecessary prelude to all-out war. ASAT is theree not passive but actively offensive, in that its rpose is to pave the way for a massive ballisticssile launch. At the same time, the kind of ABM tem that is being explored as a result of the Star ers speech would not only violate the ABM treaty ashington and Moscow signed in 1972, but would ise the Kremlin to wonder whether it might not fact expect an attack from a nation that considits own territory perfectly safe from nuclear anillation.

Both ASATs and ABMs are therefore extremely ngerous, because they are destabilizing. Certainly: introduction of ASATs—the development of apons for space—will extend the arms race to the avens, perhaps forever altering them. Yet mention s to a spaceman, either in the Pentagon or in a ated industry, and palms turn upward while eyews arch righteously. They may be destabilizing, spacemen say as if to a well-meaning but denated relative, but we're only playing catch-up, u know. The Soviet Union has been testing ASATs fifteen years and also happens to be the only untry in the world possessing a functioning ABM stem. What could be more destabilizing than one



side having all that stuff while the other doesn't? There already *are* weapons in space, and those weapons are made in the U.S.S.R.

Although the Soviet Union has no weapons actually in space, the assertion is, on the face of it, true. Yet in both cases—ASAT and ABM—the threat is far more apparent than real.

HE SOVIET UNION began testing ASATs in 1968. It has conducted twenty or so tests since then, mostly with a warhead sent into orbit on top of an SS-9 booster. The warhead is supposed to close in on its target and, when near enough, explode, sending a shower of shrapnel into its victim. Recent tests have reportedly used lasers, and at least one, held underground because of the nuclear test ban treaty, involved exploding a nuclear warhead in order to provide a radiation blast meant to destroy the delicate mechanisms inside a victim satellite.

Opponents of ASATs contend that although the Soviet model has been tested since 1968, half of those tests have been failures and that, as one observer put it, the Russian ASAT "stinks" where reliability is concerned. But Col. Samuel C. Beamer, chief of Air Force space plans, disagrees.

"Let's take the Atlas launch capability," Colonel Beamer says, referring to America's first ICBM, which became operational in 1959 after a series of mishaps. "If you include everything from the first Atlas we launched to the last one we launched, our success rate stinks. Lately, it's been excellent; early on, it was really bad. And if you take the entire Soviet ASAT program from beginning to end, one could probably say also that it stinks. But it's better than that." Colonel Beamer feels that it is only experimentation with advanced techniques that has made the Soviet ASAT fail half of its tests.

The U.S. entry, by comparison, is a model of trimness and sophistication. It is actually an eighteen-foot-long, one-foot-wide missile carried under the belly of an F-15 Eagle fighter and launched toward its target from a high altitude. The American ASAT is supposed to be so accurate (it has yet to be tested against a real target) that it doesn't need to explode. Its warhead, which is a squat cylinder nicknamed the "Tomato Can," is theoretically capable of finding its way to the target with the help of eight small infrared telescopes and fifty-two tiny steering rockets and then ramming it while flying at a blistering 30,000 miles an hour. The real advantage of the American model is that, unlike its ponderous Soviet counterpart, which requires a launch pad and related paraphernalia, it can go wherever F-15s go, making every Air Force base in the world a potential quick-attack ASAT facility. Once deployed, ASATs could knock out every Soviet satellite in low orbit simultaneously within thirty minutes of the F-15s getting airborne.

It is the American ASAT's small size and in bility that make it an arms controller's nightmate Arms control agreements are based not on muttrust but on each side's ability to keep track of other's weapons through so-called national techn means of verification-generally surveillance sal lites, reconnaissance aircraft, and ground-based dar and listening stations. The smaller the weapon the more difficult it is for the other side to kr how many are being produced and where they (This, by the way, is precisely the problem v cruise missiles: they are relatively small and h easily changed warheads that can carry anythr from Silly Putty to a one-megaton H-bomb. It very difficult to keep track of them from above, nearly impossible to judge accurately what's ins their noses.)

If intelligence-gathering and early-warning sa lites are sources of stability because they allow el side to monitor the other rather than be caught surprise when military circumstances change, tl ASATs-killer satellites, as they are popularly cal -are very destabilizing. Meanwhile, the U.S. we on appears to be so promising that it prompted viet premier Yuri Andropov to propose last Aug that his country and the United States agree to I the things (talks to accomplish just that were brol off by the Carter administration in 1979 as a sponse to the invasion of Afghanistan). But the I partment of Defense, and certainly the Air For will have none of that. For them it would be ab lutely unthinkable to ban ASATs while the Russia are in sole possession of a tested system, no mat how clunky it is.

Yet once the American ASAT has been succe fully tested, the Kremlin will have every reason assume that production and deployment will folk And that, in turn, will compel the Russians to cotter with a "Tomato Can" of their own that can carried under the belly of a MIG-25.

EAGAN's mandate encouraging research an antiballistic-missile system capable zapping enemy ICBMs before they rea Western Europe and the United States perhaps even more ominous than his support of ASAT program. "I clearly recognize that defens systems have limitations and raise certain proble and ambiguities," he said toward the end of the S Wars speech. "If paired with the offensive system they can be viewed as fostering an aggressive p icy, and no one wants that." Well, not exactly one. The Reagan administration has itself made point of pursuing aggressive military policy whe strategic weapons are concerned, including a dogg drive to get the MX missile funded and the E bomber resurrected. (Why America needs a supsonic bomber to penetrate Soviet air defenses wh it takes their fighters two hours to find and sho



down a lumbering Korean Airlines 747 remains a mystery.)

In any case, President Reagan neither elucidated whatever problems and ambiguities he may have had in mind relative to ABMs nor mentioned the fact that a deployed ABM system would violate the 1972 ABM treaty, which prohibits the development, testing, and deployment of air-based, space-based, seabased, or mobile land-based systems and, as amended in 1975, limits each side to one fixed land-based site that has no more than 100 defensive missiles. Since the Russians have such a site near Moscow, the spacemen are quite correct in pointing out that ABMs are in place in the U.S.S.R. They are also correct in saying that there are no American counterparts. An ABM complex was built at Grand Forks, North Dakota, to protect nearby ICBM silos, but it was dismantled in 1975 even before it was scheduled to be activated, after the Pentagon came to the conclusion that it was prohibitively expensive and virtually useless. Now, if the president is to be believed, we are going to try again, though the Air Force and others involved insist that only research has been authorized, not production.

"The president has said that we are going to pursue that technology also," says an Air Force major general about the ABM system. He sits in an office below ground level in the Pentagon, behind one of several doors on which are glued red and white signs warning that "deadly force" is authorized to keep trespassers out of the area. "That doesn't mean that we're going to put up a weapons system in the next ten years or the next fifteen years. Our technology experts are working now to come up with the most logical way to pursue the technology for a defense against ballistic missiles."

The Star Wars speech in effect created a Defensive Technologies Study Team, headed by former NASA administrator James C. Fletcher, which sent the president a detailed recommendation for ABM research in October. The report suggests spending \$21.1 billion on research and development through fiscal 1989 on directed-energy weapons, such as lasers and particle-beam generators, and on surveil-lance spacecraft and tracking systems necessary for following enemy ICBMs before they can be attacked. The report goes on to say that a space-based ABM system might require stationing people in space and keeping more than 100 "complex and expensive satellites" in orbit, plus a manned space system to service all of the orbiting hardware.

The Fletcher group's report, which has been endorsed by Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, who has also encouraged the president to proceed with heavy ABM research, says that its authors have "an optimistic view of the newly emerging technologies and with this viewpoint concluded that a robust, multi-tiered ballistic-missile defense system can eventually be made to work." The big question, of course, has to do with the definition of "work."

At least three possible ABM systems are now it der consideration.

The leading candidate would use hundreds enormously powerful lasers, scattered around country and probably abroad, which would be fin at large "fighting mirrors" sent into space on quid response boosters or else stationed up there in p manent orbit. The mirrors would redirect the la beams toward the Soviet missiles during the critical first two minutes of their flight, thereby hitting the before the problem had been compounded by t separate warheads that are released from the no cone of a missile while it is in flight. A second to of defense might involve firing lasers or intercept missiles at the warheads that make it through t initial laser or particle-beam attack and are at abd the midpoint in their thirty-minute flight. The th tier, known as point, or terminal, defense, work amount to a desperate, last-ditch effort to stop incoming warheads seconds before they struck the assigned silos, air bases, ports, and cities. This mig be accomplished, according to the theory, by fir still more lasers or short-range ABMs at the was heads at point-blank range.

Dr. Edward Teller, unquestionably the natio pre-eminent scientific super-hawk, has suggested President Reagan that lasers powered by low-yie nuclear explosions of perhaps twenty kilotons—sm explosions of the sort that killed about 100,0 people each in Hiroshima and Nagasaki—could a do the job if reflected onto the fighting mirrors. C obvious disadvantage of Teller's plan is that source of energy would destroy itself while make the first shot, so there would be no second chart to hit a follow-up fusillade or even to hit the reflection one if it followed decoys that the nuclear-laser of fense system took to be real.

HE LEAST likely plan, yet the one that lattracted the most attention from conservitives and the ultra-right, was made public a book called High Frontier: A Strategy National Survival, by Lieut. Gen. Daniel O. Graha General Graham is a retired army officer who we director of the Defense Intelligence Agency and deputy director of the CIA. In its introduction Robert A. Heinlein, the science-fiction writer, clait that General Graham's plan "places a bulletprovest on our bare chest," yet is "so utterly peace that the most devout pacifist can support it with clear conscience."

High Frontier, which was developed with final cial support and encouragement from the conservative Heritage Foundation, would deploy a Glob Ballistic Missile Defense (GBMD) system in which an array of ABMs would stand vigil against postole Soviet attack while the United States engaged a "substantial strengthening of our offensive detrent" and used space for scientific experimentations.

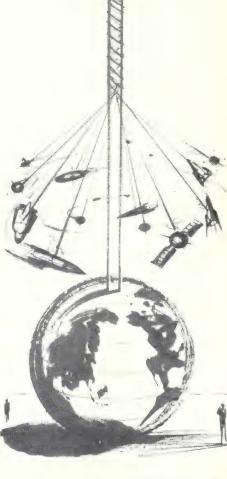
the gathering of resources. (Elaborate plans for cking Soviet and Eastern European targets with lear weapons will continue to be forged and ed no matter which ABM system, if any, is five adopted.)

n the general's view the best way to preserve ce and America's Assured Survival (a concept he ters to the current retaliatory doctrine known as tual Assured Destruction, or MAD) is to make chnological "end run" against the Russians by ing up a point defense on the ground while keepbetween 200 and 500 "trucks," each bristling 1 forty to forty-five non-nuclear ABMs, in pernent orbit. The trucks—actually satellite battle ions—would be positioned so that about 1,000 Ms would always be within striking range of iet silos and would therefore be able to clobber r boosters as they were lifting off, which would far easier than waiting and having to cope with tiple warheads, decoys, and electronic counter-

Seneral Graham does not indicate how the Russemight respond to the prospect of having 1,000. antiballistic missiles hanging suspended over ir country twenty-four hours a day. He does point with evident pride, however, that his GBMD em would reduce the number of warheads reach-American civilian and military targets to less n 10 percent of what would be launched at us. iis filtering of the attack sharply alters the pretions of cataclysmic destruction" that usually apr in studies of nuclear war, he explains.

The general does not say how he arrived at that ire of 10 percent. But a cursory calculation based the 6,400 ICBM warheads that the Pentagon's 33 edition of Soviet Military Power claims will be the Russian inventory by mid-decade indicates t 320 of them would penetrate the filter through akage" at a success rate of only 5 percent. Three idred and twenty nuclear warheads exploding on I directly above the United States would knock the nation's command, control, communication, I intelligence function (the so-called C3I), pulvermost military targets and cities of any conseence, poison a large segment of the surviving poption, and effectively end society as it now exists this country. Many would probably find such a nation somewhat cataclysmic, General Graham's urances notwithstanding.

High Frontier's technology may be orbital, but its lities is strictly down-to-earth. The American ace Frontiers Committee was recently formed as Washington-based political-action committee to se funds for candidates for federal office who suprt the High Frontier philosophy. General Graham ads the organization, which has been endorsed by are Boothe Luce, Adm. Thomas Moorer, Repretatives Tom Corcoran and Philip Crane of Illisi and Ron Paul of Texas, Sen. Roger W. Jepsen Iowa, and Robert Heinlein.



EANWHILE, Lawrence Livermore, which is Dr. Teller's principal roost, has designed a successful nuclear-pumped Xray laser that gets its energy from the kind of low-vield explosion favored by the eminent physicist. The scheme, at least for the present, would be to launch the lasers into space on Midgetman ICBM boosters, where they would be directed toward their targets with the help of infrared telescopes carried aboard high-flying airplanes. TRW and Lockheed's Space Division have combined to design a chemical laser battle station that they would like to demonstrate by 1987 against an ICBM, a submarine-launched ballistic missile, a satellite, and a bomber flying at high altitude. The cost of the work leading to the demonstration, as well as of the demo itself, is estimated to be \$3.5 billion. Other high-tech companies are now busily designing the mirrors that the lasers are to use. In fact, the ABM system is already turning into a defense contractor's bonanza, what with the impending need for surveillance, acquisition, and tracking systems; decovs: electronic countermeasures; missile interceptors; guns that fire salvos of thousands of darts or pellets (for point defense); secure command, control, and communication systems; and, of course, the highspeed computers and mini-computers that will be vital for directing the vast defensive array during the battle as ICBMs, submarine-launched ballistic missiles, and all of the decoys come in from every direction at once. It is estimated that the finished system could cost as much as \$500 billion.

If put in place, the advanced ABM system will be a model of American technological innovation, managerial genius, and precision tooling and production. Its only shortcoming, in the view of many observers, is that it can't possibly work well enough to avert

nuclear catastrophe.

George W. Rathjens, a political scientist at MIT whose specialty is arms control and national security affairs, says that given the fragility of cities and the tremendous destructive power of nuclear weapons, the ABM shield would have to be 100 percent effective to work at all. Rathjens thinks that such a perfect system is impossible. "Most competent technical people in the Soviet Union, as in this country, see that there's very little hope for this kind of defense," Rathjens remarked during a speech to the New York City Bar Association last spring. "My view is that it suggests that the president—I hate to say this—on this issue, is out of touch with reality...."

The Kremlin has expressed anger that Reagan even suggested that a perfect ballistic-missile defense ought to be developed. Andropov charged that, if realized, the ABM shield would have the effect of preventing the Soviet Union from retaliating after an American attack. It is "a bid to disarm the Soviet Union in the face of the U.S. nuclear threat," the Soviet leader added grimly.

The paradox of ballistic-missile defense, the is this: it is virtually impossible to accomplish any way that will prevent loss of life in the tens millions. But were a perfect shield possible, it would make the nation possessing it invulnerable to energia attack and therefore a potentially deadly threat its opponents. The Soviet Union would be una to respond effectively to an American attack all would therefore be at the mercy of the United Stat which, according to the plan, is supposed to ma tain a large land- and sea-based ballistic-missile for while using its ABM shield. No sane leader woul allow his country to be put in such a vulneral position, so the closer the United States comes setting up its defensive system, the more likely is that the U.S.S.R. will be tempted to strike before that system is fully in place. The irony, then, is the to succeed is to fail, because the defense and to offense have become the same.

Asked how he would react to a perfect Americal ballistic-missile defense if he were a Russian, an A Force general who agreed to discuss the matter condition that he not be identified answered to way: "I would probably view it as a threat."

N SEPTEMBER 1, 1982, a major militan organization was born: Space Commanu The new command, which was moviinto the blast-proof inner sanctum of Cho. enne Mountain, near Colorado Springs, where North American Aerospace Defense Comman (NORAD) was already a tenant, has been assign the task of managing, controlling, and protection military space systems, including all of the satelli and defense-related space-shuttle missions. The co mand, according to Gen. James V. Hartinger, first chief, is also supposed to "promote a mur closer relationship between the research and of velopment community [the defense industry] and to operational world [the Air Force].... We will pivide the operational pull to go along with the tecnology push that has been the dominant factor the space world since its inception."

What this means is that Space Command, work ing closely with industry, intends to expand all control military operations in space. The Air Foil sees this as its just domain. But the Navy, convinct that its ocean surveillance and communications a tivities might not fare well under Air Force contra has responded to Space Command by spawning own Naval Space Command. In addition, a Cc solidated Space Operations Center is scheduled move into a \$1.4 billion, 440-acre complex ner Peterson Air Force Base, not far from Space Colmand's Colorado Springs headquarters. CSOC wll have as its two main tasks the control of some of the military satellites now run by the Satellite Contil Facility at Sunnyvale, California, and the supervisit and control of the space shuttle's steadily increnumber of military missions, which are now opated from NASA's Johnson Space Center in Housa. CSOC will be controlled by Space Command. Although the National Aeronautics and Space Iministration is a civilian agency, it, too, has been imately involved in the militarization of space, mething neither it nor the Air Force has liked. Johnel Beamer, who is in charge of developing separate shuttle launch facility for classified mility missions at Vandenberg Air Force Base in Calornia, estimates that between 20 and 25 percent all shuttle cargo through 1990 will be defenselated.

Other estimates go as high as 40 percent, and the the shuttle's long-range manifest is constantly anging, either figure could be correct. The shuttle's ty-foot-long cargo bay was designed to accomodate Big Bird, KH-11, KH-12, and other surveilnce satellites, as well as to hold sensors that could run the vehicle itself into a surveillance platform of surprisingly, NASA's shuttle chief is Lieut. Gen. mes A. Abrahamson, an Air Force officer.

Still, the Air Force, which is extremely securitynscious, wants to put as much space as it can
tween itself and NASA in just about every sense
the word. It therefore wants to move military
uttle launches from Cape Canaveral to Vandenerg and control of the missions from Houston to
SOC, and thus to Space Command. As an
terim measure, it has already created an isolated
Controlled Mode" at the Johnson Space Center to
eep its more than 200 technical personnel and
avily classified hardware as far from the NASA
eople as possible.

Then there is NORAD, the new team's defensive nit. NORAD's primary job is to provide early arning (up to thirty minutes) of a ballistic-missile ttack and, more mundanely, to keep precise track f the 4,800 satellites, boosters, miniature space ations, and assorted debris that orbit the earth on ny given day. While Tactical Air Command F-15s re slated to carry ASATs, the missiles will be convolled by NORAD. NORAD would presumably

lso operate the laser ABM defense.

Although no administration will say so, it is no ecret that American military technology is generally uperior to its Soviet counterpart by a wide margin. Jnited States strategic surveillance—the system used o watch and listen to the opposition—is said by nany who know it firsthand to be almost unbelievibly good.

American command, control, communication, veather, navigation, early-warning, and nuclear-est-detection satellites not only are technically suscrior to the Soviet types but are quite a bit safer, udging from the fact that two nuclear-powered Cosmos ocean-surveillance satellites have tumbled out of orbit, showering radioactive debris on Canada in 1978 and on the Indian Ocean last year.

The United States has a highly successful space

shuttle. The Soviet Union has a working model of one, but no real article in sight.

The United States has an excellent performance record in orbit, both for capsules and for the shuttle. By contrast, three cosmonauts died on reentry in 1971, while last September two others barely escaped with their lives when an SL-4 booster blew up on the launch pad before a mission that was itself supposed to help two other cosmonauts who were aboard a crippled Salyut-7 space station. (The small craft had a massive propellant leak, leaving it almost powerless, as happened to Salyut-5 in 1976.)

The Soviet Union has a clunky antisatellite missile system that can operate only from three cosmodromes. Soviet missiles require at least one full orbit, and probably more, to close in for the kill. The United States, again in sharp contrast, has a highly flexible (though as yet untested) masterpiece of an ASAT that is usable from any air base controlled by Washington or its allies. And should the U.S. decide to go ahead and deploy an antiballisticmissile system, however leak-prone, it too will undoubtedly be better than anything the Russians can put up.

PACE Is viewed by the Pentagon and the aerospace industry as incredibly valuable territory waiting to be captured by whichever side has the better technology and is clever and aggressive enough to use it. The corporations and research institutions are the settlers and the Space Command is to be the cavalry. (The Russians, of course, are the Indians.) Aerospace people, military and civilian, are warning that the Soviet Union is in this game for keeps. And they are quite right. The evidence suggests that the Russians are making every effort to do precisely what we are trying to do, and there is no reason to believe they would take less advantage of superiority in space than they would on the home planet.

But where is this race likely to end? American fighting mirrors, laser battle stations, space planes, and manned attack platforms will sooner or later co-inhabit the heavens with their Soviet counterparts. Orbiting lasers made in California will be closely followed by space mines made in Yaroslavl, and although the lasers may be technically superior to the mines, that will count for little or nothing if the mines do their job at the crucial moment. It will therefore be deemed imperative to develop weapons that can attack the mines before they attack the lasers that are supposed to attack the ICBMs that are launched to attack the cities and silos. The prospect-now nearly at hand-of extending the vast and intricate network of supersensitive warning systems and hair-trigger explosives hundreds and thousands of miles straight up is stupefying. The earth itself will have been turned into a gigantic orbiting bomb.

# THE MORAL TRANSFORMATION OF THE DOG

And other thoughts on the animals among us.

# by Vicki Hearne

tions prompted by Washoe, the first of the chimpanzees to be taught Ameslan (the American sign language of the deaf). I am not so much interested in Washoe in particular, by herself, as I am in Washoe as an example, and in our relationship to her. I am a dog trainer, and I therefore find Washoe to be troublesome in a way that has a good deal to do with my thinking about language and relationships. This

means that I am going to write for a while about a have in mind when I consider any relationship between human beings and animals, and the I am going to spend a fair amount of time on do and dog training, and that I will seem to have for gotten about Washoe.

I think that most people who have been involve even tangentially, with the signing chimps have be troubled, compelled—the rush to the typewriters have been extraordinary. But so has the failure of trand unquarrelsome meditations on the phenomen of the signing chimps. The rush in the writings some thinkers, the rush that tends to spoil the telligence, suggests that when Washoe signs "Gi Washoe drink" we face an intellectual emergency what our assumptions about language, or animals, or lationships, is threatened—that is the matter the

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rests me. I have come to believe that the ques-1 "Why is it upsetting?" is prior to, and perhaps tains in its answer, the answer to "Is it language?" to I am rushing to my own typewriter in order eport on why a dog trainer is troubled. I underid myself to be writing about Washoe's training. ne readers may find this offensive because the 'd "training" invokes what behaviorists do with ers, electrical shocks, and pigeons, and they may h that I would say "teaching." Others may find word inappropriate if their experience with dogs horses tells them that Washoe simply has not ieved the noble condition that the expression ell-trained" implies for an animal trainer. Both ections are worthy. I want to say training bese I feel that I can push through to a more satctory view of what is going on if I read the probof Washoe not as a puzzle but as a training blem.

n the course of resolving training problems and understanding them (this may come long after ir resolution, if it comes), one sometimes has ind to solve puzzles. But the problem—the diffity, that is—comes before the puzzle, even though a sometimes a puzzle that signals the presence of itherto latent training problem.

Yvor Winters, in the introduction to Forms of covery, said that the most important difference ween a chimpanzee and a professor of English is t the professor has a greater command of lan-

guage, and that the chimpanzee has no way of understanding the nature of this difference between them. He goes on to remark that the most important difference between a professor of English and a great poet is that the poet has a greater command of language. He pictures a hierarchy of command, then, not unlike the spiritual hierarchy in some medieval and Renaissance world views. This is a hierarchy in which differences in degree of command become at some point differences in kind, differences in kind of command and kind of understanding. Command of language is, in the case of Washoe, just what most of the discussion is about. A dog trainer has a different view; he or she is interested in respect for language. Command of language is something that we understand imperfectly, partly because we understand "command" imperfectly. Our imperfect understanding is revealed for some of us by the fact of the signing chimpanzees, and by certain tangles in the discussions of them. That is the emergency. We suddenly feel that we don't know what we're talking about.

HE ABILITY to recognize command of language is deeply important in our ordinary lives. If I meet you, a stranger, on a deserted street, and discover that you are competent in forms of exchange familiar to me—the rituals of "Hot enough for you?" and so forth—I am



less likely to worry about whether or not you are going to kill me than if you, say, fail to respond to my "Good afternoon," or respond in a way I don't recognize. If on the other hand I should get to know you, and discover that you can speak very well indeed-are, say, able to discuss the writings of my favorite moral philosophers with intelligence and wit -I may quite confidently invite you into my home. It is possible to make mistakes about people in this way, but in general speaking well elicits trust. We want our leaders to be able to give good speeches. This is so deep in us that we are bewildered when we discover that the professor may be a murderer. or that the Nazi may discourse beautifully on the music of Mozart. And we have still failed to come to terms with Ezra Pound's fascism.

Command of language is a clue we use with each other, but command of language turns out to be useless without respect for language. If I respect your words, that means that I give myself to responding meaningfully to what you say-that I won't suddenly decide in the middle of a lunchtime conversation to withdraw from it, or to scream you into a terrified silence so that I can grab your wallet. If we converse it also possibly means that when you discover your wallet is empty I will be happy to pay for your lunch. Talking entails care and care-taking. That is part of what respecting each other means. Other sorts of linguistic confrontation, such as marital battles and various forms of preaching and opining, are not talking. The syntax of them is not the syntax of what we have in mind when we say, "At last, someone to talk to!" If the syntax of our lunchtime conversation changes from talking to arguing or preaching, our relationship has altered, and we have changed position with respect to each other.

With dogs, the situation is similar. The better trained a dog is-which is to say, the greater his "vocabulary"-the more mutual trust there is, the more dog and human can rely on each other to behave responsibly. "Responsible" may seem an odd or even mad expression to use in reference to an animal, but it is the only term that makes sense of certain training situations, and a moral vocabulary is the only one that enables good trainers to talk about animals at all. Lassie and Rin Tin Tin, with all of their unlikely heroics, are successful because they provide meaningful emblems of our relationships with dogs. There is a connection, too, between Lassie's cleverness-her ability to fetch slippers and carry messages—and her reliability when the going gets rough. In a dog story, the more words a dog responds to early in the plot, the more credible his heroism at the climax. The circus dog who spells things with alphabet blocks is the dog who is willing and able to advance on the villain in the face of gunfire.

In real life, the case of competent police dog trackers reveals what I have in mind. A good police dog has not only a large vocabulary but also extraordinary social skills. He understands many forms human culture and has his being within them. can be taken to the scene of a liquor store robb and be asked to search, with the handler trusting the won't molest the customers, or other police of cers, or the clerk behind the counter. He knows we belongs and what doesn't, sharing our communand our xenophobia as well. He can take down criminal who is attacking his handler on Mono and on Tuesday play with the patients at a children hospital. These dogs, then, are glorious, but for a one familiar with dog training they are not surping, any more than your pet dog's ability to disguish between your friends and a dangerous strants surprising.

But someone might say that a dog's courtesy very guests—assuming that the dog's owner doesn't to neurotic delight in the dog's misbehavior (but the another issue)—is surprising, or that it ought at let to be remarked on that such profound connection between two species can happen at all. (It should surprising, perhaps, that we can talk, and of coursome philosophers have been surprised.)

Consider, for example, what happens when train a wolf, or what happens, at least, when I to a wolf. The wolf may sit, heel, stay, come w called, and so forth. But a wolf doesn't respect language, and his behavior can be accounted for p ty well with a stimulus-response model. The v may become fond of me in some fashion or anotl but I can't use him as a guard dog. Not only will not distinguish particularly between family, cri nals, and guests, he will not have the courage of good dog, the courage that springs from the do commitment to the forms and significance of domestic virtues. The wolf's xenophobia remains own. With other wolves he may, of course, be spectful, noble, courageous, and courteous. The w has wolfish social skills, but he has no human so skills, which is why we say that a wolf is a v animal. And, since human beings have, for all pil tical purposes, no wolfish social skills, the wolf gards the human being as a wild animal, and wolf is correct. He doesn't trust us, with perfe good reason.

HE WOLF is not alone in his disregard for commitments talking implies. Even Luthe chimpanzee whose story is given Growing Up Human, turns out on clexamination not to have learned from her famithe Temerlins, as much about not-biting and to training as the family dog. At the end of the bothe author has discovered that he and his vant "a more normal life," and while they rethe possibility of zoos and chimp colonies for th "daughter," the book ends with the variously terpretable assurance that "All I can say defining at the moment is that part of the earnings from

k will be used to establish a trust fund for Lucy, provide for her care and comfort throughout her "It is not necessary to pension off the family for the sake of the marriage! And no account low of concerning work with a wild animal exns why wolves, lions, tigers, orangutans, and npanzees remain willing to commit mayhem no ter how large their vocabularies. In order to w more of what this is about, I'd like to take aner look at dogs.

irst, though, another small reminder about rect. If you and I are talking together at lunch, you suddenly leap up and run out of the room uting "Watch out!" I will, unless I have the imse to discount you, assume that something has pened-that you are, despite the oddness of your avior, a reasonable person, and that I ought to out what I should be watching out for. If I ide that you've gone mad, or are tricking me, 1 we won't be able to talk about it, though we be able to argue. Similarly, if a detective sudly changes his behavior in the course of an intigation, his partner will, if the working relation-) is based on respect, assume that he has reason lo so. Otherwise, the working relationship breaks vn, or even ceases to exist.

This is obvious enough. I mention these examples order to make clear what I mean when I say that s by the same token that, when a good tracking turns left at the corner of Ninth and E Streets, handler will respect his judgment even though nesses have said that the dotty gentleman who escaped from the old people's home turned right that point. The handler will usually continue, recting his dog's superior knowledge, without worag a great deal about what "respect" and "super knowledge" are. It is enough to know when pect breaks down, and to know this is to know treat deal.

I don't mean that handling dogs seriously means ng in a world where respect never breaks down in that world, as in the human world, the possiity of discounting is the context within which reect has meaning. Xenophon (who says that the owledge of dogs is a gift from the gods), and evother writer in my ken who places the relationp with dogs in a moral or metaphysical context, ports on the irritating, cunning, and irresponsible 2ks dogs play, such as deliberately barking on the ong trail, leading everyone off the scent. People 10 deliberately lead each other astray are consided culpable because it is assumed that they are pable of behaving well. (Chimps are not assumed be capable of behaving well.) And dogs, like doc-'s, teachers, and judges, don't necessarily get out it when carelessness, or some other lapse in conrn, is to blame rather than mischievousness or deerate malice.

A trained dog, one who has a vocabulary, is sane d trustworthy. And, training, or retraining, a

crazy dog-one who has had, say, schizophrenic experiences with phony and bizarre distortions of attack training, or one who has taken to biting in a desperate attempt to interfere with a childish handler who expects the doggie to "want to please"is a matter of teaching him to respond coherently and meaningfully to what is said. A dog who will respond to talk will stop biting, and will not turn on his master even if (especially if, actually) the dog is a German shepherd or a Doberman pinscher. Dogs who "turn on their masters" have had relationships with humans that are in many ways like the relationships some of the mentally ill have with parents who are overtly appalled and secretly delighted with hostile behavior. Such a parent, like the alternately silly and homicidal parent of the schizophrenic, can't teach anyone to talk.

■ HE MORAL transformation of the dog comes about through stories. Dog trainers like to tell stories about their dogs and other dogs, stories that have a number of functions. One function is to probe—to prove—the relationship between human and dog in a way that reaffirms the personhood of each. The stories, if they are elaborate enough, are frequently about people in confusion who, through the shock that comes from recognizing the reality of the relationship with the dog, and then through the development or restoration of the relationship, are enabled to put their own moral and social world in order. The dog may, through an act of devotion or heroism, compel acknowledgment. Sometimes, in the middle of such stories, the relationship breaks down, and the entire world is thrown into confusion through the handler's or someone else's failure to be true to the integrity of the dog. The structure of such stories, though it varies in completeness and sophistication, is remarkably like the structure of such a book as Our Mutual Friend, in which, at the very center of the novel, all of London and thus all of the cosmos is in doubt and bewilderment when the hero is no longer visible as a moral center. If the dog is not a hero, then he may be sometimes like a Shakespearean fool, ignored in the middle of tragic storms.

I'd like to use an example from a "true-to-life" dog story, one that is no less interpretive and revisionary than anything Jack London wrote. It concerns Rinnie and his handler, John Judge, who were the pride of the Wichita, Kansas, police department. Rinnie's nose was foolproof, his heart gallant, brave, and dedicated, and his mind alert and questing.

One night Chuck Smith, who had the job of collecting supermarket receipts and placing them in the night deposit at the bank, called the police to say that he had been kidnapped in his own car and robbed. The police asked Smith to take his car back to the point where the kidnapper had gotten out of it, and Rinnie and John Judge were dispatched to track

down the villain. Rinnie, on arrival, was asked to search the car. After taking a good sniff, the dog, calmly and without hesitation, walked around the car to where the victim was talking with police officers, and bit him decisively in the seat.

The comedy was lost on John Judge, who was flabbergasted and chagrined. He took Rinnie severgly to task, and the noble dog was disgraced. While Smith was taken to the hospital, John Judge and Rinnie went back to headquarters. The news about Rinnie's mistake spread like wildfire and was featured by all of the news media: "Rinnie's misdeed was a welcome event for the anti-dog faction. Letters were dispatched to the chief and the mayor. A thorough investigation of the incident was requested and Rinnie was suspended from the Force. The Canine Corps was in jeopardy."

It is important to notice that the mistake was conceived of as an extraordinarily clumsy one, unworthy of "the most inexperienced police dog." This matters because it indicates the depth of the loss of faith, the darkness of soul, of the moment when John Judge reprimanded Rinnie. When a police dog bites a victim, the perdition for the handler is absolute. The center does not hold; things fall apart. The dog's potential for virtue, and for lapse, are greater than the policeman's for lapsing from human law. The potential exists, for the dog, of course, in a different form and magnitude within human law.

Fortunately, the story goes on. A minor character

(one of the detectives who is not named in the a count I read) delved into Smith's background, ar into the case, and had Smith submit to a lie detel tor test. The machine, like the dog, said that he w lying, and further investigation revealed that Smil and an accomplice had planned the robbery t gether. (The significance of the parallel between the machine and the dog belongs to another discussion At the end of the story John Judge and Rinnie a restored to honor, the criminals are in prison, at order is restored to Wichita. Order is restored, the is, by the reaffirmation and acknowledgment, on the part of humanity, of the moral meaningfulness the dog's actions. To assert this is, of course, proceed rather blithely past looming philosophic and psycholinguistic questions. This is what the st ries do for trainers, enabling them to dissolve pro lems, instead of solving them, so that they can g on with their work with the dogs, ignoring for t nonce vast territories of philosophy that we may well say began when Aristotle, in the Nicomache Ethics, denied, casually and in asides, that anima can participate in what he called the moral life.

There is another, related sort of tale, one as deely informative, about retrieving. In such stories, do perform spectacular, even impossible, retrieves the amount to a transformation of their predatory "stinct" (an odd term for a large collection of abilitically including keen observation and analysis). In a conversion involving betting and brandy, the great retries



dog, hunting in downtown New York, returns mphantly to his master with an expertly stuffed asant. In serious versions, retrieving transforms world through exaltation, just as in actual trainsituations formal retrieving transforms predation an exultant submission to form that is the basis both joy and commitment, a kind of marriage of quest and the hearth. The intractable pointer dhead, for example, becomes a field trial chamn, his stubborn and wild ways transformed into glee and impulsion that keep him going harder, er, and more alertly than the competition. Addie y gets her wheelchair, Little Valentine's heart d not be broken, and the entire order of the ld is affirmed as that of a world in which life is only possible, but glorious for all concerned.

only possible, but glorious for all concerned. Unch stories are repeated over and over, not only fiction, but in the lives of the people who tell m. The dog who is brought to Rudd Weathers because he's "wild and uncontrollable" becomes movie star Lassie. The dog a desperate owner rs to Bill and Dick Koehler because he "bites rybody" becomes Duke, the spectacularly corrative star of such films as The Swiss Family Robon, and later has the courage and nobility rered to take it on himself to run interference ween homicidal Brahma bulls and their falleners.

HE TRAINERS say, in one fashion and another, "You've got to talk to your dog." I'd like to go on a bit longer about how talking changes the dog's hunting impulse. A good z begins life with the "instinct"—if you will—to at: that is to say, to take possession of the thing chases, to claim it as his own. This, whether or the word "instinct" is appropriate, is as primal I visionary a part of the dog as the erotic is for or as the impulse to ask unanswerable metaphys-I questions. But dogs and people, unlike wolves d people, have the impulse to play fetch with each ier, and the impulse to play fetch is the best pretor of good working dogs. It tells you which of a er of eight-week-old puppies is most likely to deop the sense of responsibility required of a good ing-eye dog. (Wolves may love you, but they n't fetch, and they are poor guides.)

The impulse to play fetch is also a good predictor which of a group of eight-year-old human beings likely to make a dog trainer. Dogs are domesticed to, and into, us, and we are domesticated to, d into, them. The potential dog trainer, obeying th instinct and myth, picks up a stick and throws for his or her new puppy. The first time, Fido is rly likely to bring it all the way back. The secd time, however, Fido may say, "Well, this is n and all, but can I trust him with my stick?" Fido compromises by bringing the stick to a int just out of reach and dropping it there, so

that the human, if she wants to play fetch, must accept this modified version and pick up the stick herself. Thus begins a game that can be played until the dog or the owner dies. It is fun, but it will seem to anyone familiar with it that no power on earth will induce the dog to bring the stick the extra three feet or ten feet forward, a move that would amount to a full acknowledgment of the human as an authority.

In formal training, the dog is forced to come those extra three feet, and to present the dumbbell or bird to the owner. Some dogs take more kindly to this than others, but all of them have their doubts about it, and the most enthusiastic ball-playing dog on the block may put up a surprisingly vigorous fuss in formal retrieving situations. This fuss is, of course, very different from the wolf's response. The wolf simply never sees the point, even if, through hard-nosed conditioning, he is brought to go through something like the formal actions of retrieving.

The dog is a domestic animal, and the postures appropriate to his life with human beings come to transform him and the action he performs, even if it is done mechanically and reluctantly at first. If training is completed properly, the dog makes an intuitive leap—joins the group, as it were—and may later display degrees of ingenuity and courage in finding lost objects and lost children that astonish the uninitiated. The handler, too, changes through his acceptance of posture and responsibility. He joins the group, too, the moral life as well, and learns to talk to Fido. (A failure on the handler's part to submit as fully as the dog is asked to results in a travesty of the training relationship that leads to not entirely misguided comparisons between obedience work and Nazi Germany-but that's another issue whose complexities are out of place here.) The coherence created by training accounts for how it sometimes happens that the drunk, or the juvenile delinquent, or the autistic adolescent, will "reform" as a consequence of training a good dog. They learn to talk meaningfully with the dog, and then they learn to talk with the dog trainer ("He chewed up my socks. What should I do?"). Finally, talking becomes possible with almost anybody who is willing.

The story may go like this: the borderline schizophrenic, through luck and because he has read Lad of Sunnybank Farm or Lassie Come Home, ends up in the class of a competent dog trainer. He plows through, more or less blindly, with a faith born of dimly remembered tales. One day, when he says, "Joe, Fetch!" Joe does a real retrieve, a retrieve that could go through fire. This may be the first time in the handler's life that language has proven—probed—the world and drawn a full, meaningful, and serious response from another being. He steps, for the moment at least, out of schizophrenia and into his position next to his dog, a whole human being in that moment. He also, incidentally, steps out of the schizophrenia of American myths of the

splendors of isolation. Blocked, frustrating, enraging, and covertly or openly murderous transactions simply lose interest at this point. And, if he happens to be around people who don't have their own schizophrenic interest in blocking language, he will learn to talk to them. He will come to tell his own stories, and he may win trophies, which is fun, and which is also a trope of acknowledgment.

Dog and handler, having learned to talk, are now in the presence of, and are commanded by, love. (This will happen even to people who don't start out as borderline schizophrenics.) The dog's apparent command of human language may be limited, but his respect for language commands him as deeply as only a few poets are commanded. In this sense, command of and by language, and respect for language, are one.

There will be deep frustrations in the training process. These come about because the ability to utter "Joe, Sit!" creates the illusion that Joe can know exactly who we are, that we can penetrate his otherness, that he can through the phrase alone share our vision of the Sit exercise. It is rather like what we feel when we ask someone to scratch our back, and it turns out that asking by itself doesn't make it possible for one's friend to scratch one's back in precisely the right manner. Anger results, anger that is the brother, or perhaps the father, of murder. In the dog story, and in real dog training, language both creates and absolves, placates, that anger.

The poet's condition, and the dog's, is that through obedience to whatever condition of language happens to lie at hand, they can move for a while through flame, even the frozen flame of despair at the condition of language. Our condition—those of us who have not submitted to despair—is that we have sufficient respect for language, some of the time, to talk and to refrain from murder. What, though, is Washoe's condition? And what are the stories about her and about chimpanzees in general?

N MY LIFE there aren't any very good stories about chimpanzees. I do have stories about my dog, an Airedale, who lies on the floor resignedly waiting for me to be done with my typing, a coherent waiting born of the logic of the inheritance passed to him by dogs whose masters read Dickens, and by the great nineteenth-century breeders in Britain and Europe who had new conceptions of the dog as citizen.

I don't have any tales that would enable me to train a chimp, but there are of course tales about wild animals. There are the *Jungle Books*, in which a boy temporarily inhabits the world of wolves. There is *The Yearling*, at the end of which the deer's maturity, and wildness, force the humans to return it to "nature," by shooting it. There is Daniel in the lion's den, a tale of a rendezvous and not a tale of

marriage. There is *The Fox and the Hound*, by Di Mannix, whose story, despite the fact that the fox hand-raised, is about enmity between the fox at the man-dog hunting team. There is Farley Mowa *Never Cry Wolf*, in which watching wolves at yearning in some ways after their life leads the na rator to sleep wolf-fashion, which he says causes I lover to leave him when he brings the habit back civilization.

There are some very bad movies about chimpa zees living with people and dressing in human clot ing, and there are, lately, real-life stories abo chimps such as Lucy and Nim Chimsky living wi families. The movies use preadolescent chimps, and don't confront the issue of what to do with sexual mature ones, and the stories about Lucy and Ni Chimsky are stories about the ultimate unworkab ity of living with chimpanzees.

There are stories, then, but none are of much u to me, so in effect I had no tales to take to Gent Jungle, the wild animal training facility where found Washoe, together with her adopted son, Lo lis, and another female chimp named Moja. Wash has not always lived in a cage, but caged she w when I saw her, near Riverside, California, so a story I tell about her is about a cage. This affect profoundly the possibilities of description and na ration available to me, of course, and my condition is that I have no story, no paradigm, and must resort to anecdotes and journal entries. I am virtual alone in front of Washoe's cage.

It is 7:00 a.m. I am with a friend, on the grasunder a tree, in the main compound of Genf Jungle, an organization that rents trained wild a imals to the movies. The main compound is area about the size of a football field, and it ringed round with cages that contain Bengal tigel Galapagos tortoises, pumas, baboons, a wolf, spid monkeys, various sorts of bear. Out of sight a camels, dromedaries, the elephant barn. These a wild animals. I don't know how to talk to the and as an animal trainer I feel anxious about th

My friend is a linguist and a philosopher by i clination. He is here to find out whether or n Washoe "has" language. I have discovered that th question causes a kind of hot fuzziness in my hea and have left it aside for the moment. I am hopir to find out what Washoe's story is.

Roger Fouts, who has done the significant wo with Washoe (and who, I believe, continues to arrives and starts signing with Washoe and Moj My friend asks me, "Are they talking? Is Washo talking?"

I reply, "I don't know. I haven't met her." I it turns out, I won't meet her, or at least I wor do what I have in mind when I report that I ha "met" a dog or a horse or a human being.

It occurs to me that it is surprising that "I dor know. I haven't met her" is rarely the respon given to "Can she talk?" If I ask you whether Fred Smith can talk, or can talk well, or how he can speak, and if you are feeling reasonable don't have the impulse to discount someone by ng, "He's a sociologist, of course he can't talk," you are likely to say, perhaps, "I don't know. ven't met him." You might add that Dr. Gratewho has met him, reports that he is a delight-conversationalist. Not so with Washoe. If we t to deny or assert that she is talking, we tend tink about it instead of going to take a look, and er Fouts, who has met her and says that she is ing, is discounted in a way that Dr. Grateoxe

HICH BRINGS me to a parenthetical issue. Normally, our sense of whether or not people know something has to do with our sense of their interest in and for their subject. We prefer to have a mechanic loves cars working on our engines, and we preto have a doctor who loves medicine working on bodies. If the doctor loves people, too, so much better. We prefer to learn philosophy from somewho loves philosophy. Love is not blind. But animal trainer may be told that, because he or hangs around the animals so much, the infecof sentimentality has set in, with the implicathat familiarity and love breed ignorance. This difficulty we all face from time to time, and we y in fact invest ourselves in our subjects in ways t can lead to certain sorts of errors. Nonetheless, trust the CPA who loves figures more than the who hates them, while the trainer's love is ocion to doubt his or her account of what's going The burden of this creates in trainers a particr sort of soul-muddle, which is a kind of insanity. s is not directly my subject at the moment, but s something anyone interested in this particular ner of the psycholinguistic show should be alert -anyone, that is, with a sincere and civilized inest in finding out what the people who work with chimpanzees actually know.

The conversation with Washoe and Moja is about akfast: "Do you want an apple?" "Give Moja it juice!" and so forth. I can't read Ameslan, but experience, as do most people who happen on se conversations, a shock of recognition. This is guage, I think, or at least what I call language. e pattern and immediacy of response seem un-

stakable.

But I am appalled and grieved as well, because the mps are in cages. This offends something. (And project, which was to see with an ignorant eye, a failed. My opinions intervene, and I am miserie as a consequence.) What is offended is the dog iner's assumption that language, or that somenglike vocabulary, gives mutual autonomy and st. I grieve, but not for Washoe behind her bars. is language I grieve for.

ATER I hear from Ken DeCroo, a linguist turned wild animal trainer who has worked extensively with Washoe, the story of how Moja came to bite his kneecap seriously. I learn from the account that when something unusual happens, chimpanzees, like people, feel an anxious impulse to do something, and that attacking the handler is an option that may readily recommend itself. This is not the sort of story I am accustomed to. Duke and Lassie may start out wild and uncontrollable, but they end up in the living room, as respectable citizens. (This sort of story may offend someone who is moved by Born Free.)

Roger Fouts tells me at one point about Washoe's habit, when she was vounger and less dangerous, of sitting in a tree in the mornings and looking at Playboy magazine. (Chimps have such tastes; Lucy, in Maurice Temerlin's account, used Playgirl to masturbate with.) There was a Famous British Philosopher visiting that year at the university. His route to campus took him past Washoe's tree in the mornings. And, in Roger's story, his philosophy broke down in the face of this compelling cynosure. I can see this easily enough. My own philosophy seems to be in danger of radical revision. But I don't know much about the revised philosopher, how he was revised, and whether or not the revision lasted. The stories are, generally, interrupted, incomplete. And I don't yet know how Washoe is revised by Playboy.

What has my attention is the cage, and the story about the broken kneecap. Stanley Cavell has pointed out that we don't have to talk to everyone about everything, but there are some things we do have to talk to everyone about, if we are to talk to them at all. We have to talk to dogs about biting if we are to talk to them at all.

In Washoe's case, I find that I disagree with anyone who wants to say that because we can't talk with her about politics and art it follows that what she does isn't language. We don't have to talk with four-year-olds about these things either, and yet can place what they say in a continuum that includes political discourse. Nevertheless, we do have to talk to toddlers about attacking their playmates when that comes up, and I must, in order to work with a companion dog, be able to assume that he understands perfectly well the moral significance of peeing on the couch or of biting certain objectionable visitors. That is to say, under most circumstances he ought not to, even though he might want to.

Washoe, like my dog, has been told, and in no uncertain terms, that she ought not to bite even though she might want to. With my dog, the issue was decided long ago, and we are in agreement. If my dog were to bite a visitor, I would be forced to consider the possibility either that the visitor had committed a crime or that my dog had gone crazy. And I would have to find out what had happened before I could take my dog for a walk. If there were

no reason for the bite, nothing that a reasonable person would recognize as a reason, the relationship with the dog would have broken down.

But there is no such agreement with Washoe, and Ken and Roger are, for the moment at least, still in some relationship with her. Ken tells me another story about Washoe attacking him. On this occasion she was in full charge. Ken, instead of defending himself or trying to correct her, signed, "Hug, hug." Washoe, in Ken's account, hesitated in her charge and then continued forward—but forward into Ken's arms for a hug. I am reminded that Ken knows Washoe and I don't.

TILL, WASHOE is behind bars. I don't know the end of the story, only that I am uneasy because it plainly isn't going to end the way Lassie Come Home does, or Our Mutual Friend. But I notice at this point that my respect for Ken DeCroo and Roger Fouts is based in part on our mutual refusal to look to the animal laboratory as it currently exists for enlightenment. Roger tells stories of meaningless horrors and degradations in the labs.

As well he might. I know a story that makes it clear that the animal laboratory is not going to produce tropes of community and communication. At my university there was an attempt to pass campus laws that would allow trained companion dogs to accompany their owners to classes, offices, and libraries. This was a response to the rising crime rate on campus, especially the incidence of rape. One of the curious things discovered in this situation was that blind students were not allowed to bring their guide dogs into science buildings. Because, shouted a choleric biologist, there are laws stating that any animal that enters a research building may not leave it alive. I don't know about that; what I am interested in is the biologist's astonishing, righteous anger.

There are probably genuine students of animal communication in the laboratories—but how do you enter into a contract with a being you are going to kill? (In the biologist's rhetoric there were, incidentally, lurking tropes of the particular insanity, wildness, and filth of animals—he was talking about seeing-eye dogs!—and this is of course neither my story nor Roger and Ken's. But it is well to note that it is lively enough in more or less reputable corners of science and the law.)

I come, through listening and watching, to piece together a story about Washoe. It is the story the appalled dog trainer tells. I find parallels in Stanley Cavell's vision of Shakespearean tragedy rather than in cheerful tales about returning animals to the joyous freedom of the wilderness.

The chimpanzee trainer, or teacher, takes up with the young chimp. He works with her intimately, nurturing her, playing with her, and teaching her to sign. Many wonderful things come of this, folding a significant and powerful bond of love. To chimpanzee gets older, becomes sexually mature. The chimp is Lucy, who lived with a family, the more and more limitations have to be placed on blife and on that of the family, and I suspect the fewer and fewer guests are charmed when they abitten.

The trainer, or teacher, or stepfather, still tal about how much he loves the chimp—and he do Dealing with the chimp becomes more troubleson but in the evening, over a beer, the handler tal about loving chimpanzees, and it is plain that observer who cares is confronted with somethi that ought to instruct us all about language, a about love, rage, and language. Othello, proclairing his love for Desdemona, is no more convinci

in his nobility, intelligence, and love.

At the end of Othello, the husband has killed t beloved. At the end of the chimp story, as far as know it, the chimp is behind bars. I supposed, rath stupidly, that this was the end of the story, that t handlers would, perforce, accept and live with the limitations of the relationship as they had thus f and make what they could of it. I thought this inexact analogy to my own case, in which my ha ing a full relationship with my dog entails my livi with the fact that the dog can't read, or drive in to the doctor when I'm ill, generally accepting to fact that the relationship is not an incomplete view sion of something else. It is complete, a complete dog-human relationship. Accepted as such, it pil vides us both with what it is supposed to provide us with, and has integrity—it is not something need to do anything about. The dog fits.

UT WASHOE doesn't fit. Roger Fouts is woling on a research project that will culming in turning Washoe loose in Africa with band of other signing chimps, where the can be studied in a wild situation. The hunch is thaving language will enable the band to survive espite their having learned no wild chimpanzee sociand survival skills. It may work, and the news who out: language is adaptive.

I am mystified by this; I want to sputter sonthing like, "But I thought you loved her!" (A would therefore want to keep her around.) But is clear I am in the wrong story. Ken DeCroo sa to me one day, as we are both standing outsi Washoe's cage, "Our commitment to Washoe over." Washoe, for her part, is signing hopefully the subject of being taken out of the cage for a wa

This looks and sounds a lot like marriage a divorce, where divorce is a substitute for the murcat the end of a tragedy. Othello kills Desdemowhen language fails to give him complete certain of her fidelity, certainty, that is, of Othello's safe in the face of the fact that she exists independent

m. Washoe, I believe, is no more ready for this ree, no more eager for it, than Desdemona was r for Othello's rejection. Of course, there's a rence between the surface of the two stories should be noted. Desdemona wasn't unfaithful pt in the way we are all unfaithful to the exact 1 of the Other. Washoe, on the other hand, inly will maim or kill someone if precautions t taken.

Washoe isn't, after all, talking? Not doing I call talking when I assume that if you'll talk e you won't kill me? I watch, early one morn-while Ken and Roger take her out of her cage, walk. This entails the use of leashes, a tiger, and a cattle prod. I am instructed to watch a distance, and to be very still. Ken and Roger take her very far—she remains within sight my seat on the grass. I'm impressed by the autions, and think about going for a walk with log, or a friend, and for a moment wish that is I was doing.

ut when the three of them—four, actually, since hoe's adopted son, Loulis, accompanies them—far enough away so that the restraint devices 't visible if I don't look very hard, I am struck how very much the whole procedure looks like g for a walk. And do I have anything else to n, beyond this small thrill of recognition?

oger and Washoe squat down together and sign, issing something they have noticed that I can't And I think that if any of my claims that the e dog tracker is a citizen are to be met with ect, if what I claim is to have any coherence II, then I must acknowledge that Washoe and er are talking—are doing what I call talking. ven't forgotten the tiger hook, the cage, Ken's cap, and the plan to send Washoe to Africa. I am back to the conviction that I am looking ome condition of language.

nd I am back to the feeling I started with, that issue of what Washoe is doing, what condition anguage we are dealing with, is not an intellecproblem, a puzzle. If I acknowledge that Washs talking, then of course I have to notice proidly that language does not prevent murder. If juage does not prevent murder, and if it may act cause murder, then I am at a loss. For I e nothing but talk, really, to go on. If the gess and interactions of various sorts that I ob-'e really do add up to "going for a walk," and lashoe is dangerous despite that, then I may be wn into confusion, may suffer, as Othello did, n skeptical terror, and may want to deny Washpersonhood, and her language, rather than acwledge the limits of language-which can k like a terrifying procedure. In the same way ay want to find a certain kind of relief by saythat rapists, or the assassins of Anwar Sadat, religious fanatics or are in some other way uman.

In any event, it is clear that we cannot prove that Washoe is talking. Nor, no matter how we riddle, puzzle, and tease, can we prove that she isn't, so it may be best to leave off devising yet more clever professions of skepticism about the matter and consider instead what kind of story we are constructing, and what kinds of stories are possible. While we riddle, Washoe changes from minute to minute and day by day. Roger and Ken can't prove, on a given day, that it's safe to take Washoe from her cage, but they can "read" her, using the same criteria that I use when I am deciding how much contact it is safe to make with the man approaching me. If, especially, Washoe is doing a lot of signing, is talking, that is a sign of some safety. Roger and Ken live boldly, trusting language, speaking up, speaking to Washoe in the teeth of the evidence of, as it were, her teeth, knowing that such boldness must fail in the face of Washoe's incomplete assent to the terms of the discussion. This is what we all do. This is what the Camp David accord was about, speaking in the face of the failure of language to prove-to probe-the humanity of the other.

Skepticism about whether or not Washoe is talking is not based on reasonable or rational considerations, and it may be that no one has yet discovered what such considerations might be. (How could Sadat have proved, before going to Israel, that Begin could or would talk?) All we can do is take a look, abandoning the "cover story" as Cavell calls it, and hoping instead to come up with a fiction that would make sense of what we try to say, realizing that there may be no such fictions about wild animals. Perhaps we may someday domesticate the chimpanzee as we have the dog, but at the moment we don't have the story that will enable Washoe to spend her old age in a chair by the fire. That doesn't mean she isn't talking.

Postscript: Roger Fouts tells me that since 1981, the year I saw Washoe, National Science Foundation funding has been withdrawn from the signing-apes research, that the Africa project has been abandoned, and that communications and behavioral research in general has suffered so at the hands of the Reagan administration that Fouts's lab is the only ongoing behavioral program in the country. Washoe is fed, and research is supported, entirely through private donations. Medical research does continue. In Texas, for example, there is a facility associated with the University of Texas at Austin that was originally designed as a rehabilitation center for chimps who survive experimental work. Eleven chimps who survived hepatitis research are now being systematically infected with AIDS. Anyone interested in either the current financial problems of chimpanzees or the current state of knowledge can write to: The Friends of Washoe, c/o Roger Fouts, Department of Psychology, Central Washington University, Ellensburg, Washington 98926.

# Metropolitan Blues

by Melvyn Krauss

ORE OFTEN than not, an audience gets what it deserves. Those who frequent Broadway get the sort of sop that has become normal fare on the Great White Way because they demand no more. At the same time, New York has excellent chamber music, because a knowing public insists upon it. There is more justice in the arts than is generally perceived.

But what is owed an audience that pays up to \$1,000 per ticket for a single concert performance of operatic singing? Probably exactly what it received at last October's centennial celebration at the Metropolitan Opera: hour after hour of mediocrity, from some whose top speed appeared to be "Happy Birthday." True, everyone's favorite tenor, Luciano Pavarotti, was on hand for the festivities. As was his Spanish rival for tenor honors and first chair on the Johnny Carson show, Placido Domingo. But for every minute Pavarotti or Domingo was on the Met stage (both, by the way, in splendid voice), there were twenty minutes of Lucine Amara, Ermanno Mauro, Bianca Berini, Pablo Elvira, Vernon Hartman, Carol Neblett, Timothy Jenkins, and so the unhappy list of nobodies goes

The critics savaged the gala, and James Levine, the Met's music director (and future artistic director as well), was reported to have been quite rankled. According to him, the centennial celebration was not meant to be a superstar gala, but a portrait of what the Met is today. Yet it is precisely because the gala reflected so accurately what the Met has become—a house where artistic excellence is regularly subordinated to economic concerns and personal

Melvyn Krauss is an economist and longtime opera lover. bootlicking—that it provoked so much critical venom.

It is doubtful that the house's current artistic resources are sufficient to support more than a single quality concert of from four to five hours' length. But one concert obviously is not as profitable as two. So the gala was presented twice. There was an artistically successful afternoon session and then a disastrous presentation in the evening, both with top ticket prices of \$1,000. Stretching the Met's artistic resources meant that Levine could pay off the compliant second-raters who now dominate the Met's stage, while Anthony Bliss, the company's general manager, counted the box office (estimated at \$1.5 million). The Met came across like a musical General Motors, with an operatic assembly line lacking in spontaneity, nostalgia, or panache. It was money set to music.

TO PROSPER with mediocrity, as indeed the Met has done in recent years, Levine and Bliss have engaged in a policy of disinformation that would make Soviet intelligence stand up and take notice. For instance, they have their own version of Met history. Sir Rudolf Bing, who was general manager of the Met from 1950 to 1972, has become a nonperson. This was tastelessly obvious in the Met's version of its history that was broadcast on television during the gala intermissions. Bing's tenure was hardly mentioned. The Caruso era is too far removed to threaten anyone, but the Bing years are another matter.

Bliss and Levine are very sensitive about comparisons between the current Met and the Met under Bing. And well they should be. When Sir Rudolf put on a gala for Richard Tucker, there were three great sopranos-Renata Tebaldi, Leontye Price, and Joan Sutherland-n hand to partner and honor the term in three separate acts. Compare to with the hodgepodge that celebra the elegant Italian tenor Carlo Ba gonzi's twenty-fifth anniversary the Met two years ago. He vs paired with Catherine Malfitano ad Galina Savova, names unfamiliar most opera fans. And one third the Bergonzi gala was sung by Par arotti because management fear Bergonzi alone wouldn't sell enoutickets. Instead of honoring the tell or who had such a long and de tinguished career at the Met, the insulted him.

A big lie propounded by Met management is that there is worldwide scarcity of golden voice today; hence the Met must ha second-raters. There is some trul in this. Particularly in the term voice category, opera theaters the 1980s have much less to choofrom than, say, those of the 1950 when Tucker, Björling, Core Bergonzi, Di Stefano, and Del Mcaco held forth. Certainly the woll today lacks a credible heldentend But there are many top stars action now, and while most make occur sional appearances at the Met, ve few of them have made their reers there. One reason is Jan Levine's artistic and administration peculiarities.

Maestro Levine, for example does not like bel canto opera (whee the orchestra has less to do the usual). Accordingly, the four pil mier bel canto singers of our day Marilyn Horne, Joan Sutherlan Monserrat Caballé, and Alfre Kraus-have been forced to make their illustrious careers outside New York. Part of the proble to be sure, is inherent in giving musician too much political power in an opera house. If Levine te administrator is not broad-mind enough to present works that I vine the conductor does not lib the audience can be deprived of favorite operas and singers for long time. It has not been a go idea for the Met to give the you! musician so much power.

But the fact that most of oper

p stars, not only the bel canto ies, have made their careers vay from the Met-Mirella Freni, ero Cappuccilli, Nicolai Ghiauv, Gundula Janowitz, Teresa Berınza. Franco Bonisolli, and many hers-also can be traced to Lene's authoritarian administrative anner. Joan Sutherland is a case point. Some years back, she wisedecided against appearing in the let's production of a Mozart opera, 1d the Met then canceled the proaction of The Merry Widow it had comised her. Retaliating against 1 opera superstar, however, is like ying to teach a lesson to the only erson in town who has water to sell uring a drought. It was the Met udience that went thirsty. Joan utherland did not appear on the let stage for four years after this icident.

HAT New York has not been deprived of in recent years is James Levine's conducting. Not 1at Levine is a bad conductor-on ne contrary, he can be quite good. lut Levine doing Verdi, doing Pucini, doing Mozart, doing Wagner, oing Strauss, and so on produces omogenized opera at the Met. In is own defense, the energetic maetro contends that other well-known onductors have been invited to the let but have refused to come. his is undoubtedly true. Making ig stars offers they can't accept is perfect cover for an overinflated go intent upon keeping the comsetition out. Levine evidently feels nore secure working with the thirdtringers like Thomas Fulton and Eugene Kohn who now populate he Met's conducting ranks than with conductors of stature such as he American Symphony Orchestra's Giuseppe Patanè and Concertgeouw's Bernard Haitink, both of whom have withdrawn from the Met ecently.

Levine also doesn't seem able to admit mistakes once he has made hem. In the 1970s, the Met desperately needed a prima donna for ts Italian repertoire. Levine chose Renata Scotto, who was willing both

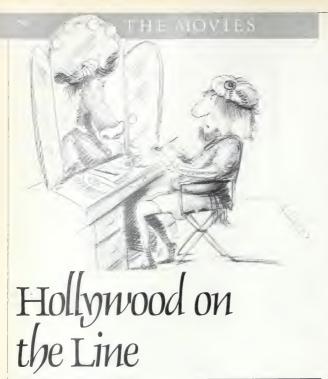
to relocate in America and to give the Met a good deal of her time. On paper, it was a good choice. Miss Scotto had done some excellent work in Italy and scored a big success under Levine at the Met in Verdi's I Vespri Siciliani. Unfortunately, Scotto lost her voice, if not her enthusiasm for work, soon after she arrived. Rather than admit he had blundered, Levine stonewalled criticism and continues to give Scotto opening nights and new productions. One reason a real star like Mirella Freni, who has not lost her voice, appears so seldom at the Met is that Scotto has a virtual stranglehold on Freni's repertoire. What a scandal that Miss Freni has not been asked to appear at the Met next or any other season! And further, that New York opera lovers will have to wait until 1985, at the earliest, to hear another Scotto competitor, the Bulgarian soprano Ghena Dimitrova. The argument that there are not sufficient golden voices to go around loses credibility when artists like these are passed over.

OT ALL of the artistic problems at the Met can be laid at Levine's doorstep. For instance, top Met management seems to have been afflicted with what might be called "the English disease." Anthony Bliss and the Anglophile Met board put the Englishman John Dexter in charge of productions-a controversial choice since Dexter's experience was mostly in theater, not opera. Believing perhaps that it was Britain's destiny to civilize the Met, they also put the Englishwoman Joan Ingpen in charge of casting. Ingpen brought in many British singers who simply are not up to Met standards-David Rendall, Peter Glossop, Rita Hunter, and Kenneth Riegel. Dexter's greatest blunders were the unusable productions of Aïda, Rigoletto, and Don Carlo he saddled the house with. Last year the Met hit rock bottom when Dexter's theatrical buddy Peter Hall directed a Macbeth that many claim was the worst production in Met history. Dexter has since withdrawn by popular demand, but doubts and Anglophiles linger. How anyone with any sense of artistic history could look to England rather than, say, to Italy or Germany for operatic inspiration is beyond comprehension.

For an opera company that has gambled so much and lost so often, it is amazing the Met survives. But it does more than survive—it thrives. Met president Frank Taplin and his staff have performed a virtual "economic miracle." Modern methods of marketing, merchandising, and fund-raising have put the company back on its financial feet after some scary touch-and-go years in the early 1970s. Bing did not leave the Met in good financial condition, and the confusion and incompetence of the Schuyler Chapin years only made things worse.

Of course, it is hardly surprising that mediocrity can breed economic prosperity. For one thing, the Carol Nebletts, Catherine Malfitanos, and Rvan Edwardses cost less than the Frenis, Caballés, and Sutherlands. Moreover, the Met audience, which is less sophisticated today than during the Bing years, doesn't seem to notice the decline in quality. In the 1950s and '60s, season subscriptions gave constant exposure, and thus some expertise, even to those who attended the opera primarily for social reasons. But today the Met goes for the transient crowd-tours, mini-subscriptions, and the like. These people don't spend enough time in the opera house to be able to judge good from bad.

The very fact that there has been an economic miracle at the Met has meant there is less pressure on Maestro Levine to put on a good show. So what if John Dexter gets egg on his face? There's a lot more money where that came from, and wasn't the experiment interesting? So what if the big talents are kept out of the Met? The big bucks are rolling in, aren't they? Levine and Co. obviously believe that so long as the economic miracle workers can do their magic, the Met can get away with almost anything-even an opera gala that celebrates opera nobodies. Sadly, they seem to be right.



by Pat Aufderheide

Can the Screen Actors Guild play union politics?

NION politics as practiced by the Screen Actors Guild (SAG) often looks to a baffled outsider like comic opera-or a TV sitcom that's headed for mid-season cancellation. But that's what we expect from Hollywood. What is a little surprising is that sag's recent history-the controversies that have rocked it since the 1980 actors' strike-reflects real tensions that run deep and wide throughout the labor movement. The question suggested by the last three years of SAG headlines is a practical one: what's in a union? It's a hard question to answer, especially for an industry in which the conditions of production are chang-

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ing faster than Woody Allen's Chameleon Man.

The sag drama has a compelling cast, headed by Ed Asner, who began his second term as union president in November when he won a hands-down victory in the union elections. Asner doesn't really act the part and is an unlikely choice for the role of union boss. A bledin-the-heart liberal, he blurts out his opinions apparently without thinking about the political applecarts that are going to be upset as a consequence. And while he may be voluble, he's not necessarily articulate. "We're a glacier sliding into home base," he said recently of sag's merger negotiations. But no one in the November elections looked any more like a union official than Asner did. His most active opponents,

a conservative "watchdog" grow within the union called Actors Wor ing for an Actors Guild (AWAC loudly boycotted the whole proceeings. His only official opponent w an angry young black actor who used the platform to denoun-SAC's lukewarm record on equaopportunity lobbying.

The bickering and ugly quarre that have marked Asner's tenu are part of a long-standing proble within the union, but they becan more visible to outsiders after Asn was elected in 1980. Charlton Hesto and other conservatives charged hi and the rest of the liberals on the Guild's board with "politicizing" the union. The board had voted to de nate \$5,000 to families of striking PATCO workers, and that made He ton-a close friend of Ronald Re gan's-mad. Then Asner public presented a \$25,000 check—on b half of a group called Medical A for El Salvador-to the Salvadora opposition. It was a personal ge ture, but, Heston charged, it impl cated the Guild. (It didn't do an thing for Asner's image either; whe "Lou Grant" 's ratings slipped, 1 lacked the clout to save it from b ing canceled.)

The charges had echoes in the union's past. In the '30s, leftists ha pushed the Guild to take a star on issues such as the Spanish Civ War and social welfare. In the McCarthy era, the Guild made itse a handmaiden of HUAC. But th time the issues refused to sett neatly into political categories left or right. The bottom line for the union members-the actorsis not contingent on whether or no partisan politics is creeping int their lives. They're arguing over ho to keep their union cards above water in a raging economic sea.

T WAS never easy to keep a actors' union together. This a union in which 85 percent the members are unemployed on any given day. Four fifths them earn less than \$5,000 annual yas actors, and many don't mal much more at anything else—over a quarter of the Los Angeles ar

we York members live below the verty line. It's tiny—around ,000 members—and covers only rt of the performing field. If u're an actor with a nightclub act 10's had bit parts in movies and auditioning for a commercial, u have to stuff your wallet with ion cards.

sag has more sex appeal than ner unions, and in fact one of ston's complaints about the libal board was that it created a eakers' bureau, which, he claimed, ide sag members the "trained gs" of less glamorous unions. But g is also a poor relation, for me enduring reasons. Actors have ely been able to make a living t being actors, and before SAG is founded in 1933, screen actors t in work days that made Hitchck's apocryphal remark that "ac-'s are cattle" sound very close to : truth. "You could work for eighen to twenty hours," remembered on Ames, who helped found SAG d was once its president. "Hell, enty-four hours if you could stay ake long enough.... Actors began say that this is just ridiculous." So they organized a union, one at challenged the big-daddy auority of movie moguls, even ough they skirted the language of nfrontation. They eventually won cellent wages and working conions-for members of the studio imily." But now that family is ling apart. "What they call 'the llaborative production process," ys labor-relations attorney How-1 Fabrick, who represents emyers in production contracts, "is amalgamation of different entis. Actors have 'loan-out' compaes, the cameraman comes in as camera package, the payroll sere handles the grips. The credits v it's 'A So-and-So Movie,' but u can't find anybody who got a ycheck from anyone listed in the edits. The whole system went from al control by eight studios to mplete fragmentation." Fabrick sagrees with David McClintick, author of Indecent Exposure, to finds the roller-coaster financial orld of the New Hollywood very nilar to moguldom. But their perspectives don't seem that far apart when you realize that fragmentation of production went hand-in-hand with conglomeratization in ownership. "Engulf and Devour," the name Mel Brooks used for his fictional corporation in *Silent Movie*, is an ironic comment on the process that led to the absorption of the studios into huge corporate sponges like Gulf + Western.

HILE the studio world dissolved, the actors' union grew dramatically-because work in TV commercials, for one thing. SAG's 13,000 membership in 1960 ballooned to 25,000 by 1971 and doubled again in a decade. But many new members who had gotten one job in a commercial didn't find another one soon. Film actors watched blockbusters soak up budgets and shrink the number of productions. The movie actor, the actor who had started out with a studio contract, became sag's "old guard." That largely Los Angeles crowd, which had formed and always defined the Guild, was starting to be outnumbered by actors who might work their whole lives without making a film. Many new members signed up in New York, which by 1970 had a membership that rivaled the West Coast's-and, after much pressure, proportional representation too. The old Guild had mirrored the old studios. Stars ran the show, and in a star-struck system they could bring movie production to a halt.

The old Guild was regarded by many of its members as a professional association of artists rather than a union of workers. One of the Guild's founders, character actor Bradley Page, remembers that "even in the formation of the Guild, I didn't think of it as a union, and when it became necessary to affiliate with the AFL-CIO it was a necessary evil in my opinion." Many of the Guild's founders did and still do draw the line of a union's appropriate activities at the setting of wages and working conditionsbread-and-butter issues.

But there is another view of what unions should do, typified by the stance of the Mine Workers and the UAW. Such unions see themselves as representing workers off the job as well as on. In the '70s the second vision began to creep into saG with a succession of liberal presidents that began with the election of Dennis Weaver.

"It was a kind of palace revolution," remembers Norma Connelly, Aunt Ruby on "General Hospital" and a sag board member. "This group of actors who took over the board-Kathleen Nolan, Bert Freed. Dennis Weaver, Elizabeth Allen, and others-were working actors. They knew what concerned the rank-and-file actor, and they thought that the stars, for all their good intentions, didn't have a clue. Kathleen Nolan [who followed Weaver as president] also gave SAG a presence in Washington, D.C., and she introduced a dozen or so committees with advisory power that increased rank-and-file participation. There was a legal committee, and one for children, and one for minorities." Janet MacLachlan, a black actress who recently worked in the PBS production "For Us the Living," recalls her work as liaison between the women's and minorities' committees: "Together, as women and minorities, we represented over 50 percent of the Guild. No one had ever threatened the position of the mostly white male board before. We didn't want to be adversarial but it was hard even to get adult recognition from board members. We were talking about creating opportunity to work. We'd never been able to prove our exclusion from the industry, for instance. So our committees got a study done of the underrepresentation of minorities in film and TV." The implications sunk in slowly, but they sunk in.

The newcomers shocked the old guard in other ways too. The political tone of board decisions changed dramatically. In 1953 the board of the Guild had made SAG membership contingent on signing a loyalty oath (with, of course, no communists allowed). Now the Guild endorsed the Equal Rights Amend-

ment and the J. P. Stevens boycott. It censured "attacks on civil liberites and human rights" when Anita Bryant stirred up antigay sentiment, and in 1978 it opposed California's Proposition 6, the "Briggs Initiative." The Father Knows Best era of leadership was definitely over.

T DIDN'T go quietly though. And discontent turned into counter-organizing after the 1980 strike, which had forced many actors to think about their union for the first time. From a strategic perspective, the timing of the strike was terrible. But it dramatized how quickly the film industry was changing.

A movie doesn't make it anymore on the basis of long lines at the theaters. Box office these days accounts for only some 59 percent of a film's profits. The rest comes from a complex combination of cassette, cable, and direct-broadcast satellite services beamed into private homes. No one seems to know exactly how to measure the profit potential of the "new technologies," or even who the major players are from week to week, but actors are trying to keep their putative profits from disappearing through the holes in their old-fashioned contracts. How, for instance, is a screen actors' union supposed to deal with the new Tri-Star Pictures, in which cable programmer Home Box Office, film studio Columbia Pictures, and TV network CBS, all subsidiaries of other companies, are producing and distributing films together? Live performances, film, and TV work overlap, and are sometimes marketed in ways never mentioned in previous union contracts.

When their contract came up in 1980, actors wanted to make sure they didn't sell any birthrights. Memories of the 1960 strike still rankle. Then the issue was how actors would be paid for old movies that ran on TV. They finally agreed to give up their residuals for all movies made before 1960—a decision that left people like Laurel and Hardy impoverished senior citizens while generations of kids spent Sat-

urday mornings with their old movies. But twenty years later negotiators were hampered by the fact that no one knows just what kind of profits are going to come from the new systems of production.

In short, no one was ready for this strike. But the screenwriters' and directors' unions were due to negotiate contracts that would raise the same issues, and both producers and actors wanted to set a precedent. It was a successful strike in one sense-there was no scabbing. But by the end, actors were worse off than they would have been on the first day. They had to settle for the same terms the producers had originally offered, and they had to absorb the losses of not working, just like the small companies that depend on film work (think of the lost catering contracts). The producers, on the other hand, hadn't lost much. Film studios' losses were buffered by other branches of their parent companies, and they didn't lack "product." They bought films from independent companies that had signed agreements with SAG early on. Meanwhile, networks found they could collect sizable ad revenues with reruns.

The lesson of the 1980 strike for some members of SAG was that traditional union tactics aren't good enough, "SAG mounted the most successful strike this town has ever seen," says Kim Fellner, the union's director of information, "and at some level it didn't matter. We're going to have to take a look at the weapons in our arsenal. The fact that we are dealing with conglomerates changes the rules." For others, the strike proved that liberals had failed their constituency. Charlton Heston charged that "the long, crippling, and essentially fruitless strike was not constructive. This leadership has a confrontational attitude. Union negotiations-any negotiations-are properly made in a moderate atmosphere of consultation, exchange of views, and above all compromise."

What Heston calls "compromise" is sometimes, in other unions, also dubbed "give-backs." He advocates establishing a dialogue with produc-

ers to discuss adjusting SAG wage and working-conditions clauses, i an attempt to work together t boost production. Heston thinks th union, rather than employers, shoul provide essential services like trair ing—he points to such examples a the SAG conservatory and the Amei ican Film Institute's Los Angele campus. This may not look muc like a task for a labor union, by for Heston, sag is not part of th labor movement, and most of the members of the Actors Working for an Actors Guild faction agree. I 1982 the group, which claims 45 to 650 members, called for sag 1 withdraw from the AFL-CIO (th resolution was roundly defeated Many AWAGers don't see then selves as workers. Mark McIntir the chairman of the group, is an ex seminarian and philosophy profe sor for whom the term "guild" re onates with connotations of a m dieval crafts organization. He wan SAG to steer away from confron tations with management and focus on establishing profession standards, as the old crafts guild did and as the promotion and ter ure committees of universities d For McIntire, the specter of B Labor haunts sag.

HE current Guild leadershi however, is looking for ways to branch out, not ju through solidarity but als through merger with other perforr ing unions-especially the Ame ican Federation of Television at Radio Artists (AFTRA) and the Screen Extras Guild (SEG)-while could lead to more leverage in n gotiations. Ed Asner loves the ide and he's been singing its praise "Unionism means all for one ar one for all," he says on the sligh est provocation. But sag membe voted to reject the merger with si last year, and Charlton Heste pointed out one of the reason "I'm working on a film right no in South Carolina," he said la June, "precisely because it is not SEG jurisdiction-it has SAG acto but non-seg extras. If the merger h succeeded, this production would

eing made in Canada. I'd still be orking in it, but how about the ss well-known actors?" For Hesson, his argument is a defense of the working actor. But Kim Fellner des a slow burn when she hears. "So when times are tough it's kay for the other guy not to be trning a decent living, so long as we got mine? That's not why I fined the labor movement."

A year of discussion has now ade a merger seem almost inevitae, and it isn't the only way that G is playing a new game; another by taking an active role in the plitical arena. Some SAG members el that Asner's own political views -he continues to speak out on El alvador, for instance—tend to colthe union's. Not only AWAG conrvatives but many rank-and-filers el that politics has no place in iion business, and now they have loudmouth liberal as president id a board that takes actions like e July 1982 resolution calling for halt to the nuclear arms race-an iplicit endorsement of the freeze itiative. Asner and others argue at the union needs a political presice to defend itself. He points to e West Coast board's vote to opose California's Proposition A last ar. The proposition would have evented county employees from riking, and the Guild board saw as a precedent-setting piece of aninionism. "And I'll keep on pushg for us to endorse political candates," says Asner, who watched is proposal get killed in a SAG te. "I think we need legislative out, and events have borne me it in terms of legislative attacks 1 us this year in Sacramento."

What sounds like a simple case covering your ass to Ed Asner rounds like trouble to many people ho never intended to, say, "join le labor movement" when they of their union cards. They may just ave wanted a good job, period, hese are hard times, and liberals aven't got much to offer restive embers, either those who want le security of the past or those ho want to shake things up and arve a place for themselves in the ture. The consequent tensions all

came out during the autumn elec-

"We are boycotting this election not because we're weak," Mark McIntire said in October, "but because the liberal-controlled board uses a fascist election procedure." What McIntire meant was that the SAG board has a nominating committee that endorses some candidates, while unendorsed candidates must get thirty-five signatures from union members to get on the ballot. The endorsement gives sag-approved candidates an unfair edge. he claims. In the last board election, no AWAG candidates-all of whom lacked board endorsementwere seated, although they were the next thirteen runners-up.

Meanwhile, minority candidate J. D. Hall's anger was coming to a head. In February 1983 someone -many suspect it was Hall himself-leaked a confidential board report on minority hiring in the film industry to the press. The picture was predictably dismal. Blacks, it revealed, were cast in less than 5 percent of all roles and Hispanics in less than 3 percent. The minorities committee demanded that the upcoming SAG contract require producers to employ minorities in 20 to 25 percent of all roles—if not immediately, then on a timetable. But sag, desperate to avoid a strike, rejected the controversial proposition. Minorities picketed sag offices. The incident capped Hall's conviction that sag still ignores rank-andfile voices and runs itself by a "star system." His platform was that of a man who had had it with boardroom politicking. "My goal is to institute direct democracy as much as possible," he said.

RONICALLY, Ed Asner may be just as frustrated as J. D. Hall with the limits of change. Like Hall, he feels that affirmative action is a fundamental issue, a moral as well as an economic one. "Our media present the 'prototype of American life," he wrote members in the sag newsletter. "If we fail to document the truth, we perpetuate discrimination." But he also

thinks that SAG is too weak to win many minority demands. He's dissatisfied with the 1980 contract, for instance. And he points out that SAG is so understaffed it can't even get members' residuals checks out to them on time. Only a stronger union could take on tougher challenges.

Asner's victory may be more a symbol of uncertainty than strength, however. The factions nipping at him from left and right spent more energy in opposition than in presenting alternatives. AWAG, for instance, attacked the argument that SAG should concern itself with minority problems. McIntire got lively press for saying that SAG should stop "chanting the cause of three or four Buddhist eskimos in iron lungs."

What's in a union? SAG is long on answers but short on solutions. As Ed Asner and a liberal board enter a second three-year term of cautious adjustment to a new-tech media world, the most familiar problems of unions will once again be acted out.

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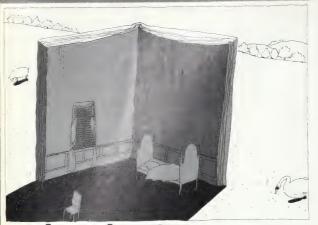
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# The Blind Side of the Heart

by Rhoda Koenig

Two Irish novels of seduction and betrayal.

THE FRENCH may be, as the understated first line of the scabrous couplet has it, a funny race; but when it comes to funny-peculiar ways of fighting and fornicating, they've got nothing on the Irish. In two new novels about the weirder Celts, sex takes on bizarre local colorations, and warfare, though strictly verbal, is no less deadly. Both novels are funny-humorous as well, though the humor never results from an outsider's look at the quaintness and curiousness of their enclosed worlds; laughter arises from an understanding of the conditions of their inhabitants' twisted lives, and is as inseparable from truth, from tragedy, as rose from thorn.

Molly Keane had a fifty-year Rhoda Koenig is a senior editor of New York magazine.

career as a novelist and playwright in Great Britain behind her when she was discovered over here in the spring of last year with Good Behaviour, the story of a dreamy, ignorant girl in the Twenties, pining for love in an Irish country house while erotic undercurrents eddy about her. Her new novel, Time After Time,\* is set in the present, but its elderly characters are fixed firmly in the past, in "the days of lots of money," when Durraghglass, their huge, unwieldy estate, was tended by retainers whose lives and labor were cheap. (May Swift, unreconstructed as a pre-Revolutionary French marquise, cautions her sister against running over a gypsy child: "We could do with less of them, actually . . . all the same, take care, awfully expensive to kill one.")

\* Knopf, 256 pages. \$13.95.

There April, May, and June occur themselves with dressing up, chinmending, and pigs, respective while their brother Jasper keeps the kitchen, babying their huge, as tiquated stove ("The Aga was in) dispirited mood because the will from the west was blowing toward the mountain"). In the evening the girls put on their formal gear (C venchy for April, a long tweed sk for May, clean jeans for June) and sit down to a sumptuous but thrift dinner prepared by Jasper (bl) velvet jacket), who is not above e tending his pigeon pie with me plucked from the dogs' dishes. The brother and sisters live in comform able disagreement, belittling one a other, lavishing affection on the repulsive cat and dogs, warming themselves in the vast, cold roor with the grudges of fifty years ag

Like many another great hous Durraghglass is haunted by a ghost of whom Jasper and his elder siste often think but never speak. She Leda, their beautiful Viennese cou in, who visited between the war later married a Jew, and is now pr sumed dead, the long-ago victim a concentration camp. But one fri id night a cat pads into the Swif tacky nest. Leda returns to Durrag glass, bent on regaining her days glory, when the Swift childre adored her and their father seduce her. The night she comes, Jasp sees a swan rise from the river b fails to recognize it as a bad ome Leda means to seduce them all to leave behind her a broken wa and a burning tower; but eager relive their nursery paradise, tl Swifts fall into her claws, oblivio to danger. They are obsessively no talgic, but something else preven them from seeing her for what sl is: Leda is blind.

between past and present secret and obsession, is rich and many-layered as Dobos torte. She can evoke a scel or a social class with a single phraor even just a word. The neighbehood's two-cent Lady Bountifu having graciously invited the flow

b to her lovely home, drops a ark about the "milk-in-firsts"se canaille who don't know how pour their tea. April drives along order of pleached lime trees in local town, and the damp stains el down the drawing-room waller. Even the names of colors ımon up a world. Elegant April s outfits of vanda, or orchid, le poor, drab May wears garnts of nigger-brown. (I am not king this up, nor is Keane. Just eneration ago, that was an acted term in Britain for, say, the of a winter coat.) Ceane's style is reminiscent of F. Benson's Lucia books, those d chronicles of suburban bitch-, or of Angela Thirkell's cozy, rstuffed romances, crammed, as ine's novels are, with menus and tions. But she has more in com-

n with deft, vicious Muriel Spark. 1 Stella Gibbons (the doleful a could have come, wheezing moaning, out of Cold Comfort m), and with Nancy Mitford, se painted and plucked and pretd Lady Montdore could be the estress of April Swift, given to hering herself with four kinds expensive cream and pouring her bes of bosoms" into her brase in the manner prescribed by directrice of lingerie at Harrods. ike Mitford, too, Keane acwledges the emptiness and pain her privileged characters' lives. th of the Swifts is deformed in ie way-Jasper has only one eye, ril is nearly deaf, May has less n two fingers on one hand, and e, the runt of the litter, is tiny dim. Their physical failings ect their practice of the strangest ual perversion of all, chastity. ree of the Swifts are virgins; ril is widowed, happily deliv-I from a nuptial bed where husband would arrange her in ious and uncomfortable poses.) arrival of Leda, who was part their world when love seemed sible and reason never denied ire, unbalances the Swifts. They ter about her, competing for her ors, while she unscrupulously s her greater handicap against irs. April presses gifts and ad-



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#### October

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1975-FBI Asst. Director of Intelligence Division Warnall discussing mailintercepting projects testifies: " retain the material indefinitely

1975-FBI Chief of Counterintelligence Branigan testifies that the 25-year mailintercepting project did not uncover "a single illegal agent.

1982-An ACLU report accuses the Reagan administration of "ideological opposition to civil liberties . . . the erosion of the Bill of Rights seems to be a primary goal."

vice on her, while Leda smiles and says, unheard, "Oh, drop dead, you silly old cow."

In a breathless coda, the Swifts disperse, each to a richly deserved destiny. Keane's humor is tidy and objective, her comedy dark but not black-the appropriate shade, perhaps, is Romany blue, which my dictionary, in a bit of found poetry, describes as "less strong than average midnight." The neatest touch of all: Time After Time opens and closes with a character ensconced, in false serenity, above a pretty garden, a mischievous allusion, perhaps, to a much more famous story that begins and ends in a garden. Playful, yet serious about its play, Time After Time is a gossamerwinged tale of seduction and betrayal.

ESS THAN fifty miles away, as best I can figure it on the map (Time After Time's place names are mostly fictional), brother and sister in another novel live in solitude and cope in their own way with their sexual problems until their peace is shattered by a visitor from the alarming outside world. Foggage, by Patrick McGinley,\* resembles Time After Time in no other way, however; its characters also live a million lightyears distant, in another social class.

Foggage is the grass left on the ground in winter. Kevin Hurley, a Tipperary farmer, is consumed by the Foggage Principle, his idea for extending the grazing season later into the year. If this sounds like a sexual metaphor-think of the expression "getting one's greens" or the three-letter word Norman Mailer made up to get The Naked and the Dead past the censors-there's a good reason. Kevin is frugally making use of the only sex partner available to him, his twin sister, Maureen. Forty years old, the twins have been mating, more like farm animals than lovers, since they buried their mother three years before. Unaware of the depravities enacted on the floor below, their ninety-sixyear-old bedridden father clings

\* St. Martin's Press, 230 pages. \$11.95.

spitefully to life, determined to outlive his enemy, the neighbor.

Kevin is not plagued by guilt, or so he says. "It's a pity we've been born before our time," he tells his sister. "In a few hundred years incest will be as common as ditch water and as dull too. You see, when they first started inbreeding cattle, the Holy Marys said it was incest, that it was against God's law. But the farmers won the argument. They said they were breeding the best to the best." But while neurosis and superstition leave Kevin unmoved, his scientific knowledge has given him cause for worry. Lately he has felt a pain in the scrotum after sex with Maureen. Could he have cancer? (Religion is old-fashioned, therefore contemptible, but cancer is modern.) His worries increase when Maureen tells him she is pregnant.

Kevin's attempts to drag home a victim for Maureen to seduce and then charge with paternity provide the novel's coarsest and most grotesque humor. Here we enter a world of lewd music-hall jokes, of shaggy pub stories that go on longer than they should and get funnier as they do. Without giving away the punch lines, I'll just say that these chapters treat death, even at its most undeserved and undignified, as part of the ludicrous comedy of life, and make it no less pathetic for that. Throughout Kevin's futile and increasingly desperate efforts to procure a fall guy, Maureen won't let him alone. "I'm dying for a rub of the relic," she insists, pinning him to the bed between funerals. Kevin begins to think the whole business may have been a bad idea.

Maureen's problem is eventually solved, but in the process Kevin sickens of their earthy, slovenly life. Even his leisure moments provide no variety—boozy confabs in the pub with Festus O'Flaherty, the philandering veterinarian, who tells him: "Most men would prefer to be seen out with a filly in the evening, but they'd prefer to spend the night with a heifer." To mortify and cleanse himself, Kevin decides, he will marry Elizabeth Quane, the spinster schoolteacher who just hap-

pens to own a nice bit of land. Aster a courtship conducted largely is silence, Elizabeth accepts him ir manner that encourages his hope further trials. "We'll enjoy of selves all the more when we've as a licence," she says when he was to kiss her, and agrees to live his house only on condition to the install a bidet. Maureen is appleased by this. A death disrutter wedding.

the wedding. At this point, about halfwar through the book, McGinley do something very daring-he brea his story in two, and bends it ba on itself. Elizabeth's point of vil takes over the novel. Soon twigg to the fact that it will take a more than a bidet to civilize Ke and Maureen, she goes to work the marriage in her own way. § is hampered, however, by her norance of all the clauses in contract. The language turns spaand more delicate as the sensitireflective schoolmistress ponders I lack of success. In one sense, t is a loss, as it's hard not to fee falling off and thinning out from the more robust earlier section the book. But as Elizabeth's int ligence circles in on Kevin and Ma reen's secret, the tightening gyre fear alters our perception of Fe gage. We are forced to consid Kevin not as a natural animal I a civilized member of the outsi world-marriage has a way of c ing that-and to regard his new 1 as he comes to see it himself. Fro a penance, Elizabeth evolves into blessing; he is touched by her forts to understand as well as d mesticate him, although Elizabe understands both too much and r enough. Her faith in education, words, is a frail weapon for de ing with the semisavage Mauree but the course that Foggage tak toward its close demonstrates he powerful words can be. In Time A ter Time, a remark that should ha been left unspoken puts a life mortal danger. In one terrible sce of McGinley's novel, the educat person's dream of power and the s perstitious peasant's fear of a cur converge. Looks may not kill, b

words can.

# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 13

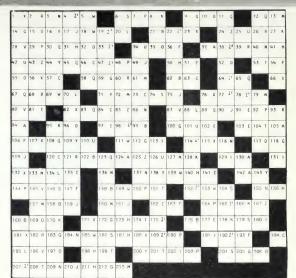
#### Thomas H. Middleton

uctions:

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ontest rules and the solution to last ith's puzzle appear on page 79.

WORDS



WORDS

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CLUES

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# Solution to the December Puzzle Notes for "New Directions"

Across: 1. Dan-se(us)e; 5. uns(wep)t, partial anagram; 10. anisthesia, anagram; 12. so(f)t; 13. L(i)stener, partial anagram; 15. en(fee)(a)ble; 16. so-ow, reversed; 18. ease(L...)s; 20. (c)arson; 21. v(i-1)est; 22. un(wind)s, sun anagram; 24. switch, two meanings; 27. (n)ear(n)ed; 28. dense, anagram; 30. rainwater, anagram; 23. a-l(ew)ief; 33. iiled, homophone; 34. volkwagen, anagram; 35. sno (anagram)-wed; 36. s(k...)ewer. **Down**: 1. du-enna (reversa); 2. a-v...-ower (anagram); 3. wafele ((anagram)-ron; 4. un(w)(1)os; 6. wh(i)ten; 7. senta, hidden; 8. pinwale, hidden in reverse; 9. targedam)—t; 11. el-bower; 14. none-ntitles (anagram); 16. so(d la)wn; 17. evening, two meanings; 19. (s)aline; 22. U...-(n)(w)eave; 23. (s)wallow(s); 25. c(ann)on; 26. her-der; 29. (b)asks; 30. risen, anagram; 31. s(w)ank.

#### Contest Rules:

Send the quotation, the number, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 13, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive a oneyear subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the February issue. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 11 are Roy R. Abercrombie, Augusta, Georgia; William Donnelly, Berkeley, California; and Eleanor Phoenix, Boulder City, Nevada.

#### Solution to Double Acrostic No. 12

Something strange happens when human beings enter law school. . . . Few who are exposed recover. John and Joan Jones become L. Jonathan or J. J. Jones. They exchange their jeans and jogging jackets for pin-striped suits. They learn a foreign language called legalese.

-[Ronald L. Goldfarb and James C.] Raymond: Clear Understandings

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# UZZLE

# Simple Addition

## by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

#### This month's instructions:

One better be prepared to make a simple addition to the answers to the italicized clues so that they can be entered in the diagram. This includes applying the technique in the two instances where nothing appears in the answer.

Clue answers include one proper name and uncommon words at 15A and 19A. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue leads to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

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#### CLUES

#### **ACROSS**

- 1. Labor leader in plant delay (4)
- 4. Bony tumors could make a mess, too (8)
- 10. Headgear that embraces chic (6, two words)
- 12. Fix curl (4)
- 13. It's broken down to be used for barroom chairs (8)
- 14. Allowing liquor to stimulate, one hears (3) 15. Like a peacock long found around English river (8)
- 16. Become intrusive and I've become upset (6)
- 17. Border on an overturned container (4)
- 19. Paper maker recycled or ruined fir (11)
- 20. Keys said to be for peepholes (6)
- 21. Use up dash of Angostura in unfinished drink (5)
- 23. Contrarily, it's no good to be smart (5)
- 25. Yields to champions without end (6)
- 26. Boxed in, starting back through cul-de-sac (5)
- 27. What could succeed a full count-but one left leaving a former prime minister (7)
- 31. Word that describes nephews (4)
- 33. Famous rock group's leader ignored the basics of music (5) 34. What's the point of turning crown back without one vic-
- tory (5)
- 35. Telling why I get rattled (7)
- 36. Roman date limits Italian ultimately with refusals (5)
- 37. "Inanely" is potentially this! (9)

#### DOWN

- 1. They live around coral, if she's not mistaken (9)
- 2. One who bad-mouths, I'll bet, is slammed (8)
- 3. Group song which "That Daring Young Man on the ing Trapeze" works with? (5)
- 4. Reluctant to lose head and curse (4)
  - 5. One wastes time following sailor's stories (11)
  - 6. Money-loving nurse (6)
- 7. Spread the French used in egg sandwich (4)
  - 8. Saw being filled with love is debatable (4)
  - 9. Ski pole turned in New England slopes around edgesmeans there's not much to figure (10)
- 11. During high teens, energy shifts and increases (9)
- Resolved sentence and spared bum (6)
- 17. Make public alarm about initially excessive load on p (10, two words)
- 18. Bachelor, rotten, conquered (6)
- 22. Democrat's succeeding . . . that is, assuming Reagai pressed (6)
- 24. Madama Butterfly? She's involved with a GI (6)
- 26. Dog could become ancient with time (6)
- 27. Grind good French coffee finally (4)
- 28. Female often gets sick initially with vapors (4)
- 29. Kegs, and two thirds of what could be used to make the up (4)
- 30. Small amount drunk imbibes quietly (4)
- 32. Guy with singular corset (4)

#### CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to "Simple Addition," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive a one-year subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed

in the February issue. Winners' names will be printed in March issue. Winners of the November puzzle, "A Game Chess," are Tom Hatten, Los Angeles, California; Susan I rence, New York, New York; and John Riley, San Anto Texas.

February 1984

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# Nineteen Eighty-Four

Just as Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* has come to represent an ideal community, so George Orwell's *1984* has become a chilling synonym for

despair about our future.

1984 is a story not of good people against bad, but of government against people. It tells of a joyless world where the state is omnipotent and malevolent, where its citizens are brainwashed into subjugation, and where technology is used to facilitate oppression.

It is ironic that Orwell's name is associated with the very kind of tyranny he wrote against. Irony aside, what of prophecy? Now that Orwell's famous year is upon us, how close are we to the society he described? Has the Orwellian world arrived?

Whatever merits 1984 has as literature, the book has failed at prophecy—at least in one important respect. Orwell was wrong about technology. Technology has not enslaved us. It has freed us.

Orwell wrote at a time when computers filled large rooms. Only an army of experts could operate them. Only governments could afford them. If information were power, then only government would have the power the computer offered.

What Orwell did not foresee was that information eventually could be stored on a chip smaller than a baby's fingernail. Like ordinary beach sand, chips are made principally of

silicon—one of the earth's most abundant elements. That the chip has made the computer so widespread removes the fears coming from Orwell's belief that the power of the computer would rest exclusively in the hands of an elite few. Thanks to the electronic microchip and the technology that brought it into being, 1984 has not become 1984.

The electronic chip has put the power of the computer at the fingertips of virtually anyone who wants to expand the scope and clarity of his thinking. Because the chip increases our choices, it ensures individuality.

Just as the industrial revolution freed society from the crushing weight of physical labor, so the information revolution spawned by the chip has relieved us of tedious mental labor.

Like any other tool, technology can be used for many purposes. It all depends on the people using it. Contrary to Orwell's worst fears, people have been using this technology to improve our lives. And at the same time they have endeavored just as hard to protect us from its misuse. Computers are made with passwords to prevent unauthorized access, and privacy laws have been enacted and enforced. That's something Orwell overlooked.

Orwell's writings may still haunt us, but his infamous year no longer can. We have the vitality of the human spirit to thank for that



## .

# **Harper's**

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR are very welcome, especially it trey are short and typed double spaces; & enjoy hearing from readers, even though volume produles individual as knowledgment.

#### The Third World (Cont.)

In his attempted "rebuttal" of my article on the Third World ["We Are Told We Must Have More of the Disease," Harper's, December] former Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley provides a textbook example of how to argue when you have nothing concrete to say: (1) assume an air of moral and/or intellectual superiority, (2) make up things to attribute to your opponent, so that you will have something you can rebut, and (3) use the word "simplistic," which requires neither evidence nor logic.

First, the moral superiority. Mr. Manley refers to my "despicably dishonest" references to Julius Nyerere, but offers neither example, evidence, analysis, nor even an alternative account of whatever it is that is supposedly false.

Then the intellectual superiority: My conclusions are "unforgivably superficial," according to Manley. You can't get more superior than that, though you could get more

specific.

The real heart of Manley's "rebuttal" are the things I am supposed to have said or meant-but which are not to be found in my writings. He repeatedly tells us what "Mr. Sowell will undoubtedly argue," what "Mr. Sowell will doubtless tell us," but remarkably little of what I actually said in black and white. Instead there are fictitious claims that I use Hong Kong as a model for "nation building" (indeed, "a model for all seasons," according to Manley), and that I use "racial stock" as my explanation of economic differences. I have written against "racial stock" theories for more than a decade, including in The Economics and Politics of Race, from which my Harper's article was excerpted. There is of course no reason why Manley should know this, any more than there is any reason why he should make things up when he doesn't know.

The closest Michael Manley comes to actually saying something concrete of his own is his assertion that "the imperial process is associated with, if not the cause of, vast differences in wealth between the conqueror and the conquered." But, even with an escape hatch built in,

this statement simply will not stand up to any hard facts.

Poverty and international disparits in income preceded conquest and is greatest in those parts of the Third World least touched by the imperial ists. Nor is this unique to our time It was precisely those parts of Britain not conquered by the Roman Empire—Scotland and Ireland—tha remained for centuries far behind in economic development, until they too eventually became part of the United Kingdom.

The notion that either the capital or the standard of living in the West depends upon the Third World will not stand the slightest contact with evidence-and Manley wisely avoids any such contact. When the British Empire was at its zenith around World War I, more British capital was invested in the United States than in all of Africa or all of Asia outside Australia. The Frent had more trade with little Belgium than with all its far-flung African empire. Germany's trade with its colonies was less than one percent of its exports.

There is much less to Manley's arguments than meets the eye. Jama cans learned that the hard way, but they learned it well enough to vote him out of office before he completely ruined the country.

Thomas Sowia Hoover Institution Stanford, Cal

#### Correction

In my article "Who's Who in Gurus" in the November issue of Harper's, I erroneously attributed to Swami Satchidananda a chainsmoking habit and excessive consumption of coffee. Swami Satchidananda does not smoke. Indeed, he continually preaches against smiting and has helped many to give up the habit. Moreover, he disap proves of and does not engage in coffee drinking except on an occa sional basis. Though I relied on apparently reputable sources for mi information. I was not able to real the Swami for comment, and I regret these errors. No disrespect to teachings was intended.

> DENNIS BAREI Pittsburgh,

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-Irving Kristol

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# IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN

by Lewis H. Lapham

Unveiling a new magazine, in an old tradition.

HE ADVERTISEMENT on the first page of the first issue of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, set before the public in June of 1850 at the rate of \$3 per annum, declared the intention of the publishers to bring "within the reach of the great mass of the American people, an immense amount of useful and entertaining reading matter, to which, on account of the great number and expense of the books and periodicals in which it originally appears, they have hitherto had no access."

A few pages later, under the ru bric "A Word at the Start," the publishers further elaborated their purpose in comfortable Victorian prose:

"The Weekly and Daily Journals of England, France, and America, abound in the most brilliant contributions in every department of intellectual effort. The current of Political Events, in an age of unexampled political activity, can be traced only through their columns. Scientific discovery, Mechanical inventions, the creations of Fine Art, the Orations of Statesmen, all the varied intellectual movements of this most stirring and productive age, find their only record upon these multiplied and ephemeral pages.

"It is obviously impossible that all these sources of instruction and of interest should be accessible to any considerable number even of the reading public, much less that the great mass of the people of this country should have any opportunity of becoming familiar with them. They are scattered through scores and hundreds of magazines and journals, intermingled with much that is of merely local and transient

interest, and are thus hopelessly excluded from the knowledge and the reach of readers at large.

"The Publishers of the New Monthly Magazine intend to remedy this evil...."

After saying that they would also take within their compass the reviews edited by DICKENS in England, MACAULAY in Scotland, and LAMARTINE in France, the publishers assure their readers that by a "careful, industrious, and intelligent use of these appliances" they can present a Monthly Compendium" that no one who has "the slightest desire for keeping himself informed . . . would willingly be without."

The date of the new magazine's publication coincided with the midpoint of the two decades that Charles and Mary Beard subsequently described, in The Rise of American Civilization, as "the most changeful, most creative, most spirited epoch between the founding of the colonies and the end of the nineteenth century." America in 1850 was in the throes of a huge shifting of social and economic forces no less violent than the transformations at work in the decade of the 1980s. Between 1840 and 1860 the old agrarian and mercantile arrangements gave way to the capitalist economy rising on the engines of the Industrial Revolution. The country turned on its axis, the currents of power and trade beginning to run east and west instead of north and south. Drifting on the surface of events, the politicians did their best to pretend that the familiar order was still safely in place, that Cotton was still king and slavery the will of Providence. The government at Washington remained in

the hands of the Jacksonian Democrats opposed to the tariff, a public debt, and a national bank. As late as 1854, the same year that Emerson confessed that he did not know whether freedom or slavery would be abolished, a combination of southern planters put forward the Ostend Manifesto touting the American seizure of Cuba from Spain.

Behind the agrarian façade of ar America now portrayed, falsely, as an idyllic scene on a postcard, nothing was static, nothing was safe. The builders of factories and railroads were revising the lines of communication as well as the distributions of wealth. Everywhere in the country the inventors to whom Marl Twain referred as "the makers of the earth after God" were busy tinkering with the roots of things. In the dec ade prior to Lincoln's election, the production of northern industry al most doubled in value; during the same period in the southern state the production of rice, sugar, cotton and tobacco showed an increase of less than 25 percent. By 1859 north ern manufacture yielded an annua return of \$1,900,000,000, while southern agriculture yielded only \$204,000,000. All that remained to be discussed in the 1850s wa whether the political revolution im plicit in the arithmetic would tak place as an act of peace or war Relatively few people could con ceive of what might happen on summer afternoon at Gettysburg they talked instead about the nev proposal for a "central park" i New York City, about the sprin fashions tending toward "an orna mental elegance of the middle ages. about the new record for a trans atlantic crossing (ten days, four an a half hours) made by the Amer ican steamer Pacific.

The railroads opened the newl minted cities of the Middle Westo eastern ports and eastern capita trade no longer depended on the Mississippi and the customs officials at New Orleans. When the fee eral government in 1850 took if first census of the foreign born, found nearly 1,000,000 Irishme among the fugitives from Europea

mine and the revolutions of 1848; a years later the number had ineased to 1,500,000. During the me decade nearly 1,000,000 Gerans, paying \$10 for the steerage re, landed in New York and orked their way west to Cincinnati, eveland, Sandusky, Terre Haute, Louis, and Milwaukee. The new chnologies conspired with the im-

migrant recruits to let loose the turbulent energies of a new economic order. New England shipping interests during the middle period captured much of the China and India trades, and by 1861, when the romantic gentlemen at Charleston, South Carolina, opened fire on Fort Sumter in the hope of making time stand still, the northern states al-

ready had cast the nets of commercial empire.

F I MENTION these matters at some length, it is to draw the parallel between the middle of the nineteenth century and the last decades of the twentieth and to suggest that at both points in time the

#### THE CHANGING FACE OF HARPER'S



1860



1901



1919



1923



1927



1950



1957



1969



March 1984

circumstances of the reader bear useful comparison. To the "multiplied and ephemeral pages" of the periodical literature the contemporary media have added a bewildering array of visual images; book publishers now contribute 45,000 new titles a year; within even the narrowest of scientific disciplines the number of journals can be counted in the hundreds. On the assumption that the modern reader stands in as much need of a syllabus as did his beleaguered ancestor, the new Harper's monthly magazine, scheduled to appear on the newsstands next month under the date of March 1984, will offer an analogous synopticon of fact and opinion. The Victorian publishers produced a first issue of 144 octavo pages, in double columns of 8-point type. Accepting the shift of sensibility that accustoms the modern reader to the techniques of film, the new magazine will deal in shorter forms and juxtaposition of images. Its principal functions will be three:

1. To provide a genuinely national forum open to a genuinely national debate. At the moment the only audible debate in the United States takes place on the op-ed pages of maybe three or four news-

papers.

The newspaper conversation never achieves critical mass because of the limited space and because the argument trails off over a period of days into the obscurity of the letters column. Harper's every month will present a forum on a topical subject (the schools, men and women, racial discrimination, crime, the media, disarmament, etc.) and invite correspondence, either written or oral, from people both famous and not so famous. Not only will they represent different political attitudes but they will also bring to bear the thinking of the commercial and scientific as well as the literary and diplomatic sectors of opinion.

2. To present a useful and convenient summary (what the magazine's progenitors would have called a "compendium") of the ideas and trends at large not only in the United States but also abroad. With this function in mind *Harper's* will pub-

lish an "Index," a summary, and an "Annotation." The Index will consist of a single page of statistics, probably forty-five in number, collected trom diverse but verifiable sources (reports, tables, lists, annual statements, bulletins, abstracts, etc.), which, when taken together, should provide a kind of sounding of the spirit of the times. The list might note, for example, statistics for a recent thirty-day period concerning the number of tons of oil spilled in the Indian Ocean; the price of cocaine in Los Angeles; the number of politicians indicted in Massachusetts; the number of patents applied for in Washington; the tons of shipping clearing a Chinese port; the number of novels published in which the hero is a sexually dispossessed English professor living in a Middle Western university town. If the indicators could be perfectly balanced in any one month, half of the numbers would show a positive sign (patents applied for) and half would reflect a negative sign (politicians indicted); half would refer to a foreign event (the shipping in the Pearl River) and half to an American phenomenon (the cocaine traffic in Beverly Hills). The Index is intended to give the reader a concrete sense of the world's complexity, beauty, contradiction, and size.

The summary compounds and extends the same principle, but with texts of varying length (none longer than 1,000 words) across a span of twenty folio pages in 10-point type. Under this heading the editors will include readings from "the unbounded treasures of the Periodical Literature of the present day" (e.g., Le Monde, The New York Times, Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, The Wilson Quarterly, The New England Journal of Medicine, W, The Spectator, etc.) as well as passages from current books, speeches, newsletters, abstracts, memoranda, and miscellaneous forms of government testimony. Together with these texts Harper's will also publish representative drawings, cartoons, posters, graphs, and maps. About 25 percent of the summary will consist of original writing commissioned by the editors to establish the contex of a presiding sensibility withou which the whole might seem to much of a random miscellany. A with the Index, the summary seek to provide the reader not with regurgitation of the news but with an indication of what is being sai and done in places to which he o she does not have access.

The Annotation is a historian' device applied to a contemporar document. This being a literate bu not a literary society, we live amon pieces of paper of all kinds (con tracts, hospital bills, newspaper sto ries, letters, insurance claims, polic reports, tax forms) that often re main as difficult to decipher as Lin ear B. In an effort to render the modern world more intelligible not more plausible, the editors wil assign these documents to individ uals capable of explicating the texts The hospital bill, for instance might be annotated by a physician a Soviet diktat by a Russian schol ar, the Reagan administration's cod of omertà by a First Amendmen lawyer. The object of the Annota tion is not to make easy jokes about the fatuity of this or that bureau cracy but rather to make clear th meaning of language too often used like paint, to conceal the cracks in the plaster of the thought.

3. To publish at least once a year in each of several areas of concern an article or essay likely to have som effect on the national discourse These pieces might take variou forms ("Essay," "Report," or "Re view"), but if the editors can con centrate their attention on a feveranuscripts that will bear examination under the most stringent criteri for both style and substance the ought to be able to present the read er with texts deserving of his or he time and attention.

Although fairly radical in thei forms, the changes in the magazine' structure seem to me consistent with its traditional purpose. The revision had occurred to me before I stumbled across the publisher's explanations in Volume I, Number 1. The similarity of intent I interpreter

(conveniently) as an auspicious sign

From its inception Harper's has un



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dertaken to inform its readers across the whole spectrum of political, literary, cultural, and scientific affairement, with what used to be called the "general interest." The general interest also happens to be the public or common interest, and lately it has become an object of scorn. Even to propose something so gauche as a generalization invites the witticisms of specialists who prefer the safety of easily identifiable markets, of technical jargon, of footnotes and polls.

ARPER's has survived for 134 years because it has shifted its emphasis to meet the shifting perception of its audience. Originally a thesaurus of salient fact and opinion, Harper's in the 1880s and 1890s became a more self-consciously literary magazine, publishing the travel writing of Henry James as well as the drawings of Winslow Homer and the novels of George Du Maurier. This genteel mode of expression was another casualty of the Great War, and in 1920, under a new editor, Harper's became a journal of formidable argument, hospitable to the writting of Bertrand Russell, Albert Jay Nock, and H.G. Wells. In the 1930s, again with a new editor, the magazine acquired a political cast of mind, preoccupied with matters of government policy, the consequences of the New Deal, the conduct of the Second World War, and the dialectics of the Pax Americana. Under a succession of editors in the 1960s and the 1970s Harper's reflected the vogue for what was known as "the new journalism"; a good many of its writers believed themselves keepers of the nation's conscience.

In 1984, the new journalism seems as much of a curiosity as the Conestoga wagons on which the early issues of *Harper's* went west from Independence, Missouri, with the dreams of gold and apple orchards. The magazine addresses a world in which nothing can be boxed off, not even by an enterprising journalist with a talent for adjectives. By now it has become a cliché to say that

we live in an interdependent world, but few people take the trouble to consider what that means. It means, among other things, that it was Israel that played midwife to the birth of OPEC, that the President of the United States has been obligated to seed the White House garden with anti-aircraft missiles, that a discussion of the predicament of the American automobile business might properly begin not only with the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 but also with the events of the same year leading to the Meiji Restoration in Japan.

Over the last twelve months God knows how many committees, study groups, and presidential task forces have contemplated, usually with pious mumbling, the sadness of American education. Everybody demands more and better education, but of what, exactly, does a better education consist? Is it to learn the details of the Missouri Compromise or the chemical properties of liquid oxygen? To study the history of the Christian West or the history of the Muslim East? To know the works of William Shakespeare or Aaron Spelling?

If Harper's is to continue to function as a barometer of the social and intellectual weather of the times, then it must become a means of interpretation, a drawing together of increasingly diffuse elements. So ambitious a proposition assumes the complicity of a reader willing to concede that for the time being it is enough to assemble the pieces of the puzzle and try to figure out what goes with what.

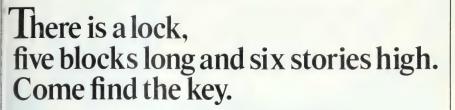
Although logistically complex, the invasion of Grenada conformed to the specifications of old-fashioned melodrama. The more subtle stories (the dynamics of revolution in the Third World, the likelihood of collapse in the international banking system) require a talent for putting things in context. It isn't a matter of discovering the secret that nobody knows (the identity of Deep Throat or the whereabouts of Jimmy Hoffa's corpse) but rather of placing what everybody knows into a coherent sequence.

Harper's undertakes to ask ques-

tions, not to provide ready-mad answers, to say, in effect, look a this, see how much more beautift and strange and full of possibilit is the world than can be imagine by the mythographers at *Time* (NBC)

The oddly narrowing effect of the big media has been remarked upo by critics of all political denomina tions. They notice that somehow th larger and more expensive the tech nique the smaller and poorer th meaning. Partly this is because s much of the media has become a institutional Wizard of Oz. The fund tionaries who operate the machiner come to imagine that they alread know all the answers worth know ing, and they tend to choose the texts and photographs that confir their worst suspicions of the world The editors of Harper's assume the know a good deal less than a le of other people not confined to the editorial cloisters of New York ar Washington. They proceed on th premise that it is their business t open things out, not to wrap the neatly up.

What so annoys people about the media is not its rudeness or i stupidity but its sanctimony. Ma be they do it unwittingly, but the fine ladies and gentlemen of the fourth estate too often exude th condescension habitual among th minor English nobility and the maîtres d'hôtel in newly arrive French restaurants. They presun to tell people what to say about the season's newest book, how to b have in the presence of mone what thoughts to think while drin ing chilled white wine on the bead at Acapulco, what moral attitude adopt in a discussion about abortio or the hydrogen bomb. Some real ers apparently welcome this sort thing, and they expect their mag zines to clothe them with opinios in the way that Halston or Bloor ingdale's dresses them for the oper The readers of Harper's, I suspect always belonged to a different crowd. They strike me as the kill of people who would rather ha the tools to work the America grain into a knowledge of their over making.



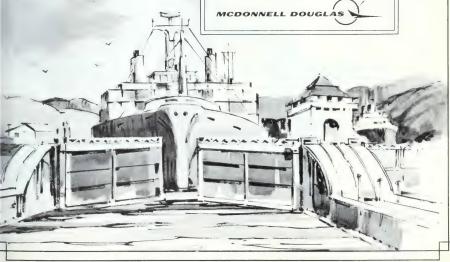
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## **GOULASH**

THE MOST noticed and commented on foreign presence in Nicaragua has not been Cuban, Soviet, Mexican, or Venezuelan, but Bulgarian. The Bulgarians have seemingly put their fingers in everything. Statistics on the total number of Bulgarians in Nicaragua and their activities have not been divulged, but announcements of Bulgaria's participation in various types of projects are common. For example, Bulgaria is helping to build a deep-water port on the Caribbean coast that supposedly will be the largest in Central America. Bulgaria is also involved in the development of copper, lead, and zinc mines in the interior of the country. Even a local basketball coach reported getting tips from a Bulgarian "sports specialist."

The Nicaraguan government has purchased everything from machinery for a ketchup factory to a watercooled computer main-frame from Bulgaria. There is also a wide variety of Bulgarian consumer goods in Nicaraguan markets. Perla, now the most common brand of toothpaste in the country, is Bulgarian. The independent Nicaraguan newspaper, La Prensa, reported recently on the arrival of a new baby food, "Bulgarian Gerbers." (Gerber Products Co., of Fremont, Michigan, provided virtually all baby food in Nicaragua, via their Costa Rican distributor, until a few years ago, when it became impossible to obtain payment in dollars for their mushed peas. Nicaraguans now use "Gerber" as a generic name for baby food, and Gerber Products, U.S.A., says these Gerbers have no connection with their baby food.)

Recent economic difficulties in Nicaragua have led to periodic shortages of such staples as corn, bread, milk, meat, and cooking oil. However, state-run supermarkets are full of Bulgarian canned peaches and fruit preserves (strawberry, raspberry, plum, cherry, and fig). Why does a Central American country that produces an abundance of tropical fruit and is in dire financial

shape spend scarce foreign exchange on Bulgarian canned peaches?

Bulgaria's incentive is partially monetary. Trade between the two countries is at roughly 65 million dollars. Rumors in Managua suggest, with some validity, that socialist countries have quietly urged Nicaragua to retain its traditional Western export markets, but to switch their import markets to socialist countries, which are pressed for hard foreign exchange. (It should be noted, though, that U.S.-Bulgarian trade, amounting to \$120 million annually, also helps ease Sofia's hardcurrency shortage.) Bulgaria may be capitalizing on the Nicaraguan market to unload unmarketable merchandise. Where else, for example, can Bulgaria sell its Gerbers (which, according to a Gerber Products, U.S.A., spokesman, "taste terrible")? Foreign exchange is also earned by having at least some Bulgarian advisers paid in dollars and by providing such services as marketing all of Nicaragua's tobacco.

Bulgaria, however, has offered extensive credit on lenient terms and provided some donations. True, credit has been for the purchase of Bulgarian goods, and donations have been in kind, not in cash, but assistance has been at levels high enough to suggest that more than a profit motive is involved in Bulgaria's presence in Nicaragua.

The Nicaraguan government claims that Bulgarian assistance is yet another example of socialist solidarity. Numerous Bulgarian jokes making the rounds in Nicaragua are more skeptical. One example: after working for some time in Nicaragua, a Bulgarian adviser began to vearn for the food of his native country. He went from restaurant to restaurant asking for goulash, only to receive the same reply: "We have chicken, pork, beef, fish, shrimp, and lobster, but no goulash." When he returned home, his boss asked about his impressions of Nicaragua. "Very backward," the adviser said. "They eat like we ate twenty years ago."

Forrest D. Colburn

Forrest D. Colburn teaches political science at Florida International University.

## SMOKI SCREEN

ACH August hundreds of white men, women, and children in Prescott, Arizona, paint theil bodies brown, dress up in In dian garb, and arrange themselve on what looks like an Indian village movie set. The rhythmic beat of tom-toms accompanies unintelligi ble chanting as the pseudo-Indian imitate sacred Native American ceremonies before a sellout crowd of 5,000 spectators. These are the Smoki People, whose snake dance is a top tourist attraction-and the cause of deep resentment and mis trust among the Indians whose tra ditions are being mimicked fo money.

Smoki started in 1921 as a bur lesque of the Hopi snake dance by Prescott businessmen. It has grown into a semisecret organization of over 300 members (including U.S. senator Barry Goldwater), who can be identified by small tattooed dot on their left hands. It bills itself a a "tribe" of non-Indians dedicated to preserving and interpreting Amer ican Indian culture. Smokis say theil performances are meticulously re searched (primarily through old government reports from the nov extinct Bureau of Ethnology) si that what spectators see is as "au thentic" as anything off the reser vations.

Native Americans laugh at the claim of authenticity. One Indiar who saw the Smoki pageant says "I was laughing and angry at the same time. I couldn't conceive o people foreign to my people doing this. It is an insult. Here are white people trying to respect what i really, really sacred. There's no way they can."

But the Smokis try. In the proces they have culled more cultural ele ments from the Hopis than any other tribe. Their name is derived from Moqui, what the Spanish used to call the Hopis. The insignia that graces Smoki brochures is, with minor changes, a pattern the Hopi call Father Sun. The snake dance that made Smoki famous is part of a Hopi prayer for rain.

All done, Smokis insist, to prerive a folklore that otherwise might e. They spend hours researching, racticing, and preparing the cosimes and set for an annual show hat nets more than \$20,000.

Hopi Caleb Johnson, a Presbyrian minister, isn't impressed. "It's e business way. They do whater they want, then find all the ght justifications for it," he says. ern Taylor, a Prescott professor, ys, "The whole conflict is one of ople with good intentions failing see how offensive [these intenonsl are to Indians." Some Smokis fer a more plausible motivation: e camaraderie of the group and e excitement of dancing out in ont of a crowd, shrouded in anlymity. A book authorized by the noki talks about the beat of tomms "arousing the spirit of the vage that lies not far beneath the urface of civilization in us all."

Whatever the reason, Native mericans regret that Smokis refuse respect the Indians' right to their wn traditions. Ceremonies are a cred and integral part of Hopi ie. They must be performed acording to a calendar by priests adowed with divine authority, and the defined by a Hopi as "high contrations of deep meditation for the goodness of the world."

The Hopi elders say they have ad difficulty drawing any attention their concerns. For example, the ally space Prescott's newspaper has evoted to the Indians' side has een in its letters-to-the-editor colmns. Some people I called for this ory refused to talk on the record exause they said they feared repersisions from influential Smokis.

Some Smoki People acknowledge le Indians' point. Eino Jacobson, state appeals court judge who was moki chief during a meeting with le Hopis in 1980, said he believed lat the Smoki should stop doing me dances. But not the snake ance. "Our position is that the moki People have been performing this type of dance so long, it not the Hopi dance," he says, lomentarily ignoring all the Smoki

Going to court has not been ruled

aims of authenticity.

out, but a Hopi lawyer says his people would consider it profane because the issue is a moral, not a legal, question of ownership. The snake priests own the ceremony and they feel the Smoki People have stolen it. Settling that in court would be like trying to prove a copyright or patent with no physical evidence, and testimony on the esoteric responsibilities of the priesthood would be blasphemous.

Smoki undoubtedly will continue, but not because of a genuine concern for preserving Native American culture. Smoki, as Jacobson admits, is preserving itself. Another Smoki says, "It really has nothing to do with Indians."

Kris Finn

Kris Finn is a writer who lives in Prescott, Arizona.

## TEACHERS' TESTS

ORIS GREEN, a seventh-grade teacher in Akron, Ohio, is twenty-nine. She has taught for six years. She is proud of her work and serves it conscientiously. "I'm a good teacher, I think," she says. "Anyway, I like the kids, and that's what it's all about, isn't it?"

In her home state of New Jersey, Doris Green was moved casually through the full program of state teacher-training requirements at Newark State College (now Kean College). Taking the complete battery of prescribed courses, she received all of the required grades: an A in Educational Psychology, course number 3501 ("This course considers cognition, motivation, tests and measurements. . . . "); an A in Educational Psychology, 4501 ("Group Dynamics . . . , Group Function, Group Structure, Communication, Means of Observing, Group Information..."); an A in Creative Techniques; an A in Health Education, 4333 ("Alcohol and Narcotics Education"); and wound up with a B plus in Language Arts. With these suitably accomplished, she topped the list with eight of the ten courses offered in Reading Education.

Among these, the course she enjoyed most was Reading Education, 4103. "We worked on the relation of intonation to meaning," she explains, "which is something I had never thought of before. I guess this is what makes education so exciting; it opens up so many new worlds."

Doris Green graduated from her teacher-training program with a near A average. After a one-semester practice-teaching period, she received her \$13,300-a-year position within three months of graduation.

Armand Forestier, the thirtythree-year-old schoolmaster of a three-room school in Arcy-sur-Aube, a French town ninety miles west of Paris, followed a somewhat different road.

After graduating from the lycée, M. Forestier entered university, immersing himself in a six-year program of French history, French litterature, and Romance philology, two years of philosophy, and a well-balanced science program combining six years of physics and chemistry.

Upon satisfactory qualification in these subjects, he was given the final written and oral tests that, when sustained, allowed him to apply for a teaching position at the primary level. So difficult is this examination that in a recent test given to 4,781 candidates, only 681 passed. Of those who failed, most were stopped by the meticulous demands of an avalanche of required compositions on abstruse historical and philosophical problems, some of which required as long as seven hours to complete. Even so, the French Ministry of Education remains cavalier. It refuses to lower standards. There is no need to do so. French academic morale remains vigorous; Forestier's students regard him with a mixture of politeness, distance, respect, and admiration. Each year the ministry has more teaching applicants than it can consider. It solves the problem with frugal Gallic reasoning. It simply chooses the best. Pierre Szamek

Dr. Pierre Szamek is a writer and professor of anthropology who lives in Newark, New Jersey.

# CAN THE PEACE GROUPS MAKE A PRESIDENT?

by David M. Rubin

A new survey shows they can't even agree on a candidate.

S THE antinuclear movement continues its winter political offensive under the protective cover of ABC's The Day After, movement strategists are nervously anticipating a second day after-Wednesday, November 7, 1984. On that day the press will anoint the power brokers embraced by the electorate, and the antinuclear people want to be among them. They remember the chill that swept the liberal community in November 1980 when the apparent strength of the Moral Majority and the conservative Political Action Committees (PACs) was first extolled. No discussion of social welfare programs, national defense, or "family" issues could begin where it had the day before. Viguerie, Falwell, Dolan, Helms-the new agenda-setters had arrived. To that end some important branches of the movement have thrown aside the disguise of nonpartisanship and have entered the campaign with sleeves rolled up, "To maintain our credibility," says John Isaacs, legislative director of the Council for a Livable World, "we have to target and defeat some hawks. What is said about the movement on November 7 will be more important than what is being said now."

To capture the imagination of the David M. Rubin is Chairman of the Department of Journalism and Mass Communication at New York University, where he organized the Conference on War, Peace, and the News Media last spring. He was assisted in the research for this article by Jeffrey Wolf.

news media, the antinuclear movement would do well to project the image of a tightly knit organization with a real community of interests—something that can be summarized in a five-second television lead-in. In 1980 the image of Richard Viguerie's computer reaching out to entwine abortion and busing foes, prayer-in-the-school advocates, tax cutters, and military expansionists was a powerful one. Unfortunately for the image-builders, the antinuclear movement offers no such cohesive picture.

Leaders of one major groupthe Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign-claim at least eleven million supporters, but in fact the movement is more a feeling than a political program. It includes environmental groups (e.g., Friends of the Earth and the Environmental Defense Fund); religious groups (e.g., Clergy and Laity Concerned and the Catholic Peace Fellowship); women's groups (e.g., Women Strike for Peace and Women Against Military Madness); professional groups (e.g., the National Association of Social Workers and the Physicians for Social Responsibility); anarchist groups (e.g., the War Resisters League and the Love and Rage Affinity Group); and such uncategorizables as Grandparents for Nuclear Disarmament and the Narcoleptic Affinity Group. They agree on only two points. They all oppose the nuclear arms race, and they all fear that the Reagan administration is making nuclear war inevitable.

They have many different sorts of tactics. Most are committed only to educational devices such as teachins, workshops, speakers bureaus and publications. They believe that truth will out in an open marketplace and that Reagan and his fellow hawks will be defeated through sheer force of logic. A few groups bank or the value of exchanges of Americans with citizens from other countries to promote worldwide understanding. Some engage in street theater and demonstrations. Fear of losing their tax-exempt, nonprofit status is keeping many from undertaking overt political action. In fact, of the 1,250 or so antinuclear groups identified by the Nuclear Arms Educational Service at Stanford University, only a handful are presently committed, as organizations, to electoral politics. In large measure these will be the groups responsible for the day-after analysis on November 7.

One such organization is the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign and its offshoot, the new Freeze Voter '84 PAC, launched this December. Its goal, according to Executive Director Bill Curry, is to create a "nationwide, grassroots political movement that will endure.' Money raised from freeze supporters will be spent on voter registration drives, the preparation of material for the press, and the training and support of political workers. Money will not be given directly to candidates, but the PAC will provide trained volunteers, pollsters, speechwriters, lawyers, and media

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"It is real clear," says Curry, "that there is an enormous pool of talent and public support that has to be converted to political energy in individual races. There will have to be a lot of organizing before that happens, but there is great potential for the peace movement to make a real impact on the 1984 races,"

Curry hopes that at least twentyfive of the state freeze organizations will set up their own state-wide PACS, as California, Pennsylvania, and Virginia have already done. He promises endorsements in key House and Senate races, and perhaps even a presidential endorsement, but not before Super Tuesday (March 13, when nine states select convention delegates). Incumbent Republican Senator Roger Jepsen is a Freeze Voter '84 target in Iowa, as is Democratic Rep. Bill Chappell in Florida. Other targets will be selected according to their voting record on the freeze and other arms-related issues, their ranking on key arms-related committees, the likelihood of their being unseated, and the presence of a freeze force in their district. Curry hopes to gather into Freeze Voter '84 not just freeze supporters, but such groups as NOW, the Women's Political Caucus, Friends of the Earth, and a variety of black and Hispanic organizations for whom arms-control issues have taken on a new ur-

A second important player is the Council for a Livable World. Since its founding in 1962, the Council's raison d'être has been electoral politics, with the particular mission of affecting the composition of the Senate. In 1982 the Council's PAC raised \$460,000 for Senate candidates. Legislative Director John Isaacs says eleven senators have been targeted for defeat in 1984, including Jesse Helms of North Carolina, Sam Nunn of Georgia, Charles Percy of Illinois, John Warner of Virginia, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and Jepsen. The targeted senators all supported the MX, nerve gas development, and increased spending on nuclear arms.

A third player is SANE, a moribund organization as recently as six years ago, which has grown in just the past two years from 29,000 members to 75,000. SANE's PAC, like Freeze Voter '84, will be contributing in-kind volunteer help to selected campaigns, rather than cash.

Of the three, only the Council for a Livable World has a real track record in electoral politics. SANE has some name recognition, and the Freeze commands a deep, if untapped, reservoir of national support. All three have election strategies. The contributions to be made by the rest-that is to say mostof the peace groups are impossible to assess, however, or even to describe fully. Those organizations worried about their tax-exempt status will sit out the election. This includes groups as diverse as the Boston-based Nurses Alliance for the Prevention of Nuclear War, the Center for Peace Education in Cincinnati, and the California-based Computer Professionals for Social Responsibility.

Others are still pursuing legislative rather than electoral agendas. Women Strike for Peace, according to National Coordinator Ethel Taylor, is asking candidates for Congress throughout the country to pledge that they will vote to impeach any president who orders an invasion of any country that has not invaded the U.S. first. Two years ago the group asked candidates to pledge that they would support immediate negotiations on the arms race among nations with nuclear capability.

Some groups will spin-off their own local PACS. This is the strategy being adopted by the Rev. Robert Moore, for example, who heads the nine-hundred-member Coalition for Nuclear Disarmament in Princeton. The PAC will focus on New Jersey congressional races and will try to swing New Jersey behind the presidential candidate with the best record on arms control. Undoubtedly other small groups will be setting up similar PACS to complement the work of the state freeze PACS.

Finally, a number of groups will try to influence voters by direct ac-

tion in the streets. The War Resisters League plans to greet delegate to the Republican convention wit soup kitchens and tent cities. Mobilization for Survival and Vietnar Veterans Against the War are planning acts of civil disobedience coteach-ins.

HAT sort of clout ca the antinuclear move ment be reasonably expected to exert, give this diversity of approaches, give that the Freeze is but four year old, that hundreds of the smalle groups were founded in the last yea or two, and that serious plannin by some of the PACs had barel begun as late as December?

Within the movement some or timism exists about the potentia impact on carefully selected Hous and Senate races. David Cortright executive director of SANE, be lieves the special election campaig waged last fall by Washington con gressman Mike Lowry to fill th Senate seat held by the late Henr Jackson indicates the potentia strength of the movement. Lowr won the primary but lost in th general election to ex-Governor Da Evans, largely, Lowry believes, be cause the election coincided with surge in public support for the pres ident during the Grenada invasion Despite the ultimate defeat, say Lowry, "The peace movement had an extraordinary effect within m campaign. The Council for a Liv able World solicited money acros the country for me. Freeze Vote '84, SANE, and Physicians for So cial Responsibility sent in campaign coordinators to help me. They or ganized and registered voters and did terrific educational work on nu clear issues. Our campaign was on of the most active I've ever seen because of them." Cortright believe Lowry's showing was a good one given his antinuclear positions in state with a large aircraft industry In its fund-raising literature

In its fund-raising literature Freeze Voter '84 is claiming tha votes from freeze supporters in 198' provided the winning edge for fiv Democratic congressmen, includin imes Clark of North Carolina whose margin of victory was 1,300 otes); Peter Kostmayer of Pennsylania (2,300 votes); and Bob Carr f Michigan (6,400 votes). SANE's ortright believes that at most "the eace movement can help pick up velve seats in the House and peraps end Republican control of the enate," although he does not say is latter with much conviction. Ineed, after the elections these precitions may seem to have been ther grand.

The peace movement can be said ) have had a significant impact on ne presidential race already by havig forced all the Democratic canidates to make clear their positions n a whole package of arms-related sues that in past campaigns would ave failed to catch the interest of ne press corps. This effort to draw lear and significant distinctions mong the potential nominees will ontinue as one of the main activies for a number of antinuclear roups. Jane Wales, executive direcor of Physicians for Social Responbility, believes it is now time "to orce the candidates to be very clear bout their position on a freezeot just yes or no, but how they ould negotiate and implement that osition." Physicians for Social Reponsibility intends to work with loal groups such as the League of Vomen Voters in key primary states to force the candidates to discuss nis again and again in order to harpen the distinctions among hem." Wales believes John Glenn ame to grief in an Iowa meeting hen, facing this sort of questionng from members of the audience, e outlined a program to modernize veapons systems that was costlier han his previously stated position.

HE IMPACT of the antinuclear movement on the nomination of a Democratic candidate for president is likely to be very mall. This can be seen in the reults of a heretofore unpublished urvey of 1,240 leaders of the movement who were questioned by mail about their presidential preferences. The survey was conducted by the

Nuclear Arms Educational Service at Stanford, a research organization run on a shoestring by Scott Plous, a third-year Ph.D. candidate in the school's psychology department. The people polled were asked to identify their ideal presidential candidate, the most electable candidate, and the candidate they would personally recommend to voters (an amalgam of the first two evaluations). They were also asked to rate the likelihood of a nuclear war in the next ten years if the Reagan administration stays in office. Respondents replied only for themselves, not their organizations. Plous received 329 replies. In addition, two dozen of the respondents were interviewed by Harper's to provide more insight into their responses. Their answers should not necessarily be taken as typical of the entire antinuclear movement, as these are individuals for whom the single issue of nuclear war has become a grim passion.

The one unambiguous finding of the poll is that movement leaders are unanimous in their feeling that President Reagan must be defeated. Ninety-eight percent of the respondents said that Reagan is the candidate most dangerous to the country's national security. They will vote for anyone the Democrats nominate, even John Glenn, although some, such as the state coordinator for Kansans to Freeze the Arms Race, said they would not work for Glenn.

A chilling 80 percent of the respondents said a Reagan victory would make a nuclear exchange with the Soviets sometime in the next ten years either "likely," "very likely," or "extremely likely." Reagan's "gender gap" was also apparent. While male leaders generally thought that a Reagan victory would make a nuclear exchange "likely," female leaders thought it would make an exchange "extremely likely." (See Table 1.) Even more revealing, when asked to estimate the chances of a nuclear exchange if the candidate they recommended became president, 74 percent of the respondents felt that the chances were "unlikely," "very unlikely," or "extremely unlikely." Thus, according to those polled, the message is unmistakable: whether we are to have a nuclear war in the next ten vears depends on who we elect as president in 1984.

It is not clear, however, which of the Democratic candidates can win the support of the antinuclear movement in the preconvention period. (See Table 2.) Because serious divisions exist among its leaders as to who would make a suitable opponent to Reagan, it is possible the movement will play no role at all, despite the life-and-death urgency of their feelings about Reagan. George McGovern is the ideal candidate for 50 percent, followed by Alan Cranston for 26 percent. Walter Mondale is ideal for only 9 per-

#### TABLE 1

If Ronald Reagan is reelected, what do you think the chances are of a nuclear exchange with the Soviet Union in the next ten years?

	MALE	FEMAI E	COMBINED
Extremely Likely	14.9%	36.3%	24.4%
Very Likely	23.8%	20.7%	22.4%
Likely	34.5 %	30.4%	32.7%
Undecided	15.5%	8.1 %	12.2%
Unlikely	7.7 %	3.0 %	5.6%
Very Unlikely	2.4 %	1.5 %	2.0%
Extremely Unlikely	1.2%	0.0%	0.7%
Total	100%	100%	100%

These percentages are based on a sample size of 303 respondents, and are accurate to  $\pm$  2.9 percentage points. Numbers in boldface type indicate most common responses.

cent, and Glenn suits not a single respondent in the survey.

Their problems with Mondale are well put by John Loretz, a political consultant for Boston-area disarmament groups: "People don't know what Mondale stands for on nuclear issues. The problem is not the association with Carter; it's Mondale himself. He does not take strong positions. He says he favors a freeze, but he wants to keep his options open on the B-1 and the Midgetman missile. What he will do to get a freeze agreement he doesn't say. To get the full support of the peace movement Mondale should pledge to suspend deployment of Euromissiles until a solid negotiating process is in place, and pledge to go to Moscow, three to six weeks after the election, to negotiate a freeze."

Yet despite Mondale's image as a chameleon and his low "ideal candidate" rating in the survey, 41 percent of the respondents said he was the candidate they would recommend voting for. McGovern is merely a sentimental choice; only 17 percent would recommend actually voting for him. Cranston commanded second place on this question, with 27 percent.

In short, there is no single candidate around whom the movement can rally to affect the nomination. (The option of Jesse Jackson at the time the survey was completed in December '83 would have further divided the respondents.) Cranston comes closest to being both "ideal" and "electable," but he is viewed as being so far behind that the antinuclear movement cannot possibly propel him to the nomination. (Besides, many of the respondents said that Cranston is already too closely identified with arms-control issues and the antinuclear movement; he needs less contact with these groups to broaden his base.) Mondale is viewed as electable, but hardly ideal. McGovern is ideal but not electable. Hart has some small support among women leaders in the movement, but he has little support among men and does not seem electable to either sex. Glenn is neither ideal nor electable.

As a result, if the survey is an accurate barometer and has remained so in the past few months, the antinuclear movement is likely to have no direct effect on the nomination process. Mondale would have little motivation to court members of the movement, since they will work (probably hard) for him anyway to avert four more years of Reagan.

Without a complete and uncharacteristic change in philosophy, Glenn will be unable to win any movement support beyond grudging votes, and he would risk losing the middle or those for whom the nuclear issue has less salience should he change

his positions on increased defense spending, force modernization, the B-1, the neutron bomb, and cruise missiles. In any event, Glenn's poll ster, Bill Hamilton, already down plays the significance of the move ment vote: "I don't think that the antinuclear movement will have much political influence in 1984 Their issue is just too narrow. Since it's such an emotional issue, they'l be walking a fine line. They can ei ther run an emotional campaign which could produce a backlast against the extremity of the position, or they can underplay the emotion, in which case they might not be noticed."

Most leaders agree that, concerning Mondale, the best the movement can do is keep him honest by pushing him to outline how he would implement a freeze, and requiring him to remain loyal to the freeze idea itself. As for Glenn should he remain a strong contender come the San Francisco convention, it is unlikely that even coalition of peace, women's, and environmental groups could knock him out of the running. While some believe that eventually this coalitior will be able to exercise veto power over Democratic candidates, 1984 is not the year.

Nevertheless, by next November the peace movement will have made every candidate in every state address the issue of arms control. There is an antinuclear feeling in the country, although the movement may itself be too fragmented too new, and too chaotic to impose its will at the ballot box.

"If you're searching for a metaphor that encompasses the complexity of the movement," says Lawrence Kaagan, vice president of policy planning at the marketing research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly. and White, "it might be best to turn to the genie-out-of-the-bottle image. The genie in this case is the public concern about nuclear weapons. Reagan is the one who pulled the cork out of the bottle, and the movement is working against putting the genie back in. A candidate will ignore the genie at his own political peril."

TABLE 2

Who is most ideal candidate?	Who is most likely to be elected?	Who would you recommend voting for?
8.9%	36.2%	41.2%
26.0%	2.2%	26.8%
50.2%	0.9%	17.0%
11.7%	0.0%	8.8%
0.0%	7.2%	3.9%
0.0%	53.5%	0.0%
2.8%	0.0%	2.3%
100%	100%	100%
	ideal candidate? 8.9% 26.0% 50.2% 11.7% 0.0% 0.0% 2.8%	ideal candidate? likely to be elected?  8.9% 36.2%  26.0% 2.2%  50.2% 0.9%  11.7% 0.0%  0.0% 7.2%  0.0% 53.5%  2.8% 0.0%

At the time this survey was conducted, Jesse Jackson had not yet announced his candidacy. These percentages are based on 318 responses, and are accurate to  $\pm$  2.8 percentage points. Total percentages may deviate from 100 due to rounding errors. Numbers in boldface type indicate most popular responses.

#### SPORTS



## FIND ME A WRITER

y Wilfrid Sheed

Tales of drugs and God have taken the place of The Game.

Tracy did it. Perched eternally in the best seat in the house, batting out his hard-boiled (but sensitive) opy in nothing flat, between wiseracks; then a few minutes with the uperstar (who seemed overjoyed to ee him) and off to Toots Shor's to ollect his anecdotes. Sportswriting eemed like a neat way to make a iving.

Its heyday was the Teens, Twen-

ties, Thirties—any time before television. Sportswriters were lords, if not of the earth, at least of the afternoon editions. Some snob once started a rumor that the best prose was to be found in the sports pages, and in certain circles newspapers were rated by who they employed there. Well, why not? Ring Lardner, Damon Runyon, and Heywood Broun were pretty good contenders.

Nowadays, to watch the heirs of

those titans traipsing across the tarmac hauling their dry cleaning from a fight in Cleveland to a basketball game in Detroit is to witness a fall of empire. Crowds form around Howard Cosell while a TV truck stands arrogantly by, its day's work done. Meanwhile the men with the dry cleaning board commercial flight 000 as anonymously as mailmen. No matter how they scurry, they will never catch up with the news, which went blinking out of town some time ago.

So what do they do, exactly? Heralds without news, eyewitnesses in a world of eyewitnesses—what re-

mains to be said?

"The real object of sportswriting," says a friend of mine who does it, "is to keep readers away from the horrors in the rest of the paper." Thus sports continues its rounds as the Magnificent Evasion, since it also keeps us away from the bad news at home and in one's own psyche. Many men, and a spattering of women, talk about sports from morning to night for fear something else might get in. And strangers reach for it gratefully as a lingua franca, something to keep the chatter going while revealing nothing. As a form of cover one invents a sort of "play" self as, say, a Red Sox fan, which one pushes energetically around the board in place of the freal thing. It is no accident, I think, that this particular sport within a sport was invented in England, the home of fine acting and the very best spies.

Hence, the sportswriter's task would seem to be simply stoking up the nation's biggest conversation every day and throwing new items onto it from time to time. But there is nothing simple about it. Only to the ear of a wife does all sports conversation sound alike. In fact, the subject comes in millions of pieces, from local school football to Olympic boycotts, and every fan has his own hierarchy of interests, so that it's hard to arrange a coherent agenda even in a single saloon. A sportswriter is like a man trying to address a hundred saloons at once,

Wilfrid Sheed is a novelist and critic. His most recent book is Clare Boothe Luce.

not to mention dining rooms and bedrooms. And now, to add to his woes, he must wonder if "they" have seen this or that event on TV and know as much about it as he does.

TV has certainly scrambled what was already a confused picture. In the arts, critics are those who write for the people who already know the work in question, while reviewers are perennial introducers, booming out the names and credentials of new arrivals. Each task is agreeable enough in its thin-lipped way; but the sportswriter has to do both, because his clientele is mixed for him daily in unknown proportions.

OR THIS reason, the locker room has become the favored arena of many a columnist, with the game serving as so much fodder for interviews. The recent hullabaloo about women in the locker room was based largely on this development. The public mind. being what it is, fell back on its other subject, and fantasized much hasty snatching of towels, attempts to interview in the shower, and all the other jolly things we like to think about. But if the story is in there, women writers obviously have to go in and get it, let the towels fall where they may.

What a flat story it generally is. Like many another club women have fought to get into, there isn't much to a locker room when you arrive. A score of articulate people can be found jabbering questions at a gaggle of tired and frustrated, or tired and elated, men who are not paid for eloquence. An artist like Red Smith can tease their mumbles into funny stories, and a safe-cracker like Dick Young can extract better mumbles. But the rest are left scrambling for the small coins, the "I hit the real good curve" and "we've been picking each other up all year"-thus contributing to another of the functions of sportswriting, as defined by a friend, namely "to keep those clichés circulating."

The phrase "in depth" usually has even less to do with these hairy confrontations than it does with a Washington press conference. The masters, the Smiths and the Youngs, have a certain small edge: the jocks remember them and occasionally treat them like friends and not answering services. But I suspect that even the best expect little from the postgame hog call. Only after the sweat has dried comes the quote; and by then frequently only the Smiths and Youngs, the trusted retainers, are around to hear it.

The quote they finally do pry loose seems these days to have less and less to do with the game that's just been played. Often the athletes appear to have seen the game slightly less well than the TV cameras, and have been known to mutter. "I'll have to see the films on that." What they do know about is their own grievances and those of their playmates and these the surliest of them seem willing to enlarge upon endlessly. "They treat us all like meat," says Dave Kingman, breaking a silence of several years. And if the great Steve Carlton ever breaks his monastic vows, one can bet it will be with some similar keening growl.

So the focus has shifted not just from the arena but from the whole world of liniment and leather and into the souls of men. These in turn divide into two departments: fiscal and medico-spiritual. A sportswriter so inclined can now write about money every day of the year without giving a thought to bats and balls. And if he can't, George Steinbrenner will help him. When the Yankee dictator, with his iron fist and his wooden tongue, observed that some of his batters were being thrown at, he hollered, in effect, "That may have been okay in the old days, but I pay these guys a lot of money." This startling evaluation of human life was all the more gripping for having gone, so far as I know, completely unquestioned. In the steamy bazaar of the sports pages, mowing down the peasants while sparing the millionaires seems almost as reasonable as boxing.

Just in case the fan in the street ever starts to choke on all the bankrolls he has to read about, along comes drugs to change the subject. Slightly. In fact, it is just a sho stroll from one subject to the sthe If athletes are going to be paid lib movie stars, they are inevitably going to start acting like them, which includes, nowadays, snorting, mail lining, and—felicitous phrase—frebasing. After which, chances at they will find Jesus.

Back in the Fifties, the crust Jimmy Cannon accused his your colleagues of being "chipmunks" because they asked so many person questions. But the chipmunks mushave sniffed something in the win and foreseen a day when the would be no impersonal question left. They were the first TV gene ation of Tracys, and they knew that the best seat in the house was moorth a single indiscreet remar from a famous ball player's ex-wife

So the human-interest story wer into place as a basic column—an mighty insipid stuff it could be. a Muscles McGurk conquered fee with the help of his priest and h seeing-eye dog. It needed a shot d something and it got a massive one the great national shoot-up wer coursing through these drab piece lighting them up like pinball ma chines. Even the news items bega to read like General Hospital: shor stop agrees to rehabilitation, relie pitcher comes out of rehabilitation (but still looks kind of funny), bas ketball player disappears. All yo needed to cover this circus was degree in pharmacology and the sou of Rona Barrett.

Finding Jesus has, up to now proved harder for our boys to han dle than dope; in fact it could b called a downright handicap. Th born-again game hero won't eve tell you whether he hit the goo curve or the bad slider before h launches into the Man Upstairs, an how He did it. Although I would dearly like to know how He did and indeed would welcome a ho theological discussion in the club house, followed by a pillow fight these pious fellows seem to hav given up thinking about anything a all, even the last thing they said. So a story about a born-again has to stress the lamentable drug years and the unfortunate bar brawls befor

oming in lightly on the homogeized happy ending. Sportswriters e versatile, but only a few of them -and those, specialists—can do uch with uplift.

However, there is still work to be one in the other direction, the sin eat. When I covered Muhammad li back in 1975, I found myself, ke everyone else, covering for him. Ithough he was clearly stepping it with a lady other than his wife, e writers agreed to a man simply ot to see it. It goes against the ain of this (let's get it over with) markably decent profession to over bedrooms-even when they gin to show in a subject's work. t the moment, with so many siners turning themselves in voluntary, one doesn't have to go looking or them. But even with privacy evwhere in tatters sportswriters sit 1 spicy stories with a frequency at would get them fired from othparts of the paper. Gallantly, I elieve, many of them consider that uff is simply unworthy of the orts pages.

VEN if all the closets flew open at once, we would be left with the condition we came in with: mamely, that sports, however escribed, are local and particular. rive through Massachusetts or orth Carolina on a fall Saturday 1d you will imagine that the state as been completely overrun by otball teams: colleges with funny ames like dummy corporations, igh schools beyond measure-each emanding its mead of talk.

For this reason, there is hardly 1ch a thing as a national sportsriter. Jim Murray of the L.A. imes, who is perhaps the closest, as no regular New York outlet. and when you do see a syndicated olumn in out-of-town papers it ooks oddly abstract and out of lace, like a paid ad, among the reional chatter. The syndicated writer nust stick to national personalities ke Pete Rose the Good or John 1cEnroe the Bad—but these are iemselves commercial images. lumps of connected dots, brand ames from another world. Or he can try to interest you in, say, some Dallas middle linebacker: but people have their own linebackers to worry about. Above all, he needs national subjects, which translates into endless coverage of championship fights, tennis players' manners, and the grotesque hype of the Super Bowl. All these matters fit quite comfortably into sports magazines, written by zealots for zealots, but seem like more fuss than they're worth in a daily paper. Sports Illustrated houses genuinely national sportswriters, but only for Sportsnation: if one wants a larger bowl to swim in one must still turn, like Lardner and Broun and Westbrook Pegler and so many others, reluctantly to other matters.

Meanwhile the best sportswriters remain what they always were, local guys talking to people they know about common, not manufactured, enthusiasms. Red Smith, to end this on a proper note of reverence, used to sweat out a column and then talk away several more of them at the nearest pub. Smith spanned several eras, so he is a useful gauge of possible change in the genus sportswriter. When he died two years ago at the age of seventy-six I doubt if there was a single apprentice in the game who didn't think of him as in some sense a model. And as long as the kids want to be like Smith, breasting the bar with a porkpie hat and a Baseball Encyclopedia, all the electronic flimflam in the world won't seriously modify this early American type. Upon rereading the old masters, I was startled to find that some of them barely seemed to know how each particular sport was played. What they knew were stories. And so do their successors. The stories may be different now, and fewer people may be listening, and conditions may be straitened, but Spencer Tracy lives -even if he is sometimes to be found in a broadcasting booth where the best announcers, like Vin Scully and Joe Garagiola, tell funny stories between pitches and frequently talk more like old sportswriters than young sportswriters do.

Even on film, it may still be the best way to do it.

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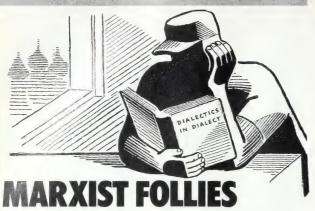
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by Michael A. Ledeen

Backstage with the New Jewel Movement.

ACK in the late Sixties, I used to teach bridge on the New Amsterdam during Christmas vacations, and the ship occasionally put in at St. George's, Grenada, for a day of shopping and swimming. Grand Anse Beach, which adjoins St. George's, is one of the most lovely in the Caribbean, and my memories of Grenada are those of the perfect vacation spot: poor but not miserable, decent if undistinguished food, pleasant people. It compared very favorably with nearby Dominica, which was much poorer. On the other hand, I had gotten to know a taxi driver in Dominica who gave me lessons in selfhelp and democracy, who took me to see the progress on his new house -on which he had been working for over ten years-and who was amazingly well-read, particularly in British law. I did not meet such types on Grenada, which struck me as less susceptible to the British efforts to "civilize" it, as they used to say.

Michael A, Ledeen is a Senior Fellow at the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies. He was formerly a Special Adviser to Secretary of State Alexander Haig and is now a consultant to the Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs. Mr. Ledeen's views are not necessarily those of the United States government. Some fifteen years later I found myself in the basement of the Pentagon, reading through the tons of documents that our armed forces brought back from Grenada, and I remembered my Dominican taxi driver. Prime Minister Eugenia Charles was cut from the same stuff as my man, and that traditional discipline and commitment to work, democracy, and self-improvement had—along with American military power—done in the New Jewel Movement in Grenada.

The documents leave no doubt about the seriousness with which the Soviets and their various underlings-there are tracks of East Germans, Bulgarians, Czechs, Vietnamese, Libyans, North Koreans, and of course Cubans galore in the Grenada documents-took the opportunity to advance a pawn on the Caribbean chessboard. But they also provide a tragicomic window into the attempt to convert Grenadians into disciplined Marxist-Leninists. What centuries of British preaching could not achieve was not accomplished by the missionaries of the Soviet empire in a mere four vears: Grenada was militarized and brutalized, but not Leninized. Yet the effort to bring Soviet-style communism to Grenada was made, and as its manifest failure became ev clearer, so the desperation to indo trinate the place reached a ne fever tempo. This is, in the end, tl best explanation for the internal hy teria that wrecked the enterpri and led the likes of Eugenia Charl and Governor General Paul Scool to call in the Americans to put the island of Grenada out of its miser In the years to come, one may hor that the New Jewel Movement w find its chronicler, or at least i cinematographer. Whoever it is will need a highly developed sense humor, for the effort to turn Gr nada into a people's republic rati with the more entertaining follies recent years. One could very we remake Our Man in Havana again the backdrop of St. George's, with Sir Alec Guinness in blackface the KGB resident in Grenada, ar perhaps Richard Pryor as the hea of Internal Security.

IFE on Grenada under the Ne Jewel Movement was nightma ish, and those of us who have been charged with reading th documents have relived a substant tial part of the nightmare, because a surprising number of Grenadian took notes on their basic daily a tivities: attending classes, lecture "ideological crash courses," and th like. For a select few, these even took place outside Grenada, places like Moscow, Havana, H Chi Minh City, and Sofia. But th Grenadians did not take to the programs, and there was a cultur chasm between them and their to tors that made it difficult to turn th island into the new Bulgaria, o even the new Cuba. I give you, for example, a report sent back to Gre nada from the Party Cell at th Soviet Communist Party Lenini School in Moscow at the end September 1983. It is written b Comrade Hazel-Ann, and it gives detailed account of the courses th Grenadian comrades were taking Moscow (Russian Language, Histo ical Experiences of the CPSU, Intenational Relations, Political Ecol omy, Philosophy, and Theory an Tactics of the World Revolutional Movement), along with descriptions of recent events. She notes a prob-

Comrade Necles up to now has not been able to start his classes as yet because of ill health. The doctor's report is that he has high pertension and is sick with his heart.

That the Grenadians got to Mosow at all was somewhat of an chievement. The leaders of the New ewel Movement were criticized by he Soviet ambassador to Grenada or their failure to provide any stulents for Moscow, even though the tussians had offered no fewer than wenty scholarships to the island. ndeed, the Grenadians seemed to ave had a very hard time getting n the proper airplanes. At one oint, the Central Committee disussed the drafting of a letter to 7ietnam to explain that there would e a delay in sending students there ecause of "difficulties in obtaining irplane tickets," and Grenadians eaded for Eastern Europe seem alnost always to have encountered everal days' delay in Havana.

Cuba itself represented a signifcant moral challenge to Grenadian vomen. In February 1983, the New ewel Movement group in Cuba reorted home on its latest General feeting:

14. The GM also examined the problem of pregnancy among Grenadian sisters studying in Cuba and decided on the following:

a. Sessions be held through the NWO [National Women's Organization] so sisters can be educated on the importance of birth control.

b. That the male comrades speak to an encourage those sisters they have relations with to take birth control measures.

That this sort of problem was not n occasional one is demonstrated by a long letter written to the chairnan of the Central Committee by one Gemma Greaves, dated November 3, 1982. Comrade Greaves's adentures in overseas education combine many of the problems that teset the Soviets in their efforts to oring Leninist discipline to Grenada:

Comrades, on the 1st of October I returned from Cuba to Grenada

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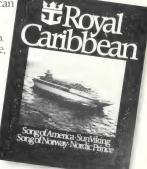
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after missing my flight to Bulgaria, which I was told in Cuba was as a result of indiscipline, and as a result of this I will have to return home to face the necessary disciplinary measures taken against me....

Comrades, I further understand that comrade Nelson is stating that he was present when I cursed the members of my group-which is totally false. The first time I saw Nelson in Cuba was two days after I missed my flight and the others had already left for Bulgaria, I further understand that that comrade went on to state that all the sisters "picked up man in Cuba." This I will like him to clarify since, at no time was he with the group. I view those statements as very damaging and scandalous towards sisters' character. I knew the Party expected the highest level of discipline from the group but at no time was I told or given the impression that sisters were suppose to isolate themselves from the opposite sex, I will really like the comrade to clarify his reason for saying all the sisters "picked up man in Cuba."

I saw Cde. Louison's behavior in Cuba contributing more to the degrading and detoriation of sisters character. For on the first day he saw me in Cuba ... after having difficulties in getting the comrades to drop me back to Cujae where at the time I was residing, he walked into the room where I was at the time and started undressing in my presence and told me let's go to sleep. It was at that time I got annoyed, and, if anybody accused me of cursing on that ocassion I will acknowledge I did and I feel I had the fullest right to do so on the ocassion, because I saw this as more disrespect on the part of comrade Nelson, And I will like to know if I had gone to bed with him on that night if my behaviour in Cuba would have been good or if I would have picked up man....

When you stop to consider that the Grenadians sent to the Soviet bloc on special missions represented the "best and the brightest" of the island, you get a sense of what the Kremlin was up against. Indeed, the more I read, the more optimistic I became about the future of Grenada. Unlike most countries in the modern world, Grenada seemed unaware that when you apply for loans

from the International Monetary Fund, you have to alter the financial data to fit the IMF's requirements. Thus, the minutes of the Political/Economic Bureau meeting of August 3, 1983, carry the following illuminating items:

Pre Programme year figures must be made available to the IMF. Cdes again highlighted the urgent importance of training Cdes to adjust the banking figures. Someone should be sent to Cuba or Suriname for trainine.....

The State monitoring Company must begin to function immediately, Also to hold sectoral meetings to discuss tightening of accounting and Management. The Cdes from Nicagura and Cuba must visit Grendatto train Cdes in the re-adjustment of the books....

Cde. Maurice Bishop suggested that we use the Suriname and Cuban experience in keeping two sets of records in the banks....

E DO NOT know whether the Cubans and Nicaraguans managed to teach the Grenadians the basics of modern international accounting practices, but one may doubt the efficiency with which the New Jewel Movement bookkeepers carried out their instructions. Relations between the Grenadians and their Cuban overseers were poor; the Grenadians resented the Cubans, whose arrogance and surliness seemed in keeping with the old colonial stereotypes. And one can well imagine the Cubans' frustration with their subjects, who took forever to get the international airport finished. (The Cubans needed it for military operations, but the Grenadians worked very slowly, not appreciating the urgency of the project since hardly any of them were let in on the secret. For the most part they believed the cover story that the airport was needed for tourism.) At the same time, the Grenadians possessed the chutzpah of the innocent. When Major Einstein Louison, chief of staff (!) of the Grenadian armed forces, was in Moscow for military courses, he was granted an audience with no less a personage than Marshal Ogarkov, the Soviet chief of staff. Judging from the (Grenadian) minutes of the meeting, Louison wa not awed; on the contrary, he wen on at some length to complain about Soviet failure to meet delivery sched ules for spare parts and weapons Ogarkov had to calm him down by noting with a tolerant chuckle that students should stick to their stud ies, but he went on to add that the Soviets had great plans for Grenada since it represented a considerable advance in the Western Hemisphere Why, Ogarkov said to Louison, just a few years ago we had only Cuba now we've got Cuba, Nicaragua you fellows in Grenada, and a major war going on in El Salvador.

However, the Russians didn't really have the "fellows" in Grenada they had loyal allies at the top of the New Jewel Movement (such as it was), but the NJM leaders assimilated the kind of paranoia that has long characterized the Kremlin Whether this was due to the training in intelligence given to NJM cadres in Moscow, or a largely local phenomenon, I cannot say, but a considerable amount of money and energy were given over to counterintelligence on Grenada itself, mostly directed against Grenadians. Thus, there were special counterintelligence groups within the Party, within the armed forces, and within the workers' organizations. Everyone outside the Marxist-Leninist fold (and some within it) was suspect, whether because of religious beliefs: life style, or skin color.

In particular, despite the close ties with Qadaffi's Libya, it seems that the New Jewel Movement did not much care for Muslims. In November 1980, a Special Branch agent spoke to a leading Muslim, who said:

"Why is it only Muslims, the Army and Police detain in connection with the slaying of the five men in St. Patrick's?... Sooner or later there will be war in Grenada, because, Army shoot a Muslim in the hils and nothing came out of that, now five men get shot and Government saying that it is Muslims are the ones who did the killings. My uncle is the President of the Mus-

lims Community in the West Indies and I have spoken to him on the phone in connection with the detention of the Muslims, so sooner or later there will be a Holy War because Muslims belief is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Subject went on to add that... you touch a Muslim, you touch all Muslims and revenge is justified according to Muslim law.

The Special Branch head comented, "We are in the process of tempting penetration as such an eology can cause us very serious oblems."

The counterintelligence officials onitored the mails, watched the . George's Medical School carelly, and were particularly suspious of anything that looked forgn. To whit.

On Tuesday 5th April there were three white men seen in the Windsor Forest, Vincennes region about 10.00 a.m. One of the men was half naked and carried a camera.

Leslie McSween reported that, when the men approached the base, they took pictures of objects surrounding the Camp at Windsor Forest including bill board advertising agro industries products! This bill board is also situated near to the house....

On Sunday 3rd April there was a yellow mini moke on Carbea beach about 1.00 p.m. The moke was driven by a white man. It was reported that the four people who live at Carbea beach was showing the channel and how it runs.

The person who made the [?] said that he thought that they wanted to bring in a yatch in the area soon.

Like all too many internal-secuty organizations, the Grenadian becial Branch lived in a world here, in the words of a "Top Setet" report in late 1979, "the greatst threat to our Department (and ur Nation) is the threat from within," and where, as a result, more quipment, manpower, and money ere always necessary:

From time to time we are forced to buy information and also have to incurr small expenses; a float of one thousand dollars would be greatly appreciated to ease this pressure. This money will also be used to advance Special Branch Operatives, in cases where it is necessary to buy a few drinks to gather information. I sincerely hope the P.R.G. [People's Revolutionary Government] can make this sum available.

LL OF this goes to show. I think, that it's hard for the islanders in the Indies to take Marxism seriously, and that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics will never be a model for the people of the Caribbean. As the documents show, this would not have prevented a Soviet takeover of the place; that was in fact fairly well advanced. But the Soviets were not dealing with a culture that lent itself to the slogans of Marxism-Leninism, or to the heavily bureaucratized, nastily militarized kind of country that they export wherever they go. After more than twenty vears, the Cubans have raised a new generation that goes by the Stalinist book: the Grenadians were far removed from that stage, as was discovered during the ill-fated "emergency crash course" of September last. Listen to what the note taker has to say:

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS:

TUTOR: How does the capitalist make more profits?

Anthony Lewis: Cheaper Labor.

Leroy John: Longer working hours.

George Best: Increase in prices.

Errol Antoine: Cutting staff (more work for workers—less wage paid out).

Anthony Lewis: Non recognition of Trade Union.

TUTOR: If workers don't struggle—what will happen to their share of the cake?

Mass participation: it will get smaller and smaller.

TUTOR: 1. It is important to understand that to struggle is a necessity—struggle leads to progress.

2. In a class society, there is always class struggle.

3. Class struggle is the engine of progress.

Anthony Lewis: Is there class on a universal scale?

Is there class struggle in the U.S.S.R.?

TUTOR: In response to the above questions, tutors started that these questions will be looked at in the next session.

At this stage a short address was delivered by A.U.C.C.T.U. Representative Brother Boris Pirchgun who focussed on these two areas. 1. Class in the U.S.S.R. 2. Korean Airline.

I doubt that even the presence of the Soviet Brother Boris sufficed to explain the intricacies of the class struggle in history to his students in Grenada. But if Grenadians weren't much at internal discipline or the subtleties of Marxism-Leninism, they were quick learners at the school of socialist grantsmanship. For the airport, they picked up big grants from Iraq and Libya; for agriculture they got money from the East Germans; for weapons, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Cuba, and Mother Russia chipped in. The rest was made up by Libya (Qadaffi was conned into paying the rent for the Grenadian Embassy in Tripoli, and provided two automobiles, along with salaries for all embassy staff), the Soviet Union, and the rest of the gang.

In the end, of course, the nastiness gained the upper hand, and the leaders of the New Jewel Movement started killing each other, thereby precipitating the calls for American intervention. I imagine that so far as the Grenadians themselves are concerned, the New Jewel phase of their recent history will be remembered in some catchy songs, just as they recalled the previous dictatorship:

Am sure by now you know about the Crisis in '74.

Look the man was crazy, Independence had he.

It was Mongoose Gang on the run Governor gone, one man get gun

Man you should see how they loot the city

And you know the man he had guts to tell the World that we were nuts.

And now you know is he not we.

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#### 7-FINGERED BLIND CLEANER



N ow a California designer has finally solved the problem of how to clean venetian blinds. This tool has 7 roller fingers, 4" long and covered with a synthetic lambswool that picks up and holds dust and dirt. Pull the trig

ger and the fingers spread enough to slip over the blind slats (6 mini-blind slats or 3 conventional slats). Release the trigger and the slats are held firmly between the cleaning rollers. Then move the cleaner back and forth along the blind, release and grip the next set of slats. When soiled, the rollers can be removed and washed. \$9.00 (\$1.95) #A787. Two for \$17.00 (\$1.95) #A7872.

#### WIDER-EYED WONDER

S mall may be beautiful some of the time, but with television pictures bigger is definitely better. Now you can more than double the size of your TV picture for about 5% the cost of a largescreen projection TV system. The Beamscope is a specially fabricated exceptionally hard acrylic that has been computer-etched with an array of tiny concentric microgrooves to make a distortion-free fresnel lens. With its aid, a 19" picture screen is enlarged 2.47 times, a 13" screen 3.43 times (other sizes show proportional enlargements). A simple telescopic mounting allows the Beamscope to slide against the TV when not in use. The lens is directional, so it works best for 1-3 people sitting fairly close together. The smaller Beamscope is for 12"-15" television sets, is 16" x 201/2", and costs \$60.00 (\$4.95) #A1065. A larger model, for 17"-19" sets, is 191/2" x 241 2" and costs \$72.00 (\$5.95) #A991. Both sizes come with dust jacket and simple mounting hardware that requires no tools. If there are video game enthusiasts in your household, the Beamscope will double their fun.





#### FRESH AIR MACHINES



ir pollution doesn't politely stop at the Afront door — it follows you right inside where it can be a real problem. Given how tightly buttoned houses are now to conserve energy. indoor air pollution can be a real problem. Cigarette smoke and other pollutants get more irritating as the air exchange rate goes down. The Bionaire 500 is like moving a mountain breeze indoors. It removes 99% of all particulate pollutants from the air - goodbye to soot, dust animal dander, pollen, cigarette smoke, smog, molds and fungi. Allergy sufferers breathe easier, everybody breathes more healthfully. The newly developed electret filter removes particles as small as 1/10,000 the thickness of a human hair (the tiniest particles cause the greatest health problems because they slip through the body's natural filtering mechanisms). The Bionaire 500 cleans 45 cubic feet of air a minute, the average room three times an hour. It includes a switchable ion generator - negative ions are well-known for their presumed psychological good effects, creating a sense of well-being. A switchable fragrance dispenser allows you to add a fresh scent to the air when you wish. The Bionaire 500 measures 11" x 7" x 5", uses only 45 watts energy, comes in a smoothly styled hard plastic case with woodgrain finish. The Bionaire 500 costs \$125.00 (\$9.95) #A822. A larger model 1000 has three speeds instead of two and cleans 118 CFM of air. This unit measures 14" x 8" x 81/2" with a lifetime steel housing. The Bionaire 1000 costs \$275.00 (\$12.95) #A823. An even larger model 2001, not shown, cleans 300 CFM of air and costs \$399.00 (\$14.95) #A880. All models are III-Listed and carry 1-year limited warranties.

#### ULTRA-HUMIDIFIEI

ere is a nevi proach to hum ing that is so revolu ary and inventive it makes all other humidifiers obsolet the ultra-sonic hu fier. We discover last fall in Japar during home use winter found its formance to be outstanding. It extremely high quency sound way break up water i

fine mist that carries and diffuses excer ally well. One tabletop unit can humidi entire 1500 sq. ft. apartment or house. It is ultra-safe - the vapor stream is cold though it looks like hot steam) so it is impos to get a burn. It is ultra-quiet - virtually i less, unlike conventional humidifiers. ultra-portable - measures only 14" x 6 weighs under 12 lbs, and has a convenient handle. The removable reservoir holds one s of water, refillable at any sink and runs for hours on a filling. This humidifier by Bionain a humidstat control (low, medium or high shuts off automatically when it reaches desired humidity level. Emitting nozzle sv 360° and the unit shuts off automatically empty or tipped over. \$149.00 (\$10.95) #A

#### **UL LIGHT BUTTON**

They are familiar household conveniences now, the little light-wave rectifier buttons that attach to the bottom of light bulbs and extend their life 50 to 100 times, sparing you the trouble of bulbchanging for years at a



stretch while you save a bundle in bulb-rement costs. But the Zana Power Disc is the light button available that is UL-listed, me it has survived nearly two years of strein independent laboratory testing and been tified safe for home and commercial uprovides security along with savings, safe enveven for high-temperature recessed fixture are offering 6 for \$16.00 (\$2.95) \*A9641 manufacturer provides a 5-year warrantyl Zana Power Disc is new on the consumer manufactors and the consumer manufactors are supported to the consumer manufactors and the consumer manufactors are supported to the consumer manufactors and the consumer manufactors are supported to the consumer manufactors are supported to



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setting. The LCD display dims itself in the dark, brightens in the light. Snooze bar offers 7-minute reprieve. Ramp-up volume eases up to level over 10 seconds. Plus sleep control, date indicator and back up battery. All in a handsomely styled flat black compact case (31/4" x 51/2" x 101/2") for just \$119.00 (\$6.95) #A989. No surprise that Proton gets rave reviews in the electronic and business press.

#### **DUST-MAGNETS**\*\*



f we ever compile a book on The Old Ways That ■ Were Better Ways, we will certainly include a chapter on lambswool dusters. On its own lambswool actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the wool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making these dusters just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. The standard 27" long duster costs \$7.00 (\$1.95) #A780; the bent-handled model is \$8.00 (\$1.95) #A781; two mini-dusters cost \$8.00 (\$1.95) #A794. The entire group, a total of four dusters, costs just \$16.00 (\$2.95) #A783.

#### GIVING DUST THE BRUSH

S aving energy means paying attention to the small things around the house - like the refrigerator coils. Once these coils become coated with dust, the efficiency of your refrigerator drops dramatically. Simply cleaning the coils and keeping them clean — can reduce your refrigerator's electric consumption as much as 10%. This brush, angled and with tapered bristles, is designed to clean deep in the coils where vacuum cleaners and dust cloths won't reach. It is a full 27" long with 12" of bristles and a sturdy 15" wooden handle. It costs only \$8.00 (\$1.95) #A427.

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The price of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to add the item price plus shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the total price of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your

#### T SHEETS



The principle of using layers of blankets at night is to trap in as much of the natural body heat as possible. But blankets don't always do the job they

pposed to do. Most blankets are made of fibers so there are little spaces to let the escape. Now comes the Con-Serv energybed warmer, a thermolined mattress pad adiates body heat from the mattress up! ed warmer uses no electricity, so it's safe all children. You can turn down the room ostat at night and remain nice and cozy in itural warmth of your bed. As far as care this bed warmer is stain and moistureint, wipes clean with a damp cloth. Availn two sizes: Single/Twin, 36x60", \$10.00 ) #A392. Double/Queen, 60x60", \$12.00 ) #A393. Two single/twin warmers for use g size beds cost \$14.00 (\$2.95) #A931.



#### THINKING THERMOSTAT



The basic method for reducing home heating costs is to turn down the thermostat. The thinking man's thermostat - with a built-in microprocessor unit - lets you program the temperature you want and the time you want it, so the house is warm when you step out of bed. As for the "thinking," the unit senses the rate of heat loss for the house, so it turns on the furnace earlier on very cold mornings, later on warmer mornings. The program (set up with a single button) can accommodate 6 different temperature settings each day through a cycle of 7 days, so it is no problem to set up different schedules for workdays and weekends. Best of all, you can install it yourself in place of your present thermostat in about 10 minutes. The thermostat works just as effectively with central air conditioning. \$79.00 (\$3.95) #A855. The unit also qualifies for the 15% energy tax credit.

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April 19, 1980. A crowd follows the hearse bearing Sartre's body. It was "the last of the demonstrations of '68."

#### An intimate memoir by Simone de Beauvoir

re was quite satisfied with his various commitits when we returned to Paris in September 1970 r a happy stay in Rome. He lived in an austere e apartment on the tenth floor of a building in Boulevard Raspail, opposite the Montparnasse veyard and quite close to my place. He liked it e. He led a fairly even life that varied little from to day. He regularly saw long-established women nds-Wanda K., Michèle Vian, and his adopted ghter, Arlette Elkaïm, at whose home he slept nights a week. The other evenings he spent with We talked, and we listened to music. I had built a large collection of records and I added to it ry month. Sartre was much interested in the nnese school, particularly Berg and Webern, and ome modern composers: Stockhausen, Xenakis, io, and Penderecki as well as many others. But was always happy to go back to the great classics. loved Monteverdi, Gesualdo, Mozart's operaswe all, Cosí fan tutte—and Verdi's. During these ne concerts we would eat a hard-boiled egg or a e of ham and drink a little Scotch. I live in what I estate agents call "an artist's studio with loggia." pend my days in a big, high-ceilinged room; an ide staircase leads to a bedroom, which is conted to the bathroom by a kind of balcony. Sartre ot upstairs and came down in the morning to e tea with me. Sometimes, one of his friends, iane Siegel, would come and take him out for fee at a little place near his building. He freently saw Bost at my apartment in the evening, quite often Lanzmann, with whom he had many in spite of certain disagreements about the aeli-Palestinian question. He was particularly fond

s narrative, and the accompanying interview, are taken m Adieux: A Farewell to Sartre, by Simone de Beauvoir, nslated by Patrick O'Brian, which will be published by theon Books in April.

of Saturday evenings, which Sylvie\* spent with us, and of lunchtime on Sunday, when we all three met at La Coupole. At long intervals we also met other friends.

In the afternoons I worked at Sartre's place. I was waiting for Old Age to come out and thinking about one last volume of my memoirs. He was revising and correcting his portrait of Dr. Flaubert in The Family Idiot. It was a splendid autumn, blue and gold. The opening year promised very well.

Sartre's health no longer worried me, and had not for a great while now. Although he smoked two packs of Boyards a day his arteritis had not grown worse. It was suddenly, toward the end of September, that I began to be frightened.

One Saturday evening we had dinner with Sylvie at Dominique's, and Sartre drank a great deal of vodka. Back at my place he first dozed and then fell fast asleep, dropping his cigarette. We helped him up to his bedroom. The next morning he seemed to be perfectly well and went back to his own apartment. But when at two o'clock Sylvie and I went to fetch him for lunch, he bumped into the furniture at every step. When he left La Coupole he was staggering, although he had drunk very little. We took him to Wanda's place in the Rue du Dragon in a taxi, and as he got out he nearly fell.

He had had fits of giddiness before this. When we were in Rome in 1968 his legs gave way when he stepped out of the car in the Piazza Santa Maria dei Trastevere to such an extent that Sylvie and I had to support him. I did not think it of much consequence, but I was surprised, since he had drunk nothing! Yet these disturbances had never been so marked as they were now, and I had a suspicion of their gravity. In my diary I wrote, "This little apartment, so cheerful since I came back, has changed it color. The pretty velvet-piled carpet brings mourn-

\*Sylvie Le Bon, a philosophy professor and close friend of De Beauvoir.

ing to mind. That is how life will have to be-with happiness and moments of delight when all goes well, but with the threat hanging there-life set between parentheses."

Sartre was staying much of the time with me, because his elevator was out of order, and he found it very tiring to walk up ten flights of stairs. On Tuesday, May 18, as on all other Tuesdays, Sartre arrived at my place in the evening; he had spent the previous evening and night with Arlette. "How are you?" I asked in the ordinary, rather casual way. "Well, not so good." And indeed his legs were giving way under him, he spoke indistinctly, and his mouth was a little twisted. I had not noticed that he was ailing the day before, because we had been listening to music and had hardly talked at all. But that evening he had reached Arlette's in a bad way, and he had awakened this morning in the state in which I saw him now; obviously he had had a slight stroke during the night. I had dreaded an occurrence of this kind for a long while, and I had vowed I would keep my head. I forced myself to remember the case of friends who had gone through the same sort of trial and who had recovered. In any event Sartre was to see his doctor the next day, and that calmed me a little, but only a little. I had to make a great effort not to let my panic show. Sartre insisted upon drinking his usual dose of whiskey, so that by midnight he could not pronounce his words at all and found it very difficult to drag himself as far as his bed. All night long I struggled against anguish.

The next morning Liliane Siegel went with him to Dr. Zaidmann's. He telephoned to tell me that all was well; he had a blood pressure reading of 18, which was normal for him, and he was going to start on a serious course of treatment right away. A little later Liliane, also speaking on the telephone, was less sanguine. According to Zaidmann the crisis was worse than that of October, and it was worrying that the anomalies should have come back so quickly. No doubt one of the reasons was that since March he had no longer been taking his medicines, and it had also been very bad for him to walk up ten flights of stairs every now and then. But the essence of the matter was that the blood had great difficulty in circulating in a certain area on the left

side of his brain....

I felt very anxious leaving him. He was going to spend three weeks with Arlette and two with Wanda while I traveled with Sylvie. I liked these journeys, but parting from Sartre was always something of a wrench for me. This time we had lunch together at La Coupole, where Sylvie was to come for me at four o'clock. I stood up three minutes before the hour. He gave me an indefinable smile and said, "So this is the farewell ceremony!" I touched his shoulder without replying. The smile and the words

stayed with me for a great while. I gave the will farewell the ultimate meaning it was to have so years later, but when that happened I was the ch one to say it.

I left for Italy with Sylvie, and the next night stayed at Bologna. In the morning we took highway that led to the east coast. The landsc was drowned in a warm fog, and never in my have I known such a feeling of absurdity and forst enness. What was I doing here? Why had I con My love for Italy soon seized me again, but ever night before going to sleep I wept for a long wh

Meanwhile, Sartre was in Switzerland; from to to time a telegram told me that he was well. when I reached Rome, where he was to join m found a letter from Arlette. Sartre had had a rela-On waking he realized what had happened, as had the first time. His mouth was even more twisthan it had been in May, pronunciation was d cult, and his arm insensitive to heat and cold.

I went to fetch him at the Termini Station. Bet I caught sight of him he hailed me. He was wear a light-colored suit and he had a cap on his he His face was swollen—one of his teeth was abscess —but he seemed in good health. We settled in little apartment on the sixth floor of the hotel. It a terrace that gave us a boundless view out of the Quirinal, the roof of the Pantheon, Saint Pet and the Capitol, whose lights we saw go out even night at twelve. That year, part of the terrace been turned into a drawing room, separated for the open-air section by a glass screen, and we col sit there at any time. Sartre's abscess went do and he had no other trouble. He no longer seen remote, and he was full of life and merriment.

About two o'clock we would eat a sandwich r the hotel; in the evening we walked along to d in the Piazza Navona or in a nearby restaur Sometimes Sylvie drove us to Trastevere or the Appia Antica. Sartre prudently put on his hat wa he crossed a sunny stretch. He took his medical regularly, drank a single glass of white wine at lur beer at dinner, and then two glasses of whiskey the terrace. No coffee, and tea only for break (in other years he had drunk an exceedingly pow ful brew at five o'clock). He corrected the third ume of The Family Idiot and amused himself reading gialli, Italian detective stories.

Looking at Sartre as he was during this Ron vacation one would have given him twenty years life to come. What is more, he reckoned on it has self. One day, when I complained that we always chanced on the same gialli, he said, "It's nature There's only a finite number of them. You c hope to read new ones all through the twenty year to come...."

Suddenly, during the evening of December 1, said to me, "I've used up my store of health. I wo live beyond seventy." I protested. He went on, " told me yourself that people find it hard to record m a third stroke." I could no longer remember ving said that; no doubt it had been a warning ainst possible overindulgences. "The ones you've d were very slight," I said. He continued, "Tm aid I shan't finish the Flaubert." "Does that grieve u?" "Yes, it does." And he spoke to me about interal. He wanted a very simple ceremony, and wanted to be cremated. Above all, he did not shot be buried in the Père Lachaise graveyard tween his mother and stepfather. He hoped that great number of Maoists would follow his coffinis not often that he thought about it, he told me, think about it he did.

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the middle of October I once more became are of the irreversible deterioration of old age. . . . ie afternoon, when we were going along by the ntheon, back toward the hotel, and he was walkvery quickly ahead of us, he stopped and said, lats have just pissed on me. I went close to the lustrade and I was wet on." Sylvie believed him d laughed about it. For my part I knew what was e matter, but I said nothing. In Paris, at the beming of October, Sartre got up to go to the bathom—he was in my apartment—and there was a ark on his chair. I told Sylvie that he had spilled me tea. "You would say that a child had had accident," she observed. The next evening, in e same circumstances, there was another mark. I spoke to Sartre about it. "You are incontint. You ought to tell the doctor." To my utter tonishment he replied in a perfectly natural ice, "I have told him. It has been going on for a ng while now. It's those cells that I lost." Sartre had ways been extremely puritanical; he never referred his natural functions, and he carried them out with e utmost discretion. That was why I asked him the ext morning whether he did not find this lack of entrol exceedingly embarrassing. He answered with smile, "When you're old you can't expect too uch, your claims have to be modest." I was touched his simplicity and by this moderation, so new in m; and at the same time his lack of aggressiveness id his resignation wounded me. . . .

On November 26 we watched the showing of the m about him, and just as he appeared on the reen, so he was in life; there were moments when seemed to me to be overflowing with youth. What was so extraordinary about Sartre and so sconcerting for those around him was that he could nerge, cheerful and intact, from the bottom of bysses that seemed to have swallowed him forever. had wept over him for a whole summer, and yet had returned entirely to his former state, wholly mself again, as though "the wing of weakness" ad never brushed him. These resurrections, this sturning from limbo, explain the fact that later on could say from one page to another, "He was very

ill. He was very well." He possessed a fund of physical and mental health that resisted all attack until his last hours.)



The only dark cloud was his eyes. The fact was that Sartre saw badly. I remember him, leaning over a big magnifying glass that our Japanese friend had given him and anxiously peering at newspaper articles. Even with the magnifying glass he could not manage to read everything. He tried again and again, always without success....

He changed his living quarters, his place on the Boulevard Raspail having become too small. Arlette and Liliane had found him a much bigger apartment; it, too, was on the tenth floor, but there were two elevators. The apartment had a big study overlooking the Rue du Départ, with the new Tour Montparnasse high-rise in the foreground and the Eiffel Tower in the distance. Sartre would have one of the two bedrooms whose windows opened onto an inner garden, while someone else could sleep in the other, so that he would no longer be alone at night. He visited this new and as yet unfurnished dwelling and liked it.

He was in an excellent frame of mind, and he said he could see a little better. There was no question of reading, but he could play draughts. He spoke of what he called "my illness" with a certain satisfaction. "I'm too fat," he told me. "It's because of my illness." And in the street, when we were going to have lunch, "Don't walk so quickly; I can't keep up with you because of my illness." I said, "But you aren't ill anymore." "What am I then?" he said. "Failing?" The word wrung my heart. "Of course not," I said. "It's only that your legs are a little weak." But I was not really sure what he thought of his condition. . . .

Gisèle Halimi telephoned to tell me that she had been accosted by France-Soir journalists who asked, with man-eating expressions on their faces, "What's the matter with Sartre? He doesn't look well." "He's convalescing," she replied. And they, without the slightest shame, "If anything happens, you'll let us know, won't you?" The fact is that with his dragging walk, his corpulence, and his remote, vague look, Sartre was a sad spectacle. We had passed Simone Signoret in the Place Dauphine, and she had seemed much struck by the sight of him. He had some suspicion of it. One day as we were walking slowly along the Rue Delambre on the way to have lunch at the Dôme, he said, "I don't look too much like an invalid, do I?" I lied reassuringly....

When I went to his apartment on Saturday, December 15, I found him sitting at his worktable, and in a heartbroken voice he said, "I have no ideas." He was to draw up an appeal in favor of *Libération*, which was doing very badly. I advised him to have a short sleep, and afterward we both worked on it

together. He found it hard to concentrate, but even so he gave me the essential lines. Gavi came for the paper and he was pleased with it. A little later I read Sartre the end of Geneviève Idt's excellent little book on The Words. It filled him with satisfaction. But then once again he pierced my heart. Looking around his study, he said, "It's odd to think that it's mine, this apartment." "It's a very fine one, you know." "I don't like it anymore." "Oh, come. You were very pleased with it." "One gets tired of things." "You tire quickly. I've been in mine eighteen years now and I like it still." "Yes, but this apartment is the place where I don't work anymore."

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Dr. Lepresle told me again over the telephone that Sartre was doing very well, that he did not need to see him again for three months, and that it was normal that he should take refuge in sleep from a truth that was too distressing to confront. I told Sartre that according to Lepresle his health was excellent. "And my eyes? What did he say about my eyes?" There was a poignant mixture of intense anxiety and hope in the question. "Eyes are not his concern," I said. "But everything is connected," said Sartre. And he went to sleep. I was shattered. It is appalling to watch the death agony of a hope.

The next day we talked about how he might try to work in the meantime. Abruptly, just before going to bed, he said in a harsh voice, "My eyes are done for... according to everything everybody tells me." The day after that he picked up a detective story that was lying about in his apartment and put it down under his big lamp. "I want to see the title." He made it out correctly, although quite often he could not read the newspaper headlines. Unfortunately, this did not prove much. He did have a certain margin of vision, but it was very much re-



Sartre, Jean-Luc Godard, and De Beauvoir distributing La Cause du Peuple, a leftist paper of which Sartre was editor.

duced. The next day I asked him whether he wou' like us to try working. "No, not yet; not right away He, who was usually so far from touchy, reacted once where his eyes were concerned. As we we going along the covered way in the big garden the inner court of his building, I caught sight of or reflection in a far-off glass door. "Oh, it's us!" I crid like a fool. "Let me beg of you not to be the al seeing wonder," he said crossly....

In spite of springlike and even summerlike weat er, he was rather gloomy. "I have the feeling perpetually living the same day over again. I see yo I see Arlette, various doctors... and then it is repeated." He added, "Even as far as the electionare concerned... people come to fetch me and the get me to speak; but it's very different from the A gerian war." I told him I had much the same in pression with the feminists. "It's age," he conclude not too sadly....

Sartre went back to attending the Temps modern meetings. All those who were present on October -Etcherelli, Pouillon, and Horst-thought he w completely transformed. He saw the Libération tea once more. He continued his discussions with Vict and had a great many appointments. In the after noons and some evenings I read him the books I wanted to know about (Gramsci's political writings, report on Chile, the most recent issues of Les Tem modernes, a work on surrealism and dreams, and Quentin Bell's biography of Virginia Woolf). He i longer dozed off, and he had almost perfectly adapt his motions as far as eating, smoking, and walking about were concerned. "Everything's fine, I promi you," he said to me kindly. "You read to me; we wor I can see well enough to move about. Everything fine." I admired him for the serenity of mind he ha regained. (In truth, what serenity? Was it the provi acquiescence of the sage? An old man's indifference The desire not to be burdensome to others? Ho can one tell? I know from experience that the states of mind cannot be put into words. Pride, w dom, and care for those around him forbade Sart to complain, even to himself. But in his heart hearts, what did he feel? No one could have a swered, not even he.)

#### 1975

Thanks to all his activities, Sartre was once mo happy to be alive. One morning Liliane asked his "It doesn't bother you much, being dependent others?" He smiled. "No. There's even somethis rather agreeable about it." "Being coddled?" "Yes "Because you feel we love you?" "Oh, I knew th already. But it's pleasant." On November 10 t European edition of Newsweek published an inteview Sartre had given Jane Friedman. She askin, "What is the most important thing in your li at present?" He replied, "I don't know. Everythin Living. Smoking."

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the beginning of March, Sartre dictated an artion Pasolini to me. He had met him in Rome I he liked some of his films, particularly the first t of Medea, which he considered an extraordiy evocation of the holy. In this article he reflected on the circumstances of Pasolini's death. He first ote it in his illegible hand and then recited it to by heart. It was a good article, and it appeared the Corriere della Sera of March 14, 1976. He s pleased with having managed to produce it in s than three hours. Sartre had not been in such od form intellectually for a long while. To be sure, netimes his light seemed to have gone out, but it was when the gathering was too large or when ople bored him. He could be full of life and imdiately present. It is also true that although he ald listen, reply, and discuss, he was no longer entive. There was a kind of emptiness within him, d that is why eating and drinking took on a much ater importance for him than they had had in lier days. He found it hard to adapt himself to w things. And he found being contradicted very rd to bear. I almost never did it, although he made ormous blunders about what had happened in the

On March 20 we set off with Sylvie for Venice, city that the three of us never tired of. Taking ry short steps, Sartre went for quite long walks th me. "Doesn't it bore you, being with a little eature who walks so slowly?" he once asked me. lite sincerely, I said no. The fact that he could ilk at all was already enough to make me happy. metimes in a melancholy voice he would still say, shall never get my eyes back." And it made him I when a passenger in a vaporetto took his arm help him get out at the stopping place. "Do I ally look like a cripple?" he asked me. "You look though you see badly," I said. "There's nothing be ashamed of in that!" But these clouds soon nished. As I was suffering from a kind of neuralin my right arm, I said to him, "Well, what of It's old age. One always has one damned thing another." "Not me," he said with conviction. 'here's nothing wrong with me." That made me ugh, and after a moment's thought he laughed too.

1977

Ithough Sartre's blood pressure had gone down a eat deal, Doctor Cournot asked him to go to the coussais Hospital for a checkup. I slept at his apartent, as I did every Tuesday, and at half past eight the morning Liliane came to fetch us. We helped urtre cross the garden and go down to the car in e elevator. He could scarcely walk. At the hostal a male nurse took him away in a wheelchair, he doctors decided to keep him until the next afmoon. I stayed in his room and attended to the

formalities of signing him in while he underwent numerous examinations.

I went back to the hospital the next morning. They were now carrying out a long X-ray examination—thorax, legs, hands, and so on. They brought him back to his bed and Dr. Housset appeared. He spoke forcibly. Sartre could save his legs only by giving up tobacco. If he did not smoke anymore, his state could be much improved and he could be assured of a quiet old age and a normal death. Otherwise his toes would have to be cut off, then his feet, and then his legs. Sartre seemed impressed.

On Sunday, Sylvie, he, and I went to see our friend Tomiko in her beautiful house at Versailles. We ate a stuffed duck and drank some excellent wine. We spent the evening reading and talking. He had made up his mind to stop smoking the next day, Monday. I said, "Doesn't it make you sad to think you're smoking your last cigarette?" "No. To tell you the truth I find them rather disgusting now." No doubt he associated them with the idea of being cut to pieces little by little. The next day he handed me his cigarettes and lighters to give to Sylvie. And that evening he told me that he was in an astonishingly good mood because he had stopped smoking. It was a final renunciation and he never seemed to find it burdensome. . . .

When he was alone with me he was open and full of life. But when other people were there he often became withdrawn, closed in upon himself. Even with Bost one evening he did not say a word. Bost, overwhelmed, said to me, "How can one accept that such a thing should happen to him?"

It was precisely to him, I thought, that it had to happen. As far as he himself was concerned he had always carried out the policy of full employment, with no time off. If he felt tired, hesitant, or sleepy, he stuffed himself with Corydrane. An inborn, constitutional narrowness of his arteries did predispose him to the disease that struck him, but the least one can say is that he did nothing to avert it. He played ducks and drakes with his "capital of health." And he knew it, since he said in effect, "I should rather die a little earlier and have written the Critique of Dialectical Reason." He liked living-indeed, he loved it-but on condition of being able to work. Work was an obsession with him. When he found that he was incapable of carrying through what he had undertaken, he overdid the stimulants, and he so increased his activities and exceeded his strength that he made a stroke inevitable. One of the consequences that he had not foreseen and that horrified him was his near-blindness.

The tragedy of Sartre's last years was the consequence of his life as a whole. It is to him that one can apply Rilke's words: "Every man bears his death within himself, as the fruit bears its stone." His decline and death were those that his life had called for. And perhaps that is why he accepted them so serenely.

1978

He still saw many young women—Melina and several others. One day, when he was complaining of working too little with Victor, I said to him with a laugh, "Too many young ladies!" "But it's useful to me," he replied. And indeed I believe that it was largely to them that he owed his taste for life. With a naïve self-satisfaction he told me, "I've never been so popular with women before."

Yet he did have one grave anxiety: money. Ever since I had known him he had been unfailingly prodigal, and in the course of his life he had given away everything he earned to various people. At this point he was regularly paying out quite large sums every month to different recipients. His allowance from Gallimard was swallowed up at once. If I asked him to buy himself a new pair of shoes, he would reply, "I haven't the money." It was difficult to make him accept them as a gift. And he owed his publisher a sum he considered important. This position bred a positive anxiety in him, not for himself but for all those who depended on him.

1981

According to a fresh checkup at Broussais Hospital on February 4 Sartre was neither better nor worse. He found his activities interesting, his relations with young women amusing. In spite of everything life was a joy to him. I remember one morning when a brilliant winter sun flooded into his study, full on his face. "Oh, the sun!" he cried in an ecstasy. We planned to go, Sylvie, he, and I, to Belle-Ile for the Easter vacation, and he often spoke of it in a happy voice. He was careful enough about his health to maintain his giving up of tobacco. And as far as I knew he drank only a very little. He was so slow with the half bottle of chablis he ordered when we had lunch together that he left as much as he drank.

Yet one Sunday morning at the beginning of March Arlette found him lying on his bedroom floor with a terrible hangover. We learned that he got his various young women, who knew nothing of the danger, to bring him bottles of whiskey and vodka. He hid them in a chest or behind books. That Saturday evening—the only night he had spent alone since Wanda's departure—he had got drunk. Arlette and I emptied the hiding places, I telephoned the young women asking them not to bring any more alcohol, and I scolded Sartre vehemently. In fact, since it had no immediate consequences, this outbreak obviously did not damage his health; but I was rather uneasy about the future. . . .

On Thursday, March 30, I went to wake him at nine o'clock. Usually, when I went into his room, he was still dozing; this time he was sitting on the edge of his bed, gasping, almost unable to speak. Once when Arlette was there he had had what he called "an attack of aerophagia," but it had passed

off quite soon. This one had been going on since fi in the morning, and he had not had the strength drag himself as far as my door and knock. I w frightened; I tried to telephone, but the service h been cut off. I threw on my clothes and used t concierge's telephone to call a nearby doctor, wl came at once. As soon as he had seen Sartre telephoned the emergency service from a neighbo: apartment, and they arrived in five minutes. Sart was bled, given an injection, and treatment that last ed for nearly an hour. Then he was laid on a kir of wheeled stretcher that was rolled down a lo corridor; he was breathing oxygen from a mask the a doctor held over his head. They put him into elevator and took him to an ambulance that w waiting at one of the entrances. It was not yet know to which hospital he would be taken; they wou telephone the concierge. I went up to his apartme again to wash and dress properly. Now that he w in good hands, I thought the attack would quick be brought to an end. I did not cancel my lun with Den and Jean Pouillon. I never imagined who I closed the apartment door behind me as I set of to meet them that it would never open for me agai

The next afternoon, the doctors told me the Sartre had a pulmonary edema that was giving him a high temperature but that would soon reabsorbed. He was in a big, light-filled room at he thought he was in the suburbs. The fever may him delirious. That morning he had said to Arlet "You're dead too, my dear. What did it feel lik being cremated? Well, here we are, both of us denow." When I was there he told me he had just be to lunch at his secretary's house near Paris. While secretary? He never used the word for either Vict or Puig. He called them by their names. As I seemd surprised he explained that the doctor had very kin ly lent him his car to take him there and bring hi back. He had passed through some very curious and very agreeable suburbs. Had he not dreamed it, asked him? He said no, looking cross, so I did n press the point.

The fever lessened during the days that followe and the delirium stopped. The doctors told me th the attack had been caused by a lack of irrigation the lungs, the arteries not functioning properly. B now the pulmonary circulation was reestablishe We had thought of leaving for Belle-Ile quite so

and Sartre was delighted at the idea.

Presently I asked Dr. Housset when he would lable to leave. Hesitantly he replied, "I can't say. he's frail, very frail." And two or three days lat he said that Sartre would have to go down to the intensive care unit again.

There was in fact no longer any question of ging to Belle-Ile. I canceled the rooms I had reserve The doctor wanted to have Sartre within reach case of a fresh attack. But they did bring him bat to a room, bigger and lighter than the first. "The is fine," he told me, "because now I'm quite ne

me." He still had a vague belief that at first he d been taken to a hospital in a suburb of Paris. He med more and more weary; he began to have bedes, and his bladder functioned badly. From time time I left his room so that a visitor might come -Bost or Lanzmann. When I did so I went and in a waiting room. It was there that I overheard Housset and another doctor talking, and they ed the word "uremia." I understood that there s no hope for Sartre and I knew that uremia ofbrought hideous suffering with it. I burst into rs and flung myself into Housset's arms. "Promme that he won't know he's dying, that he won't through any mental anguish, that he won't have y pain!" I promise you that, madame," he said ively....

He did not suffer during the few days that folved. "There's just one rather disagreeable mont," he told me, "and that is when they dress my dsores in the morning. But that's all." These bed-'es were horrifying to see (but fortunately they re hidden from him)—great purplish-blue and

idened patches.

He slept a great deal, but he still spoke to me idly. At times it almost seemed that he hoped to well. Pouillon came to see him during the very t days of his illness; Sartre asked him for a glass water, saying cheerfully, "The next time we have drink together, it'll be at my place and it'll be iskey!" But the next day he asked me, "How are going to manage the funeral expenses?" I proted, of course, and branched off to the cost of the spital, assuring him that the social security sere would look after it. But I saw that he knew end was near and that the knowledge did not erwhelm him. His only anxiety was the one that d tormented him these last years-the lack of oney. He did not dwell on it, did not ask me any estions about his health. The next day, with closed es, he took me by the wrist and said, "I love you y much, my dear Castor."\* On April 14 he was eep when I came; he woke and said a few words thout opening his eyes, then he held up his lips me. I kissed his mouth and his cheek. He went ck to sleep. These words and these actions were usual for him; they were obviously related to the ospect of his death.

On the morning of Tuesday, April 15, when as ual I asked whether Sartre had slept well, the rse replied, "Yes. But...." I hurried over at once. E was asleep and breathing quite strongly; he was viously in a coma, and he had been since the ening before. I stayed there for hours, watching n. At about six I made way for Arlette, asking r to telephone if anything happened. At nine the ephone rang. She said, "It's over." I came with lvie. He looked just the same, but he no longer eathed.

Sylvie told Lanzmann, Bost, Pouillon, and Horst. 1ey came at once. We were allowed to stay in the



Simone de Beauvoir at Sartre's burial."I told myself that this was exactly the funeral Sartre had wanted, and that he would never know about it."

room until five the next morning I asked Sylvie to go and get some whiskey and we drank it as we talked about Sartre's last days and his earlier times, and about what would have to be done.

At one point I asked to be left alone with Sartre, and I made as if to lie down beside him under the sheet. A nurse stopped me. "No. Take care... the gangrene." It was then that I understood the real nature of the bedsores. I lay on top of the sheet and I slept a little. At five the male nurses came. They stretched a sheet and a kind of cover over Sartre and took him away.

I finished the night at Lanzmann's, where I also slept on Wednesday. For the days that followed I stayed with Sylvie, where I was better protected from telephone calls and journalists than in my own apartment. During the day I saw my sister, who had come from Alsace, and my friends. I looked at the papers and also at the telegrams that came flooding in at once. Lanzmann, Bost, and Sylvie took care of all the formalities. At first the funeral was fixed for Friday, but then it was changed to Saturday so that more people could attend. Giscard d'Estaing let it be known that he knew Sartre would not have wished for a national funeral, but that he offered to pay the expenses. We refused. He made a point of paying his respects to Sartre's remains.

On Saturday morning we gathered in the lecture theater of the hospital, where Sartre was laid out, his face uncovered, stiff and cold in the clothes that Sylvie had brought for him to wear when he went to the opera. They were the only ones in my apartment, and she had not liked to go to his to find others. At my request Pingaud took some photographs of him. After quite a long time the men turned the

<sup>\*</sup>Castor is the French word for "beaver," and is thus a play on "Beauvoir." It was Sartre's nickname for her.

sheet back over Sartre's face, closed the coffin, and took it away.

I got into the hearse with Sylvie, my sister, and Arlette. Before us there was a car covered with splendid sheaves of flowers and wreaths. A kind of minibus carried those friends who were old or unable to walk far. A huge crowd followed-about fifty thousand people, most of them young. There were some who rapped on the hearse windows; these were usually photographers leaning their cameras against the glass to take me unawares. Some of the friends of Les Temps modernes formed a barrier behind the hearse, and all around it people we did not know spontaneously linked hands, making a chain. All the way the crowd was orderly and warmly sympathetic, generally speaking. "This is the last of the 1968 demonstrations," said Lanzmann. For my part, I saw nothing. I was more or less anesthetized by Valium and braced taut in my determination not to collapse. I told myself that this was exactly the funeral Sartre had wanted, and that he would never know about it. When I got out of the hearse the coffin was already at the bottom of the tomb. I asked for a chair and I sat there at the edge of the open grave, my mind a blank. I saw people who had climbed onto walls, onto tombs. I stood up to go back to the car. It was only ten yards away but the crowd was so dense that I thought I should be smothered. Then there I was at Lanzmann's house again with friends who had come straggling back

from the graveyard. As we did not wish to separa' we had dinner together at Zeyer's, in a private roo! I remember nothing about it....

Sartre's ashes were brought to the Montponasse cemetery. Every day unknown hands lay lite bunches of fresh flowers on his grave.

There is one question that I have not asked m self, I admit. It will perhaps occur to the read Should I not have warned Sartre of the imminers of his death? When he was in the hospital, weaken and without resilience, all I thought of was hidithe gravity of his condition from him. But before that? He had always told me that in the event cancer or any other incurable disease he wanted know. Yet his was an ambiguous case. He was ' danger," but would he hold out another ten yea as he had wished, or would everything be over a year or two? Nobody knew. He had no arrans ments to make; he could not have taken better caof himself. And he loved living. He had alrea found it hard enough to accept his blindness at his infirmities. If he had been more exactly away of the threat that hung over him, it would only ha darkened his last years without doing any good. any case, like him, I wavered between dread a hope. My silence did not separate us.

His death does separate us. My death will r bring us together again. That is how things are, was in itself splendid enough that we could live c lives in harmony for so long.

#### A Conversation about Death and God

(This is an excerpt from the conversations with Sartre that De Beauvoir taped in the summer and fall of 1974. The full text will appear in Adieux.)

DE BEAUVOIR: When all is said and done, you look upon death with great serenity.

SARTRE: Even so, the approach of death does look like a series of deprivations. For instance I was a heavy drinker, as you know, and one of the pleasures of my life, even when I was worried for objective reasons, was to end the evening by drinking a great deal. That's vanished. It's vanished because the doctors have forbidden me to drink. I doubt the doctors' knowledge, I may say; but nevertheless I submit. So there are these deprivations, which are like things being taken away before the moment everything is taken from me, which will be death.

I am in a less comfortable state than I was ten years ago. But death, as a serious matter that comes at a given moment and that I expect, does not frighten me for all that; it seems to me natural. Natural, as opposed to my life as a whole, which has been cultural. It is after all the return to nature and the assertion that I was a part of nature.

Setting aside this period of wearing away-which I don't grieve over, since it's the common lot-I think I've had a period, from the age of thirty to sixty-five, in which I kept a hold on myself and in which I was not very different at the beginning from what I became; in which there was indeed a continuity during which I used my freedom to do what I intended; in which I was able to be of use and to help certain ideas to spread; and in which I did what I wanted-that is to say I wrote, which has been the essence of my life. I've succeeded in what I longed for from the ag seven or eight. I have written v. I wanted to write, books that had an influence and that have t read. So when I die I shall not as many people do, saying "Ol I had my life again I should liv in another way. I have failed; I had made a mess of it."

DE BEAUVOIR: Has the idea of survival of the soul, of a spiril principle in us, a survival such the Christians think of, for exple—has that ever crossed y mind?

sartre: I think it has, but ra as an almost natural fact. I difficulty, because of the very st ture of consciousness, in in ining a time when I should no loexist. For example, if I imagine funeral, it is I who am imagin my funeral: I am therefore hic at the corner of the street, watch it pass. But in fact, as an atheist always thought there was not

er death, except for the immority that I saw as a quasi-survival.

BEAUVOIR: How did your atheism

TRE: Even as early as eight or e. I had only neighborly relaas with God, not really those of servience or of understanding. was there, and now and then He peared. He was an eye that rested me from time to time. But all ; was very vague. My parents I rented a villa a little way out La Rochelle when I was about elve, and in the morning I used take the tram with the girls next or, who went to the girls' lycée, ee Brazilians called Machado; i one day I was walking up and vn outside their house waiting them to get ready, that is to say

ow where the thought came from how it struck me, yet all at once aid to myself, "But God doesn't st!" It's quite certain that before s I must have had new ideas about d and that I had begun solving problem for myself. But still, as emember very well, it was on t day and in the form of a montary intuition, that I said to myf "God doesn't exist." It's striktor reflect that I thought this at age of eleven and that I never ed myself the question again til today, that is to say for sixty

ITS.

a few minutes. And I don't

BEAUVOIR: And did this revelan have any consequences for you? TRE: Not many at the time; nor re they really determinant. I was t at all attached to the Catholic igion; I didn't go to church bee and I didn't go to church after. all this had no exact relation th my life at that time. I don't nember that I was ever astoned or grieved that God did not ist. I thought it was just a story it I had been told, a story that ople believed, but one that I had in to be false. Of course, since ne was a decent, respectably lieving family, I knew nothing out atheists.

BEAUVOIR: And when you grew ler, when you were in Paris, did ur atheism change? Was it ever aken? Did it become stronger? SARTRE: You might say it became stronger. Above all, I think it changed from an idealist to a materialist atheism, and that was chiefly during my conversations with Nizan. Idealist atheism is difficult to explain. But when I said "God doesn't exist" it was as though I had got rid of an idea that was in the world and in its place I had set a spiritual void, a certain abortive idea, in the framework of my ideas as a whole. And the result was that this had little direct connection with the street, the trees, the benches people sat on. It was a great synthetic idea that vanished without directly affecting the world at all. And gradually my conversations with Nizan and my own reflections led me to something else, to a different concept of the world, which was not something that was to vanish, putting me in touch with a Paradise where I should behold God. but which was the sole reality. The absence of God was to be read everywhere. Things were alone, and above all man was alone. Was alone like an absolute.

DE BEAUVOIR: Somewhere you said that atheism was a long-term task and that you had carried it through to the end, though not without some labor. Just what did you mean by that?

SARTRE: Just that moving on from idealist atheism to materialist atheism was difficult. . . . Materialistic atheism is the world seen without God, and obviously it's a very long-term affair, passing from that absence of an idea to this new conception of the being—of the being that is left among things and is not set apart from them by a divine consciousness that contemplates them and causes them to exist.

DE BEAUVOIR: You mean that even if one does not believe in God there is a way of viewing the world.... SARTRE: Even if one does not believe in God, there are elements of the idea of God that remain in us and that cause us to see the world with some divine aspects.

DE BEAUVOIR: What, for example? SARTRE: That varies according to the person.

DE BEAUVOIR: But for you?

SARTRE: As for me, I don't see myself as so much dust that has appeared in the world but as a being that was expected, prefigured, called forth. In short, as a being that could, it seems, come only from a creator; and this idea of a creating hand that created me refers me back to God. Naturally this is not a clear, exact idea that I set in motion every time I think of myself. It contradicts many of my other ideas; but it is there, floating vaguely. And when I think of myself I often think rather in this way, for want of being able to think otherwise.

DE BEAUVOIR: What is the ... as one might say, the benefit, apart from that of having thought what was true, of course—what is the benefit to you of not believing in God?

SARTRE: It has strengthened my freedom and made it sounder: at the present time this freedom is not there to give God what He asks me for; it is there for the discovery of myself and to give me what I ask of myself. That's essential. And then my relations with others are direct: they no longer pass through the intermediary of the Omnipotent; I don't need God in order to love my neighbor. It's a direct relation between man and man; I don't have to pass by the infinite at all. And then my acts have made up a life, my life, which is going to end, which is almost over, and which I judge without too many errors. This life owes nothing to God; it was what I wanted it to be and to some extent what I made it without meaning to. And when now I reflect upon it, it satisfies me; and I do not need to pass by God for that.

Living very close to people who do not themselves believe in God completely does away, between them and oneself, with that infinite intermediary that is God. You and I, for example, have lived without paying attention to the problem. I don't think many of our conversations have been concerned with it.

DE BEAUVOIR: No, none.

SARTRE: And yet we've lived; we feel that we've taken an interest in our world and that we've tried to see and understand it.

# THE DEGRADATION OF WORK AND THE APOTHEOSIS OF ART

A humanist call to arms.

by Christopher Lasch

IKE MANY amateur musicians, I cherish enthusiasms and strong opinions-untested by professional experience or learned rebuttalthat I am always looking for a chance to inflict on anyone willing to listen. Beethoven's overuse of the diminished seventh; his addiction to chords in root position; the canard that Schumann couldn't orchestrate; the critical neglect of Ludwig Spohr; the Brahms-Wagner controversy (I am an anti-Wagnerian); the need for more compositions featuring prominent but easy parts for the viola: I am ready to expound on these topics whenever I can find a captive audience. Unfortunately no one needs to hear about these things from me, when there are so many authoritative commentators to choose from. Nor do they need to hear from me that music is the queen of the arts; that it combines the most immediate kind of sensuous pleasure with the most intellectual and abstract; that it provides the most compelling illustration of the possibility of disciplining feeling with form; that it uses the simplest and most economical means, an alphabet consisting of only twelve basic units, to achieve the most complex results; and that its capacity not merely to beguile time but to order experience and evoke its depths is inexhaustible.

How music does all these things is a mystery I will not attempt to elucidate. I will content myself with a more prosaic question on which, as a student of American society and culture, I can hope to shed some light: how does it happen that, in spite of all Christopher Lasch, professor of history at the University of Rochester, is the author of The Culture of Narcissism. This article is based on an address delivered at a conference on "The Future of Musical Education in America," sponsored by the Eastman School of Music and the Music Educators National Conference. Reprinted by permission of the Eastman School.

these riches, the great tradition of Western ms remains so little understood and appreciated in a country? Why do the arts in general lead supprecarious existence in America? Why is the adience for good music so limited, in spite of radiand records and all the other marvels of mass or munication?

The fiscal crisis in education reminds us, in in we had forgotten during the boom years after Wr War II, that the fine arts rank very low on the of American priorities. In the expansive education climate of the Fifties and Sixties, the arts enjoy brief period of public favor. But the taxpayers r volt, the shrinking tax base out of which educate is supported, the end of the baby boom, and a shi of deep cuts in federal spending have combine force new economies on the schools; and in climate of retrenchment, luxuries and frills are in rally the first to be dropped from the curricult It doesn't do much good for friends of the ar protest that they are a necessity, not a frill. arguments are likely to make little impression hard-pressed school boards hoping to rescue in they consider absolutely essential to the educating enterprise and confronted, moreover, with a pole ful if misguided movement demanding a retur basics.

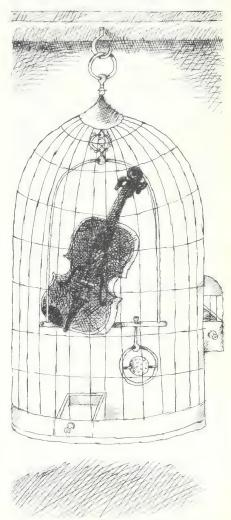
Even a cursory consideration of the current per of music education leads to the conclusion has the school system, especially in times when far are scarce, reflects the state of American curs as a whole. The crisis of music education for us back to the question of why Americans conto regard culture, with a capital "C," as a rathe abious and peripheral undertaking, something quite serious, something incidental to the buse of making a living and getting ahead in the will

HIS WAY of posing the question is a little misleading, as I will try to show later on, but first let me outline some of the answers that have been offered and explain what is wrong 1 them. The stock answer is that Americans are oung and still somewhat crude people, preoccu-I until recently with the conquest of a vast wilness and with the establishment of the material ndations on which a future civilization could e to rise. According to this view of things, the neer spirit lived on long after pioneering was comed, carrying with it the cultural prejudices that is not quite manly, that real men don't eat quiche, that although a real man may go to the opera asionally to please his wife, he won't enjoy it shouldn't enjoy it and certainly shouldn't admit enjoying it even if he does.

Another explanation of American cultural back-dness stresses the commercial values long domitin American society, themselves rooted in the neering ethic but endowed with the added presaccorded in the twentieth century to business leverything connected with it. "The business of terica is business," said Calvin Coolidge, and arles Wilson, Eisenhower's secretary of defense, led that what's good for General Motors is good the country. Such wisdom still commands wide-

ead, almost automatic agreement. Another feature of American society that has aledly inhibited the development of the arts is the intry's cultural dependence on Europe, its cultural riority complex, its tendency to import culture tead of creating an indigenous culture of its own. a underdevelopment of American music offers a ticularly good example of this cultural colonial-. Until recently, almost all of our conductors I opera singers came from Europe, American nposers were held in very low esteem, and perming artists went to Europe for much of their ining. Even today, the main tradition of Western sic is for the most part a European tradition. rerican music may now be good enough to be lged by the highest standards, but the standards mselves, it can be argued, are still set in Europe. The cultural legacy of Puritanism has been put th as another influence inhibiting the growth of : fine arts in America. In the early years of this itury, when American culture seemed to be on the 'ge of its coming-of-age, in the words of Van Wyck ooks's famous manifesto, it was common to blame underdevelopment of American culture on Puriical repression and the Puritanical fear of beauty. cording to Brooks, Puritanism represented the her side of pioneering, the spiritual equivalent of meering. Together they divided the American nd between them, the one "spectral and aloof," erile and inhuman," the other obsessed with actical results. Divided between two extremes, are facts and metaphysics, the machinery of selfeservation and the mystery of life," American cul- & ture lacked the "genial middle ground of human tradition" on which a vigorous development of art and intellect depends.

A final line of explanation makes democracy itself the source of America's failure to develop a tradition of high culture. American culture is the culture of the common man, in this view; it reflects a national commitment to social justice and to democratic standards of openness and sociability; and although it includes an admiration of art, it can-



not generate the great art that is inherently elitist and antisocial, "resistant to gregariousness," and dependent, in George Steiner's words, on a "cultivation of solitude verging on the pathological." In a 1980 essay in Salmagundi, "The Archives of Eden," Steiner maintains that the kind of culture that flourishes in the United States, in museums, concert halls, the record industry, the paperback-book industry, is a "custodial," not a creative or original culture: "Roger Sessions, Elliott Carter are composers of undoubted stature. Charles Ives is a most intriguing 'original.' Up to this point in its history, however, American music has been of an essentially provincial character. The great symphony of 'the new world' is by Dvořák."

The weakness of American music, according to Steiner, is the weakness of American high culture as a whole. Rejecting the argument that the country is still young, he attributes the meagerness of the American contribution to world culture to the preference, "thoroughly justifiable in itself," of "democratic endeavor over authoritarian caprice, of an open society over one of creative hermeticism and censorship, of a general dignity of mass status over the perpetuation of an elite" that is often "inhumane" in its conduct and outlook but remains essential to the production of original works of art. The cultural price of democracy, Steiner says, can be seen most clearly in the "disaster of pseudo-literacy and pseudo-numeracy in the American high school and in much of what passes for so-called 'higher education.' " Here Steiner's scorn for American culture overflows and finds its most appropriate object: "The pre-digested trivia, the prolix and pompous didacticism, the sheer dishonesty of presentation which characterize the curriculum, the teaching, the administrative politics of daily life in the high school, in the junior college, in the open-admission 'univer-(how drastically America has devalued this proud term), constitute the fundamental scandal in American culture."

N ONE form or another, all these explanations of American cultural inferiority have been around for a long time, and all of them contain some truth. Yet all of them misconceive the problem by exaggerating the degree to which the plight of high culture is peculiar to the United States. In this respect, they are themselves symptoms of a national sense of cultural inferiority, which compares America unfavorably with Europe and ignores similar problems there. The crisis of high culture is not so much an American issue as a twentieth-century issue. The custodial attitude toward culture, the breakdown of the educational system, the attenuation of the creative spirit have now appeared in Europe as well, and not because Europe has been Americanized, as so many people complain, but because there is something intrinsic to industrial societies that is antagonistic to the full est development of the artistic imagination.

If we look at contemporary music as a who what strikes us most forcefully is not the vitality European music as compared with American m sic but the hostility of audiences to modern mus in Europe just as in the United States; the seconscious, self-referential, and academic quality most of the music now being written; and the enless recycling of masterpieces composed in the eigteenth and nineteenth centuries. The European mucal tradition has become as custodial in its orient tion as the American tradition. The passage of tirl has given the lie to the modernist dogma that gre works of art find a popular audience in the fullne of time. Except for the early works of Stravins and a few other isolated favorites, many of the written in earlier styles, the products of music modernism have not established themselves in t symphonic repertory, and the recent attempt revive the Romantic style once again, precise because it is such a self-conscious, often ironic v dertaking, seems equally unlikely to generate a p manent body of acknowledged masterpieces. \ have to face the possibility that the musical tration in the West has arrived, at least temporarily, a dead end, and that the crisis of music education therefore derives from its attempt to disseminate tradition that no longer has much life. If the We ern musical tradition has become a dead languathen music teachers, like Latin teachers, will fill themselves engaged in a rear-guard action not win a broader following for their subject but save it from academic extinction.

SAID at the outset that the question of w Americans don't show more interest in gr art or support it more generously is mislea ing. It is misleading because it treats as a pure ly American problem what is actually a Wester problem but also because it exaggerates society's difference to art. The decline in the quality of tistic production has occurred at the very same ti that art has come to be taken more seriously the ever before. In modern society, art is not an ject of indifference. In some quarters, at least, is an object of worship. It has come to enjoy esteem formerly reserved for religion. Indeed, difficulty may be not that art isn't taken seriou but that it is taken more seriously than is good it. It has been cut off from the rest of life and on a pedestal. It has been relegated to the muse and to the concert hall (and the concert hall, as I been pointed out, has become a museum in its of right), not because it is considered unimportant because its adoration can best take place in an atra sphere uncontaminated by everyday concerns.

In earlier times, music often served as an accorpaniment to other activities—dancing, socializing

gious worship. Only in the nineteenth century music come to be segregated from ordinary life I surrounded with an aura of sanctity. This deopment coincided with the elevation of the perming artist and, above all, the composer to heroic tus. Formerly, composers, like other musicians, i been regarded as craftsmen, as staff members of icational or religious institutions, even as superior isehold servants. In the nineteenth century, the istic genius came to be seen as a heroic rebel, noclast, and pathbreaker. (The cult of Wagner I of his "music of the future" played a central e in this glorification of the artist.) The flowering music in the nineteenth century should not obre the possibility that, in the long run, this deifiion of artistic genius had very bad effects, leadto the dead end of experimentation, the struggle novelty and originality, and the defiance of eslished forms and constraints, or their reimposiin the most stifling manner, that characterize musical scene today. It looks now as if ninenth-century music represented the culmination an earlier tradition rather than the dawn of a den age. It looks as if it owed at least part of its ry to a dependence on its popular roots, to the sistence of dance forms and other reminders of historic associations between music, popular reation, and religious ritual. Nor is it a coinci-

reation, and religious ritual. Nor is it a coincitice that it is the least pure of musical forms that
we shown the most life in our own century: opera,
let, even religious music, the continuing attraca of which, in an allegedly godless age, suggests
t music is better off when the spirit of veneration
directed away from music itself and toward a

re suitable object.

HE BEST starting point for anyone who wants to understand the plight of modern music and the plight of the arts in general is the great Dutch historian Johan Huizinga's book mo Ludens. Huizinga traces the decline of the ay-element" in culture, as he calls it. "The great thetypal activities of human society are all perated with play from the start," he argues. Lanage, myth, and ritual, but also "law and order, nmerce and profit, craft and art, poetry, wisdom d science," are "rooted in the primaeval soil of y." Even those activities that are carried on with instrumental end in view, Huizinga says, have vays contained an admixture of play, which ens skill and intelligence, the utmost concentran of purpose, not in the service of utility but in service of an arbitrary objective that has little portance in itself, compared with the arbitrary ms and conventions and rituals that define its

The serious business of life, in other words, has vays been colored by an attitude that is not seris in this sense and that finds more satisfaction in

gratuitous difficulty than in the achievement of a given objective with a minimum of effort. The playspirit, if you will, values maximum effort for minimal results. The futility of play, and nothing else, explains its appeal—its artificiality, the obstacles it sets up for no other purpose than to challenge the players to surmount them, the absence of any utilitarian or uplifting object. But the appeal of play is so basic that it has always pervaded other activities as well, lending to religion, to law, even to warfare



an element of free fantasy without which they quickly degenerate into meaningless routine. This is precisely what has happened in our time, according to Huizinga. The rationalization of warfare, politics, and work has banished the play-element from the workaday world and forced it to take refuge in sports, games, and art, which are collapsing under the weight now imposed on them. Art has "lost rather than gained in playfulness," Huizinga says. It has become a "substitute for religion," and this "apotheosis of art" has had pernicious effects, on the whole: "It was a blessing for art to be largely unconscious of its high purpose and the beauty it creates. When art becomes self-conscious, that is, conscious of its own grace, it is apt to lose something of its eternal child-like innocence."

HE MOST striking example of the process Huizinga was trying to analyze-the decline of the play-element in culture-is one he himself paid no attention to: the growing split between work and leisure. In most jobs, work long ago lost the qualities of playfulness and craftsmanship. It no longer satisfies what John Dewey called the "unconquerable impulse towards experiences enjoyable in themselves." Today work is strictly a means to an end-profits for the capitalist, wages for the worker. The taste for beauty and the instinct of workmanship no longer find satisfaction in the workplace and are therefore forced to seek other outlets. People who work at jobs deliberately divested of every challenge to ingenuity and imagination are encouraged to become consumers of beautiful objects, to cultivate an appreciation of great art and great music, to surround themselves with reproductions of great paintings and recordings of symphonic masterpieces. If they prefer the deadening drumbeat of rock-and-roll, this is not necessarily because serious music, so-called, is inherently unpopular but because it has become so closely identified not just with leisure but with the leisure class. Great works of art have increasingly taken on the quality of collectors' items, valued because they advertise the wealth and leisure necessary for their consumption.

The emergence of the institutions that preserve high culture today dates back, like the deification of art, to the nineteenth century. Opera houses, symphony orchestras, galleries, museums, the art market—these institutions monumentalized the wealth and social aspirations of the same industrial capitalists who were systematizing production, replacing skilled workers with machines, and redesigning the work-place as an environment conceived along strictly utilitarian lines and deeply opposed to the spirit of play. Having banished art from the factory, the captains of industry proceeded to glorify it and, incidentally, to display their own munificence and connoisseurship in a setting carefully sealed off from

popular intrusion, uncontaminated by associating with the workaday world.

In industrial societies, art is doubly segregate from everyday life, in the first place because it tains so few of its earlier associations with ritul sociability, and work, and in the second place cause the glorification of art has gone hand in had with its definition as a leisure-time activity and sy cifically as an activity of the leisure class. "Cult in America," Thomas Hearn recently observed, dangerously close to becoming strictly a class mu ter. If you drink beer, you belong to the union and watch television. If you drink champagne, you long to the country club and go to the symphon The democratization of leisure has not democrati the consumption of high culture, and, even if it h the creation of a broader audience for the would not restore the connections between art everyday life, on which the vitality of art deper Works of art, as Dewey put it, "idealize qualifound in common experience." When they lose to with common experience, they become herm and self-referential, obsessed with originality at expense of communicability, indifferent to anythin beyond the artist's private, subjective, and idios cratic perception of reality.

HOSE WHO love the arts and deplore the marginal status in American society need rethink the task confronting them. The is not to broaden the market for the arts, not to create larger numbers of enlighter consumers of culture, but to end the segregation art and to achieve a new integration of art and ev day life. Instead of encouraging people to make ter use of their leisure time, friends of the arts shall think about making the workplace more joyous playful, even if this means challenging the by premises of our society. I don't mean that emplos should be encouraged to introduce free cond during coffee breaks. I have in mind something min fundamental: the restoration of craftsmanship, revival of the artistic dimension of practical acting the unification of work and play.

In a period of fiscal retrenchment, justifying a port for the arts assumes great urgency. Unformately, the issue tends to present itself to educate as a choice between a hardheaded appeal to patical arguments that practical men and women a allegedly understand and a more principled and inified defense of art based on appeals to its intravalue. The Music Educators Journal devoted March 1983 issue to just such a controversy: "itarian vs. aesthetic rationales for arts education." is side stressed the industrial, nationalistic, and the peutic value of music. A proponent of the utilities position went so far as to argue that "music is or the few remaining places in the curriculum in with a feeling of national pride is built up." And

ilitarian insisted that a discipline that "believes in own lack of utility is doomed." The other side ld that music is valuable precisely because it reits assimilation into the "instrumental values" that e dominant in American society.

Instead of continuing this debate, educators might formulate the question. To state it as a choice tween utilitarian and aesthetic defenses of the arts quiesces in the divorce of art from practical life. is formulation accepts as the premise of debate e very condition that has led to the crisis of muand music education in the first place. Historally, the exaltation of art has been closely linked the degradation of labor. Banished from the workace, the artistic impulse has taken refuge in the refied realm of art for art's sake. It is no wonder at the fine arts have lost popular favor; nor are ey likely to recover it by a last-minute attempt make themselves useful. The issue is not how to ake art useful but how to make useful activities tistic. This is not an issue that is likely to be settled the schools. On the contrary, it will have to be ttled in the workplace. But the schools will play important part in its resolution, if only because ey have the responsibility of training the work rce and can therefore contribute to a public dete about the kind of work force that is needed. debate on this issue is already taking shape, and provides an opportunity to reexamine the rela-

The educational system has come under intense iticism, much of it justified. A number of recent ports have linked educational failure to the deine of American productivity and the weakening

ons between education and industry, culture and

actical life.

America's position in the world market. The test of these reports, issued by leaders of sixteen appraisons and universities—including the presents of Harvard, Radcliffe, Notre Dame, and the ate University of New York—demands the integration of "domestic and foreign policies into aggresive, coordinated national strategies to meet the allenge of international competition." It calls for, nong other things, a "displaced-worker program odeled after the GI Bill," improvements in the aining of high-school mathematics and science achers, "more competitive salaries for engineering culties," and closer collaboration between industry thingher education in "problem-oriented research."

HIS IS not a program likely to appeal to friends of the arts. But the debate over the connection between cultural decadence and economic decline creates an opportunity for lose who reject this kind of program to offer a ampeting explanation of the crisis and a competing togram for social and cultural renewal. They might oint out, for example, that the schools are bad besuse our industrial system does not in fact need

large numbers of skilled workers. As R. P. Blackmur once observed, it needs "only enough mind to create and tend the machines together with enough of the new illiteracy for other machines—those of our mass media—to exploit."

All the fashionable talk about the need to upgrade the work force through training in computer literacy, math, science, and engineering is based on a complete misreading of economic trends. The trend is toward a deskilled and degraded work force. The work force of the future will not consist of "information workers" and "data communicators." Skilled jobs will continue to be scarce. Already many industries dependent on skilled labor have exported production to places like Hong Kong and Taiwan, where skilled labor is cheap. Other industries are replacing skilled labor with capital. A careful student of employment patterns notes that the "major demand for workers in the next decade will not be for computer scientists and engineers but for janitors, nurses' aides, sales clerks, cashiers, nurses, fast-food preparers, secretaries, truck drivers, and kitchen helpers."

Since music educators have nothing to gain from the rage for computer literacy and the whole hightech program, they ought to be the first to challenge it. But the best way to challenge it is to question its basic premises, not to conduct a halfhearted defense of music as an adjunct to a technical curriculum. I don't see why music educators, and all humanists, shouldn't be the first to point out that our society has little use for education in the arts, little use for education in general, because it provides most people with jobs that are repetitious, mechanical, and mindless. It gets the educational system it deserves; indeed, it probably gets a better educational system than it needs to run the industrial machine. If Americans really believe in education, they had better think about changing the system of production so as to provide people with work that is challenging and artistic, work that demands an education.

I don't think there is much hope for the arts and the humanities unless they become serious critics of the educational system and the society behind it. We humanists won't get much of a hearing if we merely try to defend our own turf or seek to operate as one more pressure group in a political environment dominated by much stronger pressure groups. But if we join in a national debate on education and help give a clearer focus to the widespread public dissatisfaction, not just with education but with the industrial system in general, we can make our presence felt. Instead of debating on our adversaries' ground, we can force them to debate on ours. We know more about the good life than they do. We stand for the things America claims to believe in but disregards in practice: truth, beauty, the full development of human capacities. It is time we made our voices heard.

## THE REAGAN REVOLT THAT WASN'T

"The radical conservative revolution is the dream of conservatives out of office, but not the practice of conservatives in office."

#### by Herbert Stein

T THIS writing, the rate of inflation in the United States is much lower than when Ronald Reagan came into office, output is rising, and unemployment is falling. The Reagan administration naturally claims credit for this. But all one can say at the moment is that the country is going through a phase in which the inflation rate, having been extremely high, has fallen unusually far, and in which the upturn is running at about its typical speed. Mr. Reagan promised more, and his supporters expected more, than that he would ride the waves of the business cycle. The fact that the upwave will probably still be taking place next year during the elections is due to luck more than to skill.

What Ronald Reagan stood for in 1980, and what his supporters expected, was a radical conservative revolution in economic policy. There would be much less government—less taxes, less spending, and less regulation. There would be an end to budget deficits. There would be new, predictable, noninflationary rules of monetary policy; a certain hint of the gold standard floated around the Reagan economics. All of this would deliver rapid growth, greater economic stability, less inflation, and more freedom. No pain would be involved. Inflation would be brought down without an increase in unemploy-

Herbert Stein was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Nixon and Ford. This essay will appear in slightly different form in his new book, Presidential Economics: The Making of Economic Policy from Hoover to Reagan and Beyond. ment. Government nondefense spending would 1 cut without sacrifices for anyone except governme bureaucrats. The rising tide of prosperity would rai all the boats, including the boats of the very poor

By now the conservative turn in economic poli that began in the Carter-Volcker administration as was sharpened in the Reagan-Volcker administr tion has a good deal to show. The inflation rate h fallen sharply. Defense spending is on an accelera ing path. There have been important changes in the tax structure, including the reduction of the top ma ginal rate of individual income tax and the increa of allowances for depreciation of business capital The rise of the total tax burden has been slow down, and one step has been taken-indexing of the personal income tax-to prevent its future increas The increase of nondefense spending has been r strained. There have been a few significant mov to reduce government regulation, notably with r spect to energy.

But there has been no radical Reagan revolutio Total taxes are almost as high as ever, relative GNP, expenditures are higher, and there is no re sonable prospect of any significant reduction either for years ahead. Budget deficits, present at projected, are extraordinarily large. In fact, at the present time the most distinctive feature of Reagar economic policy—aside from its language—is the size of its budget deficits. The country is as far ever, possibly farther, from having any agreed-uportules of fiscal policy that would limit particult spending and taxing decisions. There has been litted.

vement toward establishing a predictable money policy. The pace of deregulation has been disapinting to its enthusiasts, and there have been some backs, notably protectionist moves with respect steel, automobiles, and some other products.

Moreover, there is no sign that a Reagan revolunlies ahead, or even that the trend is in the convative direction. Indeed, there is a good chance it there will be a turn in the opposite direction. Indeed, there is a good chance it there will be a turn in the opposite direction. In the expense of a serious recession. There is some ubt that the country will tolerate the moderate ee of recovery that would prevent renewed inflan. Whether the country will be willing to pay the ist of the defense program as they increase is also doubt. The president has already had to accept utback in his program, and the administration has no been willing to agree to a tax increase at some in the future.

After the 1982 elections it was very doubtful the political tide was running in favor of the servatives. The Democratic gains in the House Representatives may have been no more than all for the opposition in an off-year election, but there was to be a Reagan revolution it should be been confirmed by Republican gains, as the osevelt revolution had been confirmed by Dematic gains in 1934. Although the Republicans d their majority in the Senate in 1982, the late Republicans were obviously becoming more lependent of the president and more responsive to it own moderate leaders.

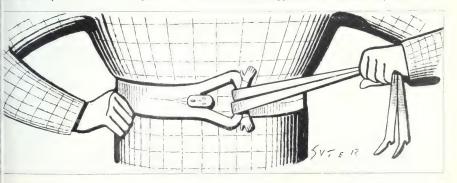
EAGAN did not, in fact, have a mandate for a revolution in economic policy. In fact, the 1980 elections didn't give him much of a mandate of any kind. Although he got 9 out of 538 electoral votes in 1980 he reved only 51 percent of the total vote. He did t carry in a Republican Congress to help implent his program. The vote he did get was certainly substantial part a tribute to his personal charm

and even more to the general perception of Carter's personal inadequacy. Insofar as the vote reflected issues at all, it was issues other than economics that influenced many voters. Feelings about national security and status, intensified by the Iran hostage crisis, and the various "social" issues—abortion, school prayer, etc.—were important. But even where economics was concerned, Reagan's mandate was not to follow any specifically conservative policies or any specific policies at all. His mandate was to make things better.

Reagan's 1980 campaign promise was to reduce inflation, reduce taxes, reduce government spending, and reduce government regulation. But it was not a promise to reduce inflation by increasing unemployment, to reduce taxes by increasing the government deficit, to reduce government spending by cutting benefits, or to reduce regulation by increasing pollution. That would, at least arguably, have been a defensible conservative agenda. If Reagan had been elected on such promises he would clearly have had a mandate. But he was not. He had a mandate to provide a free lunch.

Nevertheless, there were several ways in which President Reagan might have brought about the conservative revolution once he was in the White House. One would have been to achieve the appearance of success. During his presidential honeymoon he had the opportunity to put into place distinctive policies, and to some extent he did. He got the big tax cut, for example, he made a number of expenditure cuts, and he deregulated oil prices. If such policies had been associated with a general feeling of improvement in the economy they might have been regarded as the way to go and still further steps in the same direction would have been accepted. It would not have been necessary that the policies actually succeed. We do not know whether Roosevelt's policies actually succeeded, but they acquired the appearance of success, and that was sufficient.

By and large the Reagan policies did not at first obtain the appearance of success. They were accom-



panied or followed by high unemployment, high interest rates, and higher budget deficits. The positive accomplishments—mainly with respect to inflation—were insufficient when compared with the claims and promises the Reagan team had made. After the first few months, Reagan's economics no longer had the momentum of success behind it. By 1983 there were signs that the economy was performing better, but by then it was at least as convincing to attribute that to the retreat from Reagan's economics as to Reagan's economics in its initial, pure form.

VEN IF Reagan's economics was not working in the short run, the president might have used the early influence of his office, the desire of the public for a change and its willingness to give the new president a chance, all fortified by his personal popularity, to take steps that would fasten conservative economic policy irreversibly upon the country. Some of Reagan's supporters clearly had this idea. That explains the desire for constitutional amendments like those requiring the budget to be balanced or setting a limit to government expenditures. The rationale was that one could not count on the ordinary political process to keep the budget in balance or confine spending within limits but that it might be possible, during the Reagan honeymoon, to supersede the ordinary political process forever. Milton and Rose Friedman proposed seven constitutional amendments that would establish conservative (or free-market) economics as the law of the land.

There were other possibilities that might have had similar effects. For example, the idea of establishing the gold standard was to take a once-and-for-all step that would remove monetary policy from the control of human, and possibly "liberal," monetary authorities. Less extreme institutional changes were also designed to make difficult future reversals of Reagan's initiatives. Abolishing the Departments of Energy and Education, for instance, would remove bureaucracies that would always be a force demanding more regulation and more money.

But the Reagan administration did only a little in this direction. Introducing indexing of the personal income tax reduced a built-in tendency for revenues to rise, a rise that generates a built-in tendency for expenditures to rise. The complete termination of oil price controls probably will be difficult to reverse. But there was little radical institutional change. One reason was that the effort to achieve such change conflicted with the administration's short-run objectives. The balanced-budget amendment was the leading example. Even before Ronald Reagan came into office, thirty states had adopted resolutions calling for a convention to adopt such an amendment. This seemed to be the durable change in economic policy most likely to be adopted. The president placed great emphasis on it during 1982 and the Senate supported it, although House of Representatives did not. But by 1983 idea was, if not dead, indefinitely postponed, president was unable to propose any combination expenditures and revenues that would bring the larget close to balance even after five years. It was have looked extremely insincere to suggest pure a straitjacket on his successors while he was dispring himself so freely with large deficits. The ministration had put itself in that position may by the big tax cut. Without the tax cut the Reabudget would have been much closer to balance future budgets would have been memore believable.

There were people who thought that the big cut itself was the revolution, or at least a sho the revolution. They believed that reducing enue sharply would force a change of atti toward government spending and a reversal of upward trend—which they regarded as the key ment of the revolution. But that was not a reli expectation. Congress proved willing to run a ladeficit and also, though more reluctantly, to a taxes.

There was, thus, this difference between the Fe sevelt revolution and the Reagan would-be revition: the Roosevelt revolution was incorporated statutes, programs, and agencies that were not eject to annual reconsideration and that develoc constituencies—bureaucracies and beneficiaric that resisted counterrevolution. The Reagan charwere changes in numbers, mainly budget number that are the subject of redetermination every yn They would not have the lasting effect that Roosevelt changes had.

BASIC difficulty may impede the achiement of a radical conservative revolute. Such a revolution would cause a structure change toward limiting the role of government. But even conservative governments when office do not want to limit their own powers. So radical conservative revolution is the dream of a servatives out of office, but not the practice conservatives in office.

If unable or unwilling to take steps that we establish a durable conservative revolution duhis time in office, a president might be able to the "bully pulpit" of his office to change natic thinking in a way that would permit a future of servative revolution or evolution. But President F gan did not do that either. The notion of the "b pulpit" is much overrated. Presidents have an cellent vantage point from which to preach to people. They rarely, however, use this opportunit try to change popular conceptions or values. Rain they take those conceptions or values for grar and try to show that they, or their programs,

ost in conformity with what the public already

Reagan was no exception to this. He did not try preach the real conservative doctrine that there no free lunch, and that while conservative ecomics would yield beneficial results in the long n there would be some costs to be paid by some the short run. As difficulties appeared President agan had to abandon his earlier position that all od things were simultaneously possible and to betelling the people that there was no "quick fix." It by that time the proposition that there was no ick fix looked like a politically motivated effort to ape blame. It did not have the educational value, the credibility, that it might have had if it had en said when there was a risk in saying it.

Perhaps that is the key to the failure of Mr. Rean, and of presidents generally, to use the bully pulto change people's minds. To change people's nds it is necessary to say things that people do talready believe and to explain why what they merly believed was wrong. This is a risk few policians want to take.

So there was not to be a radical conservative revation in economic policy during the Reagan adnistration. The country did not need that or want and the Reagan team itself, once in office, did t strive to accomplish it. But this does not mean at the conservative movement in economic policy over. The problems that had turned the country that direction even in the Carter administration nain, and so does the opportunity to seek the suprt of the American people. What is required is a nservative policy that realistically promises to lve the problems and that can be explained to the ectorate with a reasonable possibility of being apoved. In other words, the operational and underindable features of the conservative policy still ve to be developed.

ESPITE the failures of Reagan's economics the liberal alternatives are not promising and do not seem to generate any enthusiasm in public opinion. The standard libal doctrine is basically Kennedy-Johnson-Humrey economics. That means first of all expansiondemand-management policies accompanied by inmes policies to prevent inflation. Again, as in the st, expansion of demand would be relied upon th to achieve high employment and to promote ong long-term growth of productivity. Some of the ts in social programs would be undone-food imps, educational assistance, etc.-and some soal programs would be introduced or expandedtastrophic medical insurance, for example. Taxes buld be raised again, mainly by closing "loopholes" greatest value to middle-income and upper-inme people. The regulations installed in the 1970s, pecially environmental and safety regulations, would be more rigorously applied. Defense spending would be slowed down.

This standard brand of liberalism has changed in several "conservative" ways since the mid-1970s, under the impact of events and argument. In general it is less ambitious. Notions of the goal for the reduction of unemployment are more moderate—something like 6 percent being accepted as satisfactory—and more concern is expressed about inflationary dangers. The pace at which new spending programs are being invented has slowed down, most liberal requirements for an issue on that front now being satisfied by resistance to the Reagan cuts. New emphasis is being placed on the evils of budget deficits, which is easy since the deficits can be blamed on Reagan's defense program and tax cuts.

This movement of the mainstream liberals holds out the hope of achieving a consensus with the mainstream conservatives—the pre- and post-Reagan conservatives. That is important in itself. The country needs a more stable and predictable economic policy, and that will be more achievable if the gap between the dominant wings of the political spectrum is not great.

But still, despite these changes of attitude, the standard brand of liberalism retains the seeds of its old inadequacies and evils. It still calls upon the country to entrust the powers of government to the wisdom and goodwill of a group of people who promise to deliver all good things, but especially high employment and "fairness," meaning income redistribution. That is, it is still undisciplined, still devoid of guidelines and limits. The main implication of this is too much danger of inflation. All the old mistakes that contributed to inflation remain. There has to be a numerical goal for unemployment, and while the number now accepted is higher than previously, no one can be sure that it is uninflationary. Moreover, unless the idea of a numerical goal is rejected, political competition will almost certainly lead to promises to achieve a goal that would be inflationary. Also, the standard liberal doctrine accepts an inflation rate of 5 or 6 percent and has no interest in getting the rate down further. This is not a sign of strong determination to end inflation.

The liberal approach to inflation relies heavily on the notion that there is in reserve an incomes policy that will directly restrain price and wage increases even if conditions in the markets tend spontaneously to cause such increases. It is this reliance that leads to the belief that no great cost in unemployment ever has to be borne, even temporarily, to control inflation. But there is much experience to show that this belief seduces governments into overly expansive monetary policies, creating inflationary pressures that temporary or voluntary incomes policies cannot withstand. This strategy then leads to another wave of inflation or, worse, to continued, mandatory, comprehensive controls, which are extremely debilitating to the economy.

Y THE early 1980s the standard brand of liberalism had come to assign much more importance to monetary policy than it had done earlier. But it had not accepted any rules for the conduct of monetary policy except that the monetary authorities should do their best, in view of their perception of all the conditions in the economy, to achieve the best combination of economic goals. This freewheeling attitude to monetary policy was the necessary counterpart of the commitment to a preset goal for unemployment. It was also the engine that would create the inflation that the approach made probable.

By the early 1980s the standard brand of liberalism had left behind its primitive Keynesian ideas of functional finance-of a budget policy exclusively determined by the requirement of meeting a known goal of "full employment." But that left the guiding principle of liberal fiscal policy quite unclear. Many liberals discovered during the Reagan administration that they were greatly alarmed by the size of the actual and prospective budget deficits, which they maintained were contributing to the recession. Or at least they maintained that view while the economy was in recession, especially in 1982 and 1983. This was not only a departure from previous liberal doctrine, it was a reversal of that doctrine. The liberal argument against deficits began to look like the former conservative argument against deficits-mainly a cover for opposition to particular expenditures and taxes. The liberals tried to mobilize what they believed was a popular fear of budget deficits in support of their desire to cut the Reagan defense program and to restore some of the taxes on business and upper-income people that had been cut. Whether they had a commitment to balanced budgets or small deficits that would make them willing to limit expenditure increases of a kind they liked was in doubt. They did not seem to have a theory or policy for determining the acceptable size of budget deficits that they could live with or that the private economy could count on.

Thus the standard brand of liberalism by the 1980s was neither intellectually satisfying nor politically appealing. It still retained most of the features of the Humphrey-Carter economics that were associated with the dismal economic performance of the 1970s and that, moreover, by then had become banal. Insofar as it incorporated departures from this earlier orthodoxy it was a pale imitation of old-fashioned conservatism, for which the Democrats were not credible champions.

WARE of the insufficiency of their standard doctrine, liberals began after the 1980 election to look for an alternative or supplementary economic policy. What emerged was a new strategy called "high technology" or "industrial policy." Insofar as this idea emerged from

anything more than the political need for a new sigan it was stimulated by two observations. With the United States, employment and output were slugish or declining in older American industries—su as steel and automobiles—but rising within certanewer industries, mainly connected with electronial At the same time, output of these newer industries was rising elsewhere, notably in Japan, and so we U.S. imports of these high-tech products.

These observations led to several conclusions.

1. The United States economy would benefit for the shift of more resources to high-tech industri There would be less unemployment, more incomper hour, and less inflation.

2. This shift would not occur under present picies.

3. This shift should be promoted by policithat encouraged investment and enterprise in general, such as reduction of the budget deficit and business taxes, in the expectation that market processes would direct the investment and enterprise those industries in which the private gains we greatest, and those would also be the industries which the social gains were greatest.

4. The shift to high-tech industries should promoted by policies that promoted high tech general—such as government financing of resears or technical education. This would not require t government to select particular industries or part

ular firms for promotion.

5. Private markets do not effectively select tindustries that would contribute most to nation economic growth. Therefore the government shou select these—presumably high-tech—industries a promote their development by subsidies, loans, potection against import competition, or in other way

It is the last of these points that constitutes the new "liberal" look in economic policy. The other whether valid or not, are not particularly alien conservative thinking. In fact, President Reagan a sorbed the first four of these ideas. The last point the central selection and promotion of "winners" the industries that would be the carriers of grow -is the 1980s version of a theme that recurs American thinking about economic policy. That the need for a "plan." This notion had been proinent in the New Deal, in the early Kennedy da of fascination with French indicative planning, a in the 1975-1978 period when Humphrey-Javits a Humphrey-Hawkins bills were under discussion. To planning idea never got very far with the Amican public, who were prepared to welcome gover ment regulation in any specific case but who react against the idea of a comprehensive plan, whi seemed theoretical and Rube Goldberg-like. T high-tech version might be more popular, howev because it seems more specific and involves ha science (engineering, physics) rather than soft s ence (economics, sociology).

But the fact is that "industrial policy" has lit

offer. With respect to most of the problems besetg the American economy, it is almost totally irevant. It would do nothing about inflation and nost nothing about unemployment. Where highch policy could make a difference is in real wages d real incomes. If high-tech policy could direct ore of the nation's resources of labor and capital o industries with high and rising productivity than ould result without such policy, it could make real iges and incomes higher and could raise them more pidly than would otherwise be possible. The quesn is whether high-tech policy would do that. There eady is a powerful force tending to divert reurces into uses where productivity is high. That is incentive of the owners of the resources-workand investors-to maximize their incomes by ing them in a productive way. This force has been thly effective. It has been a major element in a ocess that gave the United States the highest avere per capita income in the world.

This is not to deny that government has played important role in the American growth process, such general means as the provision of educan, research, roads, etc. It has also made a conbution to the development of particular industries, ch as agriculture, which turned out to be a conbution to national economic development. To be eptical about high-tech policy does not imply retion of the function of government in creating neral conditions conducive to economic growth. But this is not what high-tech policy or "industrial licy" means as a serious entry in the discussion national economic policies. What these words an is more comprehensive surveillance of the instrial distribution of national resources and a more sitive federal policy to guide the distribution of reurces in order to accelerate growth.

Viewed in its more radical aspect, high-tech polis unpromising for two reasons. There is no rean to think that the government officials making decisions will be intellectually more capable than private people who would otherwise make the cisions. There is every reason to think the conry. The private people will be closer to the conions and opportunities and will know more about em; risking their own resources, they will be more thly motivated to learn as much as possible. Even ore important, in fact, the government's decisions Il be less single-mindedly devoted to the increase productivity because the government decisionikers have little to gain personally from the inase of productivity. Experience with government onomic-development programs for depressed reons, with small-business-assistance programs, and th tariff protection demonstrates (what should be vious a priori) the dominant influence of personal regional political considerations. Thus, even if it re likely that sophisticated government bureauats could outthink the market in discovering where sources should go, it would be extremely unlikely that the political decisions would conform to these scientific findings.

"Industrial policy" is to the liberals of 1984 what supply-side economics was to the conservatives of 1980—attractive because it promises more of everything but without any grounds for fulfilling the promise.

HE FAILURE of the Reagan administration to inaugurate a radical-right revolution in economic policy and the obvious inadequacy of the liberal approaches in either their Johnson-Humphrey standard version or in the newer, high-tech version reveal the vacuum that exists in economic policy. The old postwar consensus had been carried too far—there was too much expansionism, too much spending and taxing, and too much regulation—by the time of President Carter. But Reaganism was more a shriek of horror than a program for solving real problems. It did not make use of the opportunity to find better solutions.

There is no logical necessity for these solutions to be "conservative." The important thing is to find policies that have a reasonable chance of improving the performance of the economy and also of being acceptable to a sufficient range of interests and opinions. From the latter standpoint, pure or extreme conservatism is not a promising route, even if, as does not seem likely anyway, it contains all the truth. But still the lessons of experience and economic analysis will cause the new consensus, if one is achieved, to differ from that of the 1960s and 1970s in many respects that may be called conservative. The new consensus would place more weight on restraining inflation and less on generating full employment by expansionary means, more on promoting economic growth and less on redistributing the available output among industries, more on monetary policy and less on fiscal policy for stabilization of the economy, more on markets and less on government regulation.

Probably a great many people who once considered themselves liberals, and some who still do, would agree with this general prescription. But as was seen in the last two years of the Carter administration and in the early years of the Reagan administration, translating these general leanings into a specific policy is difficult. It is intellectually difficult and politically difficult. The intellectual difficulty is that economists do not know enough even to say with much confidence and precision what the effects of different economic policies would be. The political difficulty is that even if it were possible to identify the policy that would be best, or probably best, from the standpoint of most of those concerned, it might not be possible to get that policy adopted. The best policy for most is unlikely to be the best policy for all. This is obvious, for instance, if many of the people who would gain from the best policy are still unborn and therefore unable to influence the decision.

These difficulties must be recognized if we are to improve or develop national economic policy. The search for a policy is a search for rules or principles, or guidelines and procedures, that will restrain the political bias toward short-run and special interests. The basic assumption is that it is possible to get general assent to rules and procedures believed to be in the long-run national interest even by individuals or groups who recognize that these rules and procedures will sometimes prevent them from pursuing their own perceived interest. There have been such rules in the past, such as the rule that required the government to balance its budget or the rule that required the government to stand ready to convert its money into gold. These rules turned out, in the end, not to be in the long-run national interest and they did not survive. But for a considerable period they did limit and discipline the behavior of government, and therefore of the groups that had political power.

The balanced-budget and gold-standard rules originated spontaneously sometime in the distant past and were preserved by the respect paid to tradition. They were not the product of deliberate decisions. Perhaps it is not possible to create rules of policy by discussion and conscious agreement. If so, we are destined to be governed by accident and by the shifting balance of political power among competing interests. But I do not believe that is inevitable. There have been times when, driven by a feeling of national crisis, decision-makers in and out of government did carry on a responsible discussion that led to a useful consensus. Conditions call for an ef-

fort to do that today.

E ARE NOT having such a discussion. Although there is much talk about economic policy, there is no debate. People say what they have always believed, or what they find it convenient to say, but there is no confrontation of the arguments. There is no effort to find the sources of disagreement or to reach agreement, perhaps because the participants think that the effort to change minds and reach agreements is hopeless. Talk about economic policy has become only a way of rallying one's own troops.

Discussion by economists is either incomprehensible or incredible—incomprehensible because conducted in a language that few but experts can understand or incredible because it is so obviously partisan that no one can take it seriously. The Employment Act of 1946, which established the President's Council of Economic Advisers and the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, was supposed to bring economic science into the political process. Whether or not it has succeeded in that, it has certainly brought politics into economics. It has helped to raise up a cadre of economists whose association

with government—experienced in the past or horifor in the future—gives their views a strong parsan cast. And these are the economists who get a tention in the media, because they are believed to a important. This conveys the impression to the published economic argument consists entirely of brifor one or another political party.

Private institutions show little desire to break a of this superficial, ritual, parochial mold of econoic discussion. There was a time when private institions behaved more open-mindedly and constructive ly. Around the end of World War II, for examp the businessmen of the Committee for Economic Development exposed themselves to both Keynesia ism and Chicago classical free-market economi The National Planning Association worked to file the areas of constructive agreement among represe tatives of business, labor, agriculture, and the geeral public. The American Economic Association organized group efforts to produce statements on me jor issues of policy that could be communicated Congress. Nothing like that goes on today. The tion-oriented institutions concentrate on promotion the immediate and parochial interests of their me bers. It is symptomatic that the most prominent but ness organization today, the Business Roundtab is short on research and public discussion but lo on lobbying. Thinking is relegated to "think tank" where like-minded people gather together to comfo each other.

One would hope that the needed discussion wou arise spontaneously in the country in response to the evident uncertainties and inadequacies of economic policy. As this does not seem to be happening, the process might be stimulated by an initiative in Congress. The congressional debate over what becart the Employment Act of 1946 forced an exploration of the limits of possible agreement on goals, instruments, and procedures of economic policy. Attention was focused on large issues, and the national most of concern about the economy forced the partipants to try to make a constructive contribution.

Congressional consideration of a significant resion of the Employment Act of 1946 could preci itate a new serious, and possibly constructive, deba over economic policy. The Employment Act of 194 was enacted in an atmosphere of obsession with the unemployment problem and naïve confidence in t ability of macroeconomic policy to solve it. The A served to improve economic policy, on the whol for a considerable period. But it is now irrelevant misleading in the light of our current problems an understanding. The attempt to revise it would requi an attempt to formulate in a realistic and precise w what should now be the objectives and procedur of economic policy, especially of fiscal and mon tary policy. Although revision of the Act is not strice ly necessary for reform of policy, a new synther arrived at by national discussion is necessary, at revising the Act can be a way to force that discussio

RESPONSIBLE discussion of economic policy should start with the undeniable fact that the American economy has worked well. The difficulties we have experienced recentare serious only in relation to earlier periods of r own greatest achievements. The economy has itinued to provide extremely high living standards. wing at a moderate pace, including on the avera reduction of poverty from already low levels. scussion should start with a clear picture of the pnomy that delivered these results. It has not been aissez-faire economy and it has not been a planned nomy. The common term is that we have a ixed" system, but that does not indicate the nae of the mixture. The mixture consists of three ments: a free market to govern production and initial distribution of income, a macroeconomic icy of government to provide a stable overall enonment within which the free market can work, i government measures of assistance to the poor. Our difficulties in the past fifteen years do not licate that this three-way division of functions has ed. The experience does not suggest the need for adical change of policy—to substitute government nning for the free market or to deprive governnt of its macroeconomic or redistributive responilities. The system has not been run very well, but eed not be replaced. The main deficiency has been macroeconomic policy, which in my view is mainmonetary policy. This was responsible for the inion of the years after 1965, and that in turn was main source of the anxiety that overcame the nerican people in those years. The inflation conouted in various ways-including the escalation marginal tax rates—to the slowdown in productivgrowth in the same period. Our other troubles, s serious but still real, were also the result of stakes in the management of the system. The per function of the government in providing asance to the poor was allowed to mushroom into ast transfer of income to middle-income people nainly old people—that required financing by high rates on the working population. An increasingly ge fraction of the national saving was absorbed budget deficits. Excessive government interfere with the free market obstructed the adaptation the economy to changing conditions—energy polbeing the leading example.

These mistakes of economic policy have been partdue to the deficiencies of economics. Economists ve not known how to describe the path of the nomy that would most surely and efficiently preit inflation. They have not known just what money policy would keep the economy on that path. ev have not been able to say with confidence w much difference a certain structure of taxes or ertain size of budget deficit would make for long-1 economic growth.

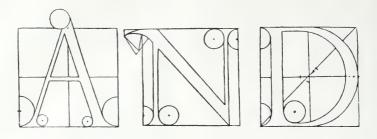
But these inadequacies of economics, although ious, have not been the fundamental problem. Enough was known to permit avoidance of longcontinued cumulative inflation, even if not enough was known to keep the price level stable from year to year. Probably enough was also known to point to better policies about deficits, taxes, and controls to achieve a higher rate of economic growth.

HE FUNDAMENTAL difficulty was political. Parochial and short-run interests prevailed over national and long-term interests. Inflationary policies were followed because they seemed to have, and often did have, a quite general short-run benefit, whereas the adverse consequences would come only later. We run excessive deficits because the bad effects come only later, in the form of lower productivity and lower economic growth. We use the wrong kinds of taxes because their bad effects appear slowly.

Economists have some responsibility for this preoccupation with the short run. Too many have forsaken the economists' traditional role of emphasizing the long view. Some may have been taken in by Keynes's remark that in the long run we are all dead. Others, probably more numerous, have been seduced by the attraction of participating in politics. But it is not only or mainly the economists who are to blame. Others who influence public opinion, mainly politicians, are more important. No one wants to become unpopular by telling the American people that there is a choice between the present and the future. All politicians like to say that they are calling upon the people to make sacrifices, because they believe that among the present things that people enjoy is the virtuous feeling of sacrifice. But no one really calls for sacrifice—even the trivial sacrifice of the present that would be involved in a country as rich as ours if a more stable future were to be assured.

The politicians say that it is impractical for them to take the long view, because the voters will not stand for it. The common argument of incumbent politicians is that if they do the right thing-the forward-looking thing—the voters will bring in the opposition, who will do even worse. Nothing is more natural than for the incumbent to identify the longrun national interest with his reelection. But the implied view of the public is too cynical and unjustified. There is at least a chance that the public will respond to candid talk and farsighted policy and will appreciate the politicians who offer that.

But we cannot rely mainly on politicians to change the tone of the discussion and practice of economic policy. Others who are concerned, and who do not have political office at stake, will have to take the lead. They will have to make the world safe for politicians to do the right thing. They can accomplish that, or at least try to do so, by initiating and carrying on a discussion out of which will emerge new principles of policy that give proper weight to the long-run national interest.



#### A meditation on the most familiar connective.

#### by William H. Gass

#### "AND"

is used 3,381 times in James Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, and occurs on 7,170 occasions in that same author's Ulysses, from which we can conclude that the latter is a much longer book. It appears oftener than "a" and oftener than "an"-although its frequency lags far behind "the" (as regards ubiquity always the winner)—and it easily outdoes "or," "of," "it," "oh!" as well as every other little word that might be presumed to be its rival, even "is," even "I." Some snoop has reported that of the number of words we use in ordinary correspondence, nine words ("I," "the," "and," "you," "to," "your," "of," "for," and "in"), at one time at least, comprised a fourth of the total, whereas in telephone conversations "and" barely makes the top ten in frequency of use.

Words that get heavy, one might say almost continuous, employment, are invariably short. Suppose "and" were as long as "moreover"? It would soon mean "moreover," and drop to an ignominious rate of three in A Portrait, to a sad two in Ulysses, a frequency that will scarcely seed a satisfying life. And if "and" were spelled, say, like "Mesopotamia," would it receive any use at all? And what would happen to the ideas it represents, if we were too busy to think them, or to all the various ands in the world we could no longer trouble ourselves to designate? That ceaselessly constant conjunction of which Hume spoke would now be noted only rarely: when we were forced to remind ourselves of the connection between Punch moreover Judy, or Mutt mesopotamia Jeff.

Such is not its or our plight, however. On word

William H. Gass is David May Distinguished University Professor in the Humanities at Washington University in St. Louis. The essay published here will be part of a forthcoming book, The Habitations of the Word. lists, the occurrences of "and" are merely nabered, never cited. The dictionary contains "at only as a courtesy, and out of a traditional condition of completeness. No one is going to look up "at We do not "look up" manhole covers when a visit the city. So it is a squeak we are used to passes through the ear, the eye, the mind, unhe unseen, and unremarked. It can copulate as opid as birds do, the way park ducks wanton on taponds. Indeed, pigeons are more heatedly complain of, for "and" leaves no poop on public should As a word, "and" is an amiable nothing. It has even a substantiating, an ennobling, function in the," which has caused many a philosopher's halles to rise.

Joyce singled out "the" and gave it pride of fi place in Finnegans Wake, although one might air that while "the" has the last word in the body the text, it acts only to buckle the belly of the be together, and that the pride of penultimate pic is actually given to "a," ordinarily a halt word rhyme chime, a mere space maker, the shallow exhalation: A way a lone a last a loved a long h ... where it interrupts the l's as they likker ach the tongue: lone last loved long riverrun, past and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay a...a...a... Just a few lines earlier, "and" a been allowed to perform an equally rocking rh mical function: And it's old and old it's sad and it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold fate my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father. It is worth noticing how "old" slips into an "O" k a woman into a wrapper: And it's old and O it's and O it's sad and weary . . . just as the "C" son it picks up later will reinstruct our ears so thatw hear, in retrospect, And it's cold and cold it's a and cold it's sad and weary.... Of these must methods, of course, Joyce was a master.

he anonymity of "and," its very invisibility, recnends the word to the student of language, for n we really look at it, study it, listen to it, "and" onger appears to be "and" at all, because "and" as we said, invisible, one of the threads that Is our clothes together: what business has it bea pant leg or the frilly panel of a blouse? The atched word is meaningless—a noise in the nose falls on the page as it pleases, while the writer orrying about nouns and verbs, welfare checks love affair; whereas the watched word has many nings, some of them profound; it has a wide e of functions, some of them essential; it has y lessons to teach us about language, some of n surprising; and it has metaphysical significance n even salutary sort.

# "And"

roduced initially with an open mouth, the breath ing out, but then that breath is driven up against roof, toward the nose, even invading it before sound is stoppered by the tongue against the h. The article "a" can be pronounced "aw," "A," " "aah," or nearly forgotten, while "the" is th" or "thee," depending on position and status; "and" is only and always "and," although its th, like many such words that contain the outof a vowel, is relatively indeterminate: "aahluh"-where the "duh" is like a lariat lassoing next word, filling the voice stream, allowing one's ight to continue, inhibiting interruptions: "pahst v anduhAahdummz. . . . " In Middle English, and n among the vulgar since, the word has appeared educed circumstances, either as a conditional: it please your lordship, I'll drop me drawers; or common conjunction: an' here an' there the ets went an' never touched me nearly. Hollyd nosh nooks, back in the Thirties, bobbed it 1 further: Dunk 'n' Dine, their signs said. Sit 'n' There was also the nautical spit 'n' polish, and enigmatic put-down, shit 'n' shinola.

Ithough the sound "and" and the word "and" appear and reappear in sentence after sentence, in spoken and in written form, there is no sinmeaning (AND) that remains tethered to the n. The word is, perhaps, no sneakier than most ds, but it is sneaky enough, hiding itself inside other sounds, pulling syllables up over its head. s, of course, the principal element in "randy," 'aband," and "island," a not inconsiderable segit of "Anderra," "Anderson," "andeluvian," andau," and "ampersand," whose elegantly twistymbol (the so-called short or alphabetical "and" le by intertwining the "e" and "t" of "et") also tains it. "And" also lurks about in words like anned," and in apparently innocent commands please put the pan down, Anne, as well as in ly allegations or simple statements of fact, for ance, that panders and pimps and pushers, panhandlers and prostitutes, stand like so many lamps on the streetcorners.

Not only are there more "ands" about than immediately meet the eye, the word by itself in the open is manifold in its meanings, and not in the way that most words are ambiguous either: "bank" variously signifying a calculated bounce or guarded vault or sloping river edge; "rank" signifying something overripe or of military station; "tank" referring to an armored vehicle, a cylinder for gas or certain fluids, an approximate measure. "And" is ambiguous the way prepositions are, not straightforwardly but curvaciously, almost metaphysically, multiple. Think of the differences designated by the same, seemingly simple, "on" in the poorhouse is on fire, the seafood is on the table, her panties were hanging on the line, their lacy patterns turned him on, now his mind was mainly on Mary. Such words are constantly in transit between meanings, their very indeterminacy an invitation to their contexts to seize and to shape them; and if "bank" were like that, we should sense how we might slide down some weedy slope into the till, or how we might count on a good bounce from our rubber check.

Initially a preposition itself, and derived from "end," the idea of fronting or facing a boundary, the word suggested an opposition, a standing of something next to but over against something else, such as "up" with "down," "high" next to "low," "peace" over against "war." Later, as various words collapsed into and became "and" ("ond," "ant," "enti," "anda," "undi," "und," "ut," "et," et cetera), its function as a relatively neutral conjunction increased. Now not even Proteus can match the magicality of its many metamorphoses.

A single example from Gertrude Stein's "Melanctha" should be sufficient to show our small word's true and larger nature.

She tended Rose, and1 she was patient, submissive, soothing, and2 untiring, while the sullen, childish, cowardly, black Rosie grumbled and3 fussed and4 howled and5 made herself to be an abomination and6 like a simple beast.

["And" #1] She tended Rose, and she was patient, submissive, soothing.... This is the adverbial use of "and." The expression is to be read: "She tended Rose, and [in doing so] she was patient, submissive, soothing...." It is not so much that "and" is an adverb here; rather it determines the nature of application to the verb "tended" of what follows it. We have no grammatical category for this operation.

["And" #2]...she was patient, submissive, soothing, and untiring. . . . This "and" begins as the "and" of balance and coordination. That is, we have "soothing" on the one hand balanced logically and grammatically with "untiring" like two weights on a scale. Both words belong to the same part of speech; both are about the same length; both designate qualities of the same logical order, although "soothed" is

something the patient is supposed to feel, while "untiring" is something the nurse is, and, more importantly, looks. But when "soothing," as a word, is not alone; when it is joined, on its side, by two others; then the balance goes out of whack, and the nature of our "and" begins to alter.

patient, submissive, soothing, auntiring

The "and" we now confront means "finally." It may even mean "and in particular" or "above all." Death, Donne tells us, is a slave to fate, chance, kings, and [finally] desperate men. This "and," then, moves from one meaning to another like a pointer on that imaginary scale it has suggested. It begins by intimating equality and balance, but both its position in the series (last) and its separation from the rest ("and" acts as a barrier) increase its importance, as if it were significant enough by itself to weigh as much as the other three. Principally, however, this second "and" indicates the approaching conclusion of a list the way certain symphonic gestures ready us for the culmination of the music. I love your lips, nose, eyes, hair, chin, and hollow cheeks, your big bank account and bust, my dear. Balances are delicate, and easily tipped. The social status of a word, its force, its length, its history of use: anything can do it.

Between the words "patient" and "submissive" in the Stein sentence only a comma intervenes, but that comma stands for an "and" whose presence is purely conceptual. It is "and" become ghostly and bodiless. It is the fatuous gleam in Father's eye. Indeed, one could easily write another essay on the germinal, the spermatic character of this seedy wormlike bit of punctuation. The comma resembles the law, and can command our conscience without a policeman. The absence of the officer is essential to its effect, however, for she was patient and submissive and soothing and untiring is another sentence entirely, and not a very forceful one.

To the logician, who is at least patient and untiring, if not soothing and submissive, a connective like "and" or its sometime substitute, the comma, asserts the joint dependency of every element in the pursuit of truth. The logician is outspoken and prefers everything laid out on the bed like clothes for a trip. She (Melanctha) was patient; and she (Melanctha) was submissive; and she (Melanctha) was soothing; and she (Melanctha) was untiring, tooat once and altogether. One can hear what a wearisome way to go at things this is; and for some of the same reasons we like our workaday words short and preferably snappy, we fold our ideas over whenever we can-wad them up-and indicate the folds with commas. The logician's assertion of mutual dependency of parts where truth is concerned is paradoxical, and tells us a good deal about "and," because "and," whenever it interposes its body, separates each quality from the others and insists that we examine them one at a time, as if they might

display themselves on different days or places (at we were saying that Melanctha was patient on Tuday, when she wore her bright blue dress, and utiring on Wednesday in her red riding habit, as submissive on Sunday, when she put on her smink smock); as if being patient and untiring we conditions that never affect one another.

The logician's "and" is indifferent to group and order. It is all the same to it whether Bill has a boil on his nose and water in the pot, or water the pot and a boil on his nose, or whether Bill I a boil on his nose, water in the pot, and a plant the sill, or a boil on his nose and water in the p. a plant on the sill with its window on the world To our made-up logician, if Melanctha was soothing then she was soothing, and while we know that was soothing, we also know she failed to soothe, Rose Johnson behaved like a simple beast. She will in good biblical fashion, an abomination. Sooth that is not soothing is not exactly the same as soon ing that succeeds and soothes. It is much more list ly, in fact, to be infuriating. Who, after all, enio being placated: there . . . there . . .

In short, in addition to its full appearance as word, "and" can make itself felt simply as a sound as in the expression "canned ham," or it can constitute the underlying meaning of another connitive like "but," or it can exert itself invisibly, a recurrent idea, a rule of organization. Counting commas that are stand-ins for it, there are elevitands" in Gertrude Stein's sentence.

["And" #3]... while the sullen, childish, cowally, black Rosie grumbled and fussed.... Our secondard draw a list to a close. This third "and" ocurs immediately after the commencement of subscription of the secondard draw and "fussed" are in balance, but "fussed" viscon be paired with "howled," and momentarily fuitself in a tray belonging to two different scales, we pass along the list, accumulating the "ands" grumbled and fussed and howled and made hers an abomination... we must constantly shift dweight, first grouping "grumbled" with "fussethem "fussed" with "howled," and finally, with fucharacteristics at last in place, comparing the fipair of bad behaviors with the second set.

grumbled fussed howled made herself to an abominate

The specific thing that "fussed" does is add its to "grumbled," and the idea of addition, like the of balance, equality, difference, and coordination in basic to our word, which is often a + sign. Regrumbled, and [in addition] fussed. Additions, course, can be of many kinds. Sometimes they mely lengthen a list: Darling: remember to buy Kleen and coffee and new strings for your map. Sometim-however, they alter its character, change its direction, either mildly, as I love your lips, nose, eyhair, chin, and fallen bosom does, or more radica

3 Duckie, don't forget catsup, kohlrabi, and some onniption, a large can, you know, the kind in sugar

Every addition implies that somewhere there's a ım. You can't add one number to another-8 to 4. or instance—if the 8 has disappeared by the time the has come round to be counted. However, ordinary ctions are like that. I must stop hopping if I'm to cip, and halt all skipping if I'm to jump. My present potstep cannot find the others I have made, even ieir sound on the sidewalk is gone. So "fussed" adds self to "grumbled" only in the mind of some obrver for whom the sum is one of aggravation. To lelanctha, Rose Johnson grumbled, and (in addition) issed, and (to top it off) howled. Since Rose did not iss because she had grumbled, her actions, as exrnal events, merely follow one another in time, and place one another in space, the way Hume indiites our impressions do; and this notion of a simple next!" is another that is fundamental to the meang of "and."

Certain things cannot be added to others because iey are already there by implication. To lamb stew on cannot add lamb. Nor is there any sense in saying that In addition to being triangular, their love fair had three sides. Thus, because it is a defining st, in sullen, childish, cowardly, black Rosie, the

ommas do not replace a plus.

Generally, "and" designates only external and necessary relations; it deals with incidentals, sepables, shoes that slip on and off; but not when means something like "equally true." A triangle as three sides and [it is equally true that] the sum tis interior angles is 180°.

["And" #4]... Rosie grumbled and fussed and puled.... This is the "and" of increasing emphasis. osie grumbled and [in addition] fussed and [what's ore] howled. It has not lost its coordinate qualities ndeed it is now operating as a pivot between two airs), and it remains an additive "and" too, but it now in a place of weight as well. This usually retires that it occupy the last place in any series of onjunctions, and that the items of the set (in this use, names of actions) show a corresponding rise, well. or increase in scope and importance.

["And" #5]...and made herself to be an abomation...Our fifth "and," since it appears in series ith "ands" #3 & #4, begins by signaling that it another addition with emphasis. Indeed, it starts withdraw some of #4's culminating force, for it seen, now, not quite to culminate. However, the cpression that follows the fifth "and" is not a sine everb, which its normal coordinating function ould lead us to expect anyway, but an entire clause. urthermore, while "howling," "fussing," and "grumling" are intransitive verbs, "making" is not. I said moment ago that addition implies a sum, and there is: the summarizing, totalizing "and." Rosie grumled and fussed and howled and [altogether] made erself to be an abomination...

["And" #6] . . . and like a simple beast. Our final explicit "and" does not occur in a balancing position. Although it is in series, that series, as we have moved through it, has been undergoing transformations. "Fussed" is added to "grumbled," then "howled" is emphatically attached, and these add up to "abomination." Now this sum is interpreted and explained by resorting to the "and" of equivalence, to the "and" of "that is to say." She made herself to be an abomination and [that is to say] like a simple beast.

We can summarize the six different functions of the spelled-out "ands" in Gertrude Stein's admirably instructive sentence this way: She tended Rose, and [in doing so] she was patient, submissive, soothing, and [finally] untiring, while the sullen, childish, cowardly, black Rosie grumbled and [in addition] fussed and [what's more] howled and [taken altogether] made herself to be an abomination and [what is the

same thing] like a simple beast.

So far, we have considered these "ands" as if they existed in relative isolation, in terms of their local impact upon one another, and not in terms of the total effect of their use. But six "ands" have surfaced in this sentence. Each one comes between its companions like a referee. Within most prepositional phrases, for instance, the sense of things follows the reading eye from left to right as seems proper. Look → at the little dog → in its cute pink angora sweater. Because, in such formations, the so-called minor and undominant connectors come first, meaning moves toward "dog" then "sweater" like a drain, although with all those adjectives piled up in the second phrase, the drain begins to clog. But our "ands" part their elements while retaining them. They divvy, weigh, equalize, and order. They spread their objects out like dishes on a table.

In the following example, Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein's anderstudy, is working for a kind of fuddled bewilderment and frightened energy by a deliberate misuse of the word. The narrator in the story "After the Storm" has just knifed a man in a bar.

Well, I went out of there and there were plenty of them with him and some came out after me and I made a turn and was down by the docks and I met a fellow and he said somebody killed a man up the street, I said "Who killed him?" and he said "I don't know who killed him but he's dead all right," and it was dark and there was water standing in the street and no lights and windows broke and boats all up in the town and trees blown down and everything all blown and I got a skiff and went out and found my boat where I had her inside of Mango Key and she was all right only she was full of water. So I bailed her out and pumped her out and there was a moon but plenty of clouds and still plenty rough and I took it down along; and when it was daylight I was off Eastern Harbor.

These "ands" do not establish parallels or connec-

tions; they suggest chasms. Between one act and another—between turning a corner and meeting a man—there is nothing. These "ands" condense or skip. They insist upon the suddenness of everything, the disappearance of time, the collision of distant spaces. Of course, these are the "ands" of nervousness, too, of worry and sleeplessness, of sheep leaping fences one after another. They cause events to ricochet.

If we momentarily return, now, to the first "and" of Gertrude Stein's set of six, we can see that it attaches the entire remainder of our sentence to the initial She tended Rose.... This "and" is both adverbial, as we saw, informing us how well and kindly Melanctha took care of Rose, but it is adversarial in addition, setting Melanctha's conduct sharply over against Rose's (who becomes "Rosie" when we learn of her low-class ways). So our specimen is made of that opening clause (She tended Rose...) and a closing phrase (...like a simple beast) that precisely balances it, while between these two segments three four-term series are sung, one that belongs to Melanctha, and two that belong to Rose and describe first her character and then her behavior. At this point we encounter an "and" that has its home within the rhetorical structure itself, for it is as if the sentence's shape said that Melanctha was patient and Rose was sullen; Melanctha was submissive and Rose was childish, and so on, employing the "and" of simultaneity, of "while." Cricks may rise and Troysers fall ... Joyce writes, using the same connective. Sullen Rosie grumbled, the rhetorical form also says: childish Rosie fussed; cowardly black Rosie howled and made herself to be an abomination and like a simple beast—a structure that invokes the "and" of consequence and cause. I bought some stock in IBM and the bottom of the market parted like a wet sack.

In the single sentence I took from Gertrude Stein. we have now found six overt "ands," each with a different dominant meaning, five covert "ands," which hid themselves unsuccessfully under commas, and two "ands" that were implied by the form. Nor does this list (itself an "and"-producing format) even remotely exhaust the various senses, sometimes several at the same time, these thirteen "ands" possess, nor did my account even minimally describe the interaction between different meanings that any one written or spoken token might represent, or do more than suggest something of the dynamics of switching and sliding senses, as readings were anticipated, accepted, revised, rejected, retained. And we have only to glance again at the passage from Hemingway to find meanings for the word we haven't yet examined. You may recall the peculiar formation: Well, I went out of there and there were plenty of them with him. . . . This is the "and" of consequence, in this case inverted so that it becomes an "and" of tardy explanation, the "and" of belated "because." The narrator got out of there because the man he knifed had plenty of friends with him.

# "And"

sometimes means "in company" or "together with as the passengers and all their luggage were hurl from the plane. And Dombey and Son.

### "And"

sometimes means "we may call these things by t same name, but the differences among them are of ten important and profound," as there are doctorand doctors. This use may be regarded as a partiularly pronounced example of the differentiating, "over against," "and."

### "And"

sometimes means "remember all the incident events, ideas, that came before, or just before, this as in the famous opening of Pound's Cantos.

And then went down to the ship, Set keel to breakers, forth on the godly sea, and We set up mast and sail on that swart ship, Bore sheep aboard her, and our bodies also Heavy with weeping, and winds from sternward Bore us out onward with bellying canvas, Circe's this craft, the trim-coiffed goddess.

# "And"

is sometimes used in the spirit of "you might n believe it, but..." and as if in answer to an u spoken question. And yes, we did set up mast a sail on that swart ship. Or, at the half we had a te point lead, and we still lost by two touchdowns. C and we ate human flesh!

Often the dangled or uncoupled "and" express surprise or indignation. It is an emphatic form the remember-what-came-before "and." And ye talk to me this way, after all I've done for you Here the "and" of consequence has suffered a fimiliar disappointment. Or, so Peking; and do yo now go to Moscow?

Around some expressions there hover an astonis ing number of ghostly forms, whiffs, sibilant su gestions, vague intimations, and these, as well as the more overt relationships that the reader is expected to grasp as a matter of course, help give them feeling of classic correctness. Mae West's famo invitation, why don't you come up and see me som time? with its careful softening of a command in a question, alters the cliché-you folks come bai and see me soon, you hear?-basically by only on word-"up"-and that change suggests "bedroon to my bad ear, while "come up" suggests "erection" "come" suggests "climax," "see me" sounds lil "seize me," and "seed me," and so on, so that the "and" it contains hums like a tuning fork between all these fainter and further thoughts and their term Mae West's seductive delivery, of course, lets know how we are to hear her invitation, but "ur is the verbal pointer that prepares us to flush the remaining meanings within range of our gun.

Logical and grammatical form—the fact th

"and" is a connective and not an article, an adjective, or a noun—limit somewhat the meanings that our word may assume, but only somewhat, and there is little in these formal dispositions that can tell us in advance of experience what "and" means. We can't even know whether we are going to be dealing with a preposition, a conjunction, or a strange kind of adverb; yet the ordinary reader is able to distinguish one use of "and" from another with an ease that never causes us any astonishment: the syntax takes shape simultaneously with the meanings it shapes.

For we know what it is to take care of someone. We know what it is to be patient. We have seen patient caring, and the irritable, impatient kind (we can even imagine impatient patience, as if one were in a hurry to get this period of placid absorbency and affable putting-up-with over with), so that when the words call our experiences together in a sentence, the ensuing arrangement, and completed meaning, is the result of our memories of life and our understanding of language. Patience has a hisory as a human condition that I've encountered before and occasionally enjoyed; and the word "patience" has a career as a concept and a mark that I have, myself, seen and heard and written down and uttered. It is the same, to a degree, with all words. That is, I remember their meanings; I remember my encounters with their referents; and I remember the company of other words that the ones in question have commonly kept. However, when I remember these things, I do not do so serially, one fact or feeling, one usage, at a time, as if I were thumbing through an index or flipping through a file. These memories have been compacted and their effects summed, although I may recollect my mother's patience during one trying time with particular distinctness, or recall the famous "now patience" passage in Finnegans Wake more readily than others. My mind remembers the way trained muscles do, so when I speak and read as well as I walk and bike, then we can say that I have incorporated my language; it has become another nature, an organ-like facility; and that language, at least, will have been invested with meaning, not merely assigned it. I may have just learned that "ne plus ultra" signifies an ultimate or utmost point; nevertheless, the phrase will still stand aside from its referent like politeness at a doorway; but when, for me, idea and object fuse with their sign, then the sign is valuable like the coin it resembles; it is alive, a unity of mind and body that can be taught to sing, to dance.

# And

so what? The inner order of the "and" is the list, to which we must now turn—that field where all its objects at least implicitly rest. Here is a brief list

of lists: the list that is made up of reminders, shorthand commands-get X, do Y, check Z-such as the grocery or shopping list, the list of things to get done before leaving for Europe, before ignition and liftoff, before embarking upon a prolonged affair; and there are want lists, Christmas lists, and so on, much the same; then there is the inventory, and the catalogue, the bests and the worsts, restaurants deserving two stars and three forks, statistical tables and other compilations, directories, almanacs, hit lists, dictionaries, deportation orders, delightfully sheer enumerations. Some lists are as disorderly as laundry-that is, only somewhat-or as chaotic as one made for marketing, ordered only as items pop into the mind, or as supplies run out, and having no real first, middle, most, or honest end. Sometimes particular items will be underscored or starred. Certain "ands" (the "and" for emphasis, for instance) often operate like an asterisk. Other arrangements are neutral and simply for convenience, as book lists are often alphabetical. The factors of 8 could be listed in any order without real prejudice, although I prefer 1 + 2 + 4 + 8 to other, more slipshoddy, renditions. Occasionally a book dealer will shelve his books according to author only, instead of by title or subject matter, and then the catalogue's alphabetical simplicity and the structure of the corresponding state of affairs in his shop will be the same.

Among the organizing principles of lists, then, are (1) things simply come upon, either the way they are remembered, as a guest list may be composed, or as found, for instance, when the police inventory your pockets before putting you away; (2) items listed in accordance with some external principle, often so that things can be easily located ---for instance, numerically, alphabetically, astrologically, regimentally, hermeneutically; and (3) items ordered by the order of things themselves, like a book's table of contents, or vice versa, as when the library's catalogue shelves the books, and commands their connections. We must suppose that God's list of things to do (on the first day-light; on the second day-land; on the third day-life; and so on) possessed a hidden internal principle, and there may be other self-generating lists of this kind.

Lists are juxtapositions, and often employ some of the techniques of collage. The collage, of course, brings strangers together, uses its "ands" to suggest an affinity without specifying what it is, and produces, thereby, a low-level but general nervousness. It is one of the essential elements of a truly contemporary style. Lists—full of "ands" as they are—remove things from their normal place, not as an artist might, by picking up a piece of paper from the street to paste up on a canvas (as the romance maintains), but by substituting for such found objects their names, and then rearranging those. As a consequence, lists are dominated by nouns. Here is a little list of words of the sort that rarely ap-

pear on lists: "always" is never there, or "nevermore" or "if" (although there is the expression don't give me any ifs, ands, or buts), less than occasionally "subjugation," "halfheartedly," "yeah," or "Lithuaneousness." Even some nouns, like "junta," manage to stay quite away. However, adjectives of a usefully descriptive kind, those quiet, unassuming servants of nouns, frequently appear; yellow cheese, large eggs, fresh milk, bitten nails.

That part of punctuation most associated with lists is therefore the colon, for presumably everything that follows it is a list. As we know, the colon is frequently an abbreviation for "namely," or "for instance." There are thirteen ways of looking at a blackbird: (namely) on Sunday, in the yellowing woods with a friend, following a thin fall rain, and so forth.

Lists sometimes suggest or supply alternatives, not necessarily exclusive, for example, ways of getting spots off tea trays, or means of travel that avoid Cleveland. They supply possibilities: the people who could ride on the cow catcher, the games you could play in a stadium: roller-skating the ramps, playing checkers on an empty seat, hide-and-seek. If I am drawing up a list of physical attitudes or comportments surprisingly suitable for sex, although there is an implicit "and" standing between each (while leaning wearily against your partner like the man with the hoe, as though sitting slowly down upon a hassock), it is not expected that you will put all of these to use one after another as though loading groceries in a cart. These "ands" resemble "or" more than they resemble themselves.

Lists have subjects. They are possessive. Lists are lists of. There is the list of foodstuffs needed for the ascent of Everest; there is the ruck one finds in a rucksack, items up for auction, wines and prices; while the little leaflet, the roster sheet, the penciled-in dance card, the back of an old envelope on which a list has been made: each of these symbolizes the table top or field or sorting tray, rucksack or room, where we may imagine these items have been assembled. This is sometimes called "the site."

Since a list has a subject to which its items are constantly referred, it suppresses its verb (to buy. to remind, to count, to store), and tends to retard the forward movement of the mind. We remain on the site. While the early "ands" of a series propel us onward, the later ones run breathlessly in place; thus the list is fundamental device for creating a sense of overflow, abundance, excess. We find it almost invariably so used in Rabelais, and often in Cervantes. Why name one thing when you can invoke many? Why b. merely thirsty, why simply drink, when you can cry out with Grangousier: "I wet, I dampen, I moisten. I humect my gullet, I drink-and all for fear of dving of aridity!" Here. however, our list is not one of alternative actions. but of additional words. I could say "moisten my gullet"; or I could say "dampen my gullet"; but, by the cerebral swillings of all the sophists, I shall saboth, and more, in order to suggest the generou great gulp of life I am presently swallowing. Who indeed, could be satisfied to say, of the breasts of their beloved, simply that they are as white and so as a hillock of junket? Rühmen, dass ist!

Lists, then, are for those who savor, who reverand wallow, who embrace, not only the whole of things, but all of its accounts, histories, description justifications. They are for those who like, in ever circumstance, to Thomas Wolfe things down, to whoop it, Whitmanly, up, "Ands" run from Wolf as if he were a faucet for them.

And before and after that, and in between, and is and out, and during it and later on, and now an then, and here and there, and at home and abroad and on the seven seas, and across the length and breadth of the five continents, and vesterday and to morrow and jorever—could it be said of her that she had been promiscuous?

Even the jeremiad is a list, and full of joy. Damna tions are delightful. Lists are finally for those wh love language, the vowel-swollen cheek, the lifting dancing tongue, because lists are fields full of word and roving bands of "and." Life itself can only be compiled and thereby captured on a list, if it cabe laid out anywhere at all, especially if you are nominalist.

List-making is a form of collecting, of course conservative in that sense, and dictionaries are the noblest lists of all; but lists are ubiquitous in literature. It is not merely Walt Whitman who is mad of them. They are as frequent a rhetorical elemer as "and" is a grammatical one. We could scarcel write much without either. When do we have a lishowever, and when not? There is no limit, presumably, to the length of lists so long as they have one for the idea of a list implies the possibility of a complete enumeration. I may not have completed m list of all the cars with Delaware license plates tha have stopped at my gas station, but an end is i sight, for my cancer is incurable and the station wi soon close.

However, when we write nothing but "Kleenex on the flap of our envelope, we haven't a list ye' though we may have begun to make one; it await the "and." "Kleenex and cauliflower" is only a pair and pairs are opposed to lists, and close upon them selves like clapping hands (though I wonder wha sound this pair would make when they came to gether?), while "Kleenex, cauliflower, and catnip is simply a skimpy plurality. Alliteration actuall makes the three items seem more numerous that they are, so I think that with four such we can sa our list has truly begun. When I wrote down "catnip I did not add it to a list, for there wasn't a list yet but now that we have one, various things can b said to be on or off it, or eligible for inclusion o not. The phrase fate, chance, kings, and desperat men forms a list. Notice, however, that until ther

was a list "fate," like "catnip" before, was not on it; but that, once the list was made, "fate," we see, was always on.

There are some lists one wants rather desperately to be on: the Honor Roll, for instance; but some should be shunned, like the Lord High Executioner's little list of people who surely won't be missed, or that other roll call way up yonder for which one does not wish to be eligible just yet.

Although the list by itself is a small democracy, and usually lacks hierarchies (the 1,003 women on Don Giovanni's are, presumably, all loved equally by the list, if not by the Don), when the list occurs in a literary work, these conditions change, and the order of items becomes especially important. "Ah hah!" Holmes exclaims, our suspect has put down "catnip" before "Kleenex." Of course, like Holmes's cases, works of literature suffer from an excess of the essential. The normal democracy of lists is connected with the coordinating and balancing functions of "and," as well as its additive and merely enumerative character: How do I love thee, let me count the ways ... yet even though the "ands" of emphasis, or of "finally," or "in sum," introduce certain small subordinations, the importance of every "and," and the elements it connects, even its pecking orders, remains substantially the same.

I've pointed out that listing things, or inserting an "and" between them, can only be done by replacing the things with their names, and thereby transforming their relations. If you are moving, and have made a list of your belongings so that the insurance company can repay you when the wagons are lost crossing the mountains, the spatial relation between these objects (between hairbrush and table, table and footstool, footstool and rug) will be replaced (as it just was) with a simple serial relation between indifferent nouns that find their rest. now, only on a yellow sheet. The rug on which I lay as a baby to have my naked picture taken will be listed in the same way as yours-one woolly rugthough it was there you lost your virginity, and he lay one tan hand beneath the frillies of your tennis dress, and ... Nothing but a list can restore such moments to us. A list can calmly take apart a chair, and reduce its simultaneous assemblage to a song: back, leg, cushion, square feet, embroidery, grease spot, saggy spring, slight scratch, small tear, lost tack. If I cut up an action for inclusion on a list, I shall have to divide it the way the flight of Zeno's arrow was divided, and a continuum will become an enumeration. He ran rapidly forward, leaped, and comfortably cleared the hurdle makes three acts out of what was once one, and these segments can be moved about like beans. Landing awkwardly on his left leg, he knew his run had been rapid enough for his leap at least to clear the hurdle. What has been divided, here, is no longer an action, but a memory. Indeed, I can cut up the action in a lot of ways, slicing He ran rapidly forward into a stride with the right foot, a stride with the left, and so on, even becoming microscopic: shove off right, lift, swing, extend, plant, pull, etc., and in this way never reaching, any more than Achilles does, the hurdle. The camera is such a list maker, because a film is essentially a series of stills, temporally arranged and uniformly flashed so as to restore continuity at the price of illusion.

Can one word make a world? Of course not. God said: es werde Licht, not "Licht" alone. (It is my suspicion that God speaks German.) But when an "and" appears between any two terms, as we have seen, a place where these two "things" belong together has been implied. Furthermore, the homogeneity of chaos, ohne Form und leer, has been sundered, for we must think of chaos, Tiefe, not as a helter-skelter of worn-out and broken or halfheartedly realized things like a junkyard or potter's midden, but as a fluid mishmash of thinglessness in every lack of direction, as if a blender had run amok.

# "And"

is that sunderer; it divides into new accords; it stands between *Himmel und Erde*; it divides light from darkness.

# "And"

again moves between sea and sky and their several waters, so that a new relationship arises between them, one that is external and unencumbering, although intimate as later will be Eve and Adam. Dividing earth from ocean, grass from earth, summer from winter and night from day, is again: "and."

# And

those that crawl are otherwise than those that fly because of it. Finally, of course, between Himself and Himself there came a glass, a gleaming image: God and man, then. And among man the male and the female, and within man, the soul and life and mind and body, were sorted and set, as though in left and right hands, beside but separate from one another.

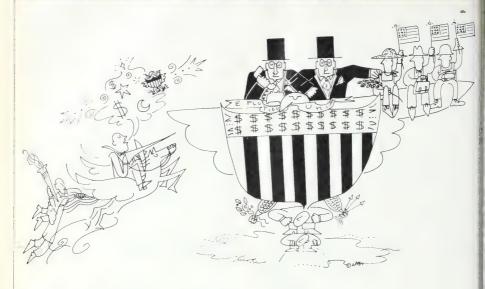
# And

then God went away to other delights, an Reiz und Kraft, leaving us with our days and nights and other downfalls, our sites and lists and querulous designs and petty plans, our sentiments and insatiables and dreamlands, with the problem of other minds, with the spirit's unhappy household in the body, with essences and accidents and no insurance. with all those bilious and libelous tongues, pissing angels, withheld rewards, broken promises, all those opportunities for good and evil, sex, marriage, world wars, work, and worship—and with "and": a sword that cleaves things as it cleaves them.

And

then some.

# RECONSIDERATIONS



# OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

by L. J. Davis

How Justice Brandeis almost ruined the country.

T IS AN old argument, stretching back at least as far as the dawn of the Republic, and the terms of the dispute have a great deal to do with the conviction of businessmen that political liberals are naïve, stupid, or crazy. On one side are Benjamin Franklin and Justice Louis Brandeis, whose philosophical preoccupations found their purest and most influential form in the latter's forceful, closely reasoned, and utterly mistaken book, Other People's Money, published in 1914. Against them stand John Pierpont Morgan and Justice Felix Frankfurter, whose enduring monuments are the Federal Reserve System, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and in-

L. J. Davis is the author of Bad Money, a book on recent business failures. He is currently at work on a book about the Securities and Exchange Commission. dustrial peace. At issue is the nature and shape of the American economy and, therefore, of the government.

As every schoolboy once knew, Dr. Franklin is supposed to have replied to the inquisitive lady of Philadelphia who asked what the Constitutional Convention had wrought: "A republic, madam, if you can keep it." The renowned phrasemaker had cause for concern. There was no precedent for the document the delegates had produced; no republic larger than a city-state had ever existed; the new country was huge and its population scattered, uncultured, unlettered, and ignorant. Franklin went to his grave vexed by the question of whether the United States was a workable proposition, and he was not alone in his uncertainty. What one might call the hidden agenda of the Philadelphi constitution was its attempt to ar ticipate and foil the evolution of powerful institutions within the republican state that might defeat the experiment and undo the fragil handiwork of its founders.

By the time J. P. Morgan came of age, most of the threats to the Re public were coming from a new an unanticipated direction. Morga looked upon the corrupt and waste ful capitalism of Jay Gould and Ju bilee Jim Fisk-and beheld a spec tacle repugnant to his fiduciary heal and Episcopalian soul. Given h temperament, it was inevitable the he should attempt to do somethin about it. Given his abilities, it was equally inevitable that in large mea sure he should succeed-in bringing order to the marketplace, endir the competition that was tearing th

ountry apart and corrupting its stitutions, and placing the right ort of men in command, answerale to himself, his partners, and his lies through the lines of credit they ontrolled. From the presumably enehtened perspective of three quarrs of a century later, his accomlishments seem as incredible as they d to his contemporaries: the end of e railroad wars and the creation of e Southern Railway System; the rmation of Big Steel and the exile Texas of the odious Bet-a-Million ates; American Telephone and elegraph; International Harvester; eneral Electric.

As Morgan neared the end of his ie, and especially after he single-andedly stopped the great panic of 307, it became clear to certain oughtful men that the order he ad produced was good, and that return to the dubious blessings capitalism unchained was uninkable.

Even as some of these same oughtful men joined lustily in the orus of popular condemnation at tormented the aging financier in s last days, they set out to fashn an institutional replacement, st in the form of the Federal Rerve and later with Felix Frankrter's SEC. As Frankfurter saw ith a clarity that was shared by ery few, it was unwise to abolish lorgan's economic structures but it as essential to regulate them, and e Anglo-American legal system as unequal to the task. The soluon was to establish federal agenes whose rules were clear, relativeinflexible, and as impervious as ıman ingenuity could make them the ideological whimsies of adinistrations yet unborn. The goal as identical with Morgan's: fair id orderly markets, with honest en in charge.

OUIS BRANDEIS disagreed. A transplanted Midwesterner with a powerful sentimental attachment to his adopticity of Boston, a confirmed and tive Zionist who was also an arent American patriot, a lawyer, a mantic, and a reformer, Brandeis

mistakenly identified Pierpont Morgan as the enemy. He took up the cudgels of debate where Benjamin Franklin had deposited them and proceeded about his task as though 120 years had not intervened. In the process he defined the economics of progressive liberalism in a way that persists to this day.

Although Other People's Money deals with American business practices and especially with Morgan's handiwork, the book is primarily a meditation on the sociology of change. It is only peripherally a book on economics, and the economics is wrong. Against Morgan's reality of rational corporate structures policed by the banks, Brandeis postulated a fictitious nation of gentleman entrepreneurs and ingenious mechanics invigorated by the invisible hand of competition and policed by the moral suasion exerted by informed public scrutiny.

This was, at least, the ideal, but the fly in the ointment was J. P. Morgan. Reasoning by analogy, Brandeis concluded that interlocking boards of directors were the means by which Morgan and his sinister Money Trust controlled the nation's commerce and postponed its inevitable march toward perfection, lining a few pockets in New York while bilking and oppressing the citizenry. It was a pretty and even a persuasive argument, but it failed to take into account two rather easilv discovered facts. First, when it came to boards of directors, Morgan was a 400-pound gorilla: he sat wherever he liked, and where he sat was the head of the table. Second, it didn't matter a fig where Morgan sat, because boards of directors simply don't do much of anything, and abolishing interlocks is a waste of time. If one wishes to prevent capitalists from conspiring for their advantage, it makes vastly more sense to confiscate their telephones.

Although at no point in Other People's Money did Brandeis examine why companies grew to a certain size, what they did for a living, or how they did it, he nevertheless held as an unshakable article of faith that commercial giantism was

inherently wicked and that the purpose of reform was to break up such entities and thus (somehow) promote competition, ignoring evidence that explained why Morgan had found it necessary to create large combinations and suppress competition in the first place.

THE PROBLEM was not that competition had failed; it had worked far too well and with a fine impartiality, rewarding men of talent but no scruple as least as often as it rewarded scrupulous men of talent, if not more so. Franklin's republic was in serious danger of turning into a zoo. In an atomized economy, the rascal, the rogue, and the speculator thrive; it is their natural habitat. Morgan had witnessed at first hand the Erie wars in upstate New York, where Fisk had imported his corps of Bowery boys and Gould his purchased judges. It was a time when an honest politician was one who, when bought, stayed bought; a time, too, of the monstrous waste of capital in blackmail railroad lines and blackmail steel mills-lines and mills built not for any rational economic reason, but to inspire a buyout by the competition—a time of irrational investment, ruinous price cutting, and frenzied, often manipulated swings from boom to bust and back again. Jay Gould nearly cornered the gold market in a scheme that reached "to the parlor of the president," if not to the presidential armchair itself.

Speculation was out of control; money-wealth-disappeared in freshets, in torrents, lost without a trace. "It has gone," Fisk once explained to a congressional committee, "where the woodbine twineth." The ruling classes, Morgan's right sort of men, no longer ran the country; the circus had come to town (Fisk had actually worked in a circus once) and the scoundrels ruled. The atmosphere on Wall Street was poisonous, and it spread. By the depression year 1877, perhaps as much for psychological reasons as economic ones-although wages and commodity prices had fallen, and the price of goods and services had fallen even faster—the laborers of the great cities and the farmers of the Midwest had been in a state bordering on insurrection. It was time, in short, for Morgan to take matters in hand, buy out the rascals, impose a system, and import honesty, and he had done just that, by his lights and to the best of his ability.

Brandeis's legal training-and there is no denying that he was a superb lawyer-led him to attack the trusts' corporate structure rather than their economic rationale. Had he examined the latter with proper understanding, he would have found much amiss: Morgan had been stumbling badly following the premature death of his partner and chief tactician, Charles Henry Coster. There was too much water in the stock of Big Steel, and it was saved from probable insolvency only by the growth of the automobile industry, a development that Morgan utterly failed to anticipate. International Mercantile Marine was unworkable, and its various components were finally returned to their original, mostly British, owners at fire-sale prices and a whopping loss to the investors. There was much grist here for the reformist's mill. Brandeis ignored it.

His immersion in the myth of the Yankee tinkerer and the heroic and honorable entrepreneur was nearly complete, but while he can hardly be faulted for failing to foresee a day when research and development budgets would routinely surpass the Danish national debt, there is no excuse for his failure to perceive that the greed of the proprietors bears no relation to the size of the enterprise; like far too many reformers, Brandeis proposed to enforce his program by abolishing human nature. Nor did he understand banks: his beau ideal of a fiduciary institution was a credit union or a farmers' cooperative society-institutions that have no money to speak of, cannot finance the great undertakings of an industrial society, cannot spread their loan exposure, and are among the first to fail in a catastrophe.

THESE ARE egregious errors, and yet there is no denying that Brandeis struck a nerve -as was, perhaps, inevitable in a country whose greatest automobile manufacturer believed a dozen rabbis ruled the world and where the inventor of the telegraph saw everywhere the sinister hand of the Pope. One still hears of the sin of interlocking directorates, especially when the names of the oil companies are invoked; as recently as last fall, in his book The Oil Follies of 1970-1980, that good reporter Robert Sherrill believed he detected a vast conspiracy to drive the price of petroleum into the stratosphere, and cited interlocking directorates as his proof.

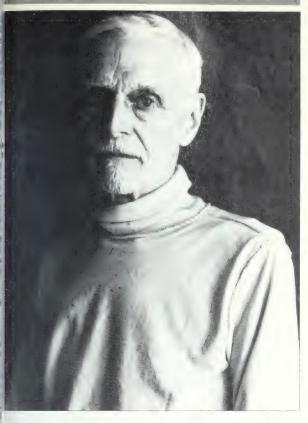
A huge bureaucracy exists to enforce the supposed virtues of competition, an enormous body of law has evolved to a similiar end, the great banks are regularly assailed for their alleged power rather than for their often palpable stupidity, and sometimes it seems that in all the federal apparatus only Felix Frankfurter's SEC attempts to regulate something that exists rather than trying to enforce something that ought to be but never was. Brandeis himself, misconceptions intact, became an adviser to presidents and eventually reached the Supreme Court, elevated by Woodrow Wilson, whom he first encountered in Sea Girt, New Jersey, on August 28, 1912, as an anxious candidate badly in need of a program and a slogan. Brandeis supplied the one if not the other and the New Freedom was born, or at least its aggressively trust-busting aspects were; indeed, there are whole passages in Other People's Money that seem as much addressed to Wilson as Niccolò Machiavelli's The Prince is addressed to Lorenzo de' Medici, although Machiavelli was careful to advise rather than preach.

Nor was this the end of it. All through the summer of 1932, an exhausting struggle raged over who would control the mind of yet another presidential aspirant. Roosevelt's economic adviser Rexford Tugwell feared Brandeis, and with reason—the prospects were good to excellent

that a return to the first principal of Brandeis progressivism would \$ stroy what remained of the Am ican economy. "We were wast our time," Tugwell wrote in I Brains Trust, "when we argued was an ardent breaker-up of the orth dox school by telling him that costs of large-scale industries wa lower because they were more a cient, and that the prices of the products could be controlled ways other than fractionalizat and competition. The problem seemed to us, was to get the befit of integration and avoid its advantages." As Tugwell learned was often difficult to discover w Franklin Roosevelt believed what he merely chose to use; wating the old fox maneuver, out ting the opposition and confou ing his friends, is one of the mr exhilarating treats of modern sch arship. There was to be no tre busting in his administration.

Still, Brandeis's legacy is lill short of astonishing. No understand ing of the country's corpus juris c the economic theories of much its educated citizenry, and of conspiratorial delusions that in lag measure underlay its view of world can be complete without reading of Other People's Mot Motivated by the noblest of to tives, Brandeis preferred to igni Morgan's reality and to concent a instead on Dr. Franklin's repulie if you can keep it: a utopia who every man enjoys an equal chacto make a buck, evade the har man's rope, and sleep the sleeplo the just; a place that never was could never come to be even if be Japanese had never manufacture a single car. Every nation hall dream of itself, and that is ouralthough all possibility of le achieving it disappeared long g. into Mr. Watt's firebox. But the that Louis Brandeis preferred to k there in his heart does much to plain both the nature of his ap !: and the nature of the mischiefh was able to do.

The Republic persists never less. For that, we have a number people to thank, and one of this is J. P. Morgan.



# IN EXEMPLARY LIFE

Lois Draegin

he poet and critic Edwin Denby was one of the last of e civilized men.

OLITE crowds from the New York arts community gathered on pleasant fall evenings this past November to ke part in a three-day tribute to a an they revered. The poets, paints, dancers, and critics who paripated were in most cases far more is Draegin is a free-lance writer who stializes in dance.

well known than Edwin Denby, the man they had come to honor. Speakers included Virgil Thomson, Merce Cunningham, Elaine de Kooning, John Ashbery, Paul Taylor, Jerome Robbins, Arlene Croce. The dancers who performed ranged from luminaries of the avant-garde to a stately pair from the New York City Ballet. The eras and disciplines these peo-

ple span, and their prominence, are clues to the worlds Denby touched before he took his life last summer at the age of eighty.

If asked, Denby would have defined himself as a poet first, yet he will undoubtedly be remembered by most people as one of our greatest and most influential dance critics. His poetry was in large measure overlooked even during his lifetime, except by other poets. Frank O'Hara was a great friend, as were others from the New York School-James Schuyler, Kenneth Koch, Ashbery, and the whole crew of younger poets who ran the St. Mark's poetry project. Denby's writing on dance had as its antecedents the work of poet-critics like Valéry, Mallarmé, and Gautier. He wrote prose that was poetically evocative, clear, simply put. What's more, he was right: he chose Balanchine, when others didn't, and he remains perhaps the most lucid chronicler of that choreographer.

Denby led a modest, fairly anonymous existence. He didn't solicit editors to publish his work and he didn't feel comfortable reading his poetry in public. Though his dance criticism was masterful, his output was relatively small. In his private life, too, he was unassuming. For forty-five years he inhabited the same elevatorless Chelsea loft in downtown New York, long before Chelsea was an up-and-coming neighborhood of boutiques and restaurants. Every year Denby had his space painted, white, so that it came to possess a luminous, layered glow. The apartment was spartanly furnished with a bed, a sofa, a bookcase, a few paintings, some furniture his friend and neighbor the painter Willem de Kooning had fashioned out of lead pipes, and some treasures stashed in the closet. A small darkroom off to one side was used by his closest friend, Rudy Burckhardt, and later by Burckhardt's son, Jacob. In later years-the Seventies -one would always see Denby around at dance performances, poetry readings, art galleries. A frail, pale, white-haired man with startling blue eyes set in an angular, aristocratic face.

HERE's a flat aluminum cut-out perched in the midst of the open living space in artist Alex Katz's loft. Two men in suits, sitting on wooden folding chairs, seem to float in eternal midstream. The white-haired one, Edwin, appears affable, with his mouth parted; the brown-haired one, Rudy, seems reserved. A family portrait of sorts. For close to fifty years the two men were best friends.

Rudy Burckhardt, scion of a "good" Swiss family, was twenty years old when he met Denby in Basel in 1934. He recalls that he was moping around in an apartment he liked to call his "atelier," cutting med-school classes and taking photographs. One day Denby appeared at his door, sent by mutual friends to have a passport picture taken. "He was just what I was waiting for," Burckhardt says, "someone cosmopolitan, dashing, bigworld. Just the opposite of Switzerland." The two began hanging out together; they took off to Paris for several weeks. "My mother met him

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and she approved," Burckhardt remembers. "His manners were impeccable. She thought he looked like he came from a good family." As, indeed, he did.

Denby was born in Tianjin, China, in 1903, the son of a diplomat. He lived primarily in Vienna until just after the First World War began. To his displeasure, he was bustled off to the Hotchkiss prep school, and from there to Harvard; but Harvard, he thought, was boring, so after his junior year he dropped out. With a small allowance from his family, the nineteenyear-old Denby moved to New York with a friend-two rooms in the Village, \$20-to write poetry until the money ran out. By the time it did the friend had married and moved to Vienna, so Denby decided, well, why not go back there, too?

In Vienna Denby became interested in dance. He studied at the Hellerau-Laxenburg School, a modern dance academy whose teachings were based on the work of Jacques Dalcroze. Denby also began psychoanalysis with an acolyte of Freud. (Freud himself, though still alive, was too ill to take on new patients.) Freudian thinking was the rage; modern dance, too. Denby was smack in the middle of the intellectual, theatrical nerve center. He performed as a "grotesque" (comic) dancer, wrote plays, adapted librettos. He traveled in France, then took off to Majorca when Hitler came to power; along the way he met Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, and the German contingent, Bertolt Brecht, Kurt Weill, Lotte Lenya. It was this footloose, worldly young man who swept into Rudy Burckhardt's life in 1934.

After the pair's sojourn in Paris, Denby returned to New York. Several months later, when Burckhardt turned twenty-one and came into his inheritance, he joined Denby and the two lived together in the loft on Twenty-first Street in which Denby always remained. De Kooning lived one floor down, the next building over, and the neighbors met in the most neighborly of New York ways—on a fire escape, after

Denby rescued de Kooning's cryin black kitten from the rain. The became the kind of friends wh stayed up all night talking, who too each other's art seriously. Elaine d Kooning remembers the painting that filled her future husband's lo when she first met him. "They wer all men," she recalls, "and they a had round eyes. Edwin's eyes Their lives were decidedly "nor domestic," she says. The friend shared mutual poverty and mea taken in the Automat, where they sit and talk. But most of their tall ing was done while walking the Ne York City streets. While de Kooi ing noticed the shapes and colors oil splotches and neon signs, Dent was interested in human relation ships. His infatuation with the ci they walked, with what animated was voiced in his poems.

HE MID-THIRTIES and Forti was a busy time for the Ne York community of stru gling artists. Denby colla orated with Orson Welles on translation of the French farce 1 Chapeau de paille d'Italie (The Ita ian Straw Hat), which they called Horse Eats Hat (the title was Vira Thomson's idea). The show, staring Joseph Cotten, was presented at the WPA Theater in 1936-"lively" place, as Burckhardt 1 calls: "Lots of the artists were le ists." Denby wrote a libretto f Aaron Copland's The Second Hu ricane, and other librettos, too. Mi na Lederman, editor of the journ Modern Music, says that she had never met anyone so passiona about writing librettos as Denby w in those days. It was through h friend Virgil Thomson that in 193 Denby began to write regular about dance for her journal. H stayed there until 1943, when he b came a fill-in critic at the New You Herald Tribune, whose regular cr ics had been called to war.

Great upheavals in taste we taking place in the American dan world in the Forties. Ballet cholographers were seeking to rid the selves of the Paris-Russian infence that had molded modern ball

ying to find a new, American diction. Modern dance choreograiers were developing and refing their ideas and styles. Denby rned his scrutiny upon choreograiers like Antony Tudor, Agnes : Mille, Leonid Massine, Jerome

obbins, Martha Graham, and, of urse. George Balanchine. The incers he chronicled included such eats as Alexandra Danilova, Alia Markova, Tamara Toumanova, ndré Eglevsky, and Igor Youske-

Denby was not the critic of record r that time. He didn't concern mself with reporting all the facts describing each ballet's particars. Rather, his pieces manage to esent the look of each work in ords that charm and astonish for eir easy and unexpected insight d grace. Denby had a poet's eye d a poet's gift of language. Of alanchine's Concerto Barocco, for ample, he wrote:

Against a background of chorus that suggests the look of trees in the wind before a storm breaks, the ballerina, with limbs powerfully outspread, is lifted by her male partner, lifted repeatedly in narrowing arcs higher and higher. Then at the culminating phrase, from her greatest height he very slowly lowers her. You watch her body slowly descend, her foot and leg pointing stiffly downward, till her toe reaches the floor and she rests her full weight at last on this single sharp point and pauses. It has the effect at that moment of a deliberate and powerful plunge into a wound.

Denby, unlike most intellectuals, en today, assumed dance to be "a ormal part of the intellectual life its time and place," and he apied his own rigorous aesthetic andards to the subject. His critism from the Forties located and fined the then "new classicism" Balanchine, and by putting what saw into words, he became, in trospect, a part of the creation.

Denby did not find his task as itic at the Herald Tribune easy. ne poet who was accustomed to boring over every word, to conntrating on minute slices of exrience, who habitually worked all night while the city was still, found the midnight-after-performance deadline "excruciating," recalls Burckhardt. "He couldn't have taken it for very long." He never had the opportunity to find out, for when Walter Terry, the Tribune's regular critic, returned from the war in 1945, Denby was out of a job. He resumed living a free-lance life, writing articles for a number of arts journals. His dance criticism, collected from Modern Music, the Tribune, and several other journals, was published in book form as Looking at the Dance in 1949. Arlene Croce, the New Yorker critic who is probably the most esteemed writer on dance today, says that it "may be the most universally admired book of dance criticism in American publishing history." (A collection of his later pieces was published in 1965 as Dancers, Buildings and People in the Streets.)

THE TITLE of Denby's first volume of poetry, In Public, In Private, published by a vanity press in 1948, was self-reflexive. Denby's existence was on the one hand social-he was involved with a lively circle of artist friends, he attended performances nightly—and on the other hand very private-he stayed up all night alone in his loft, chewing over his experiences, working, thinking, writing, sleeping when the sun rose, waking in the afternoon. He was a romantic figure, with his thin body, his graceful dancer's bearing, who never engaged in the day-to-day hustle of ambitious New Yorkers. What he sought was ideas, art, stimulation, life. He never stagnated or closed down his responses.

Denby's open-mindedness and interest led him to befriend a younger generation of poets, painters, dancers, and critics: Alex Katz, Red Grooms, Mimi Gross, Ashbery, Koch, Schuyler, Anne Waldman, Robert Wilson, Douglas Dunn, Kenneth King. To many he became a kind of mentor/supporter/bestand-most-exciting-friend. An inspiration. His friends speak of Denby with delight and near reverence. Jerome Robbins describes his excursions with Denby as being "like going out with a version of Mary Poppins. You were in the real world but you didn't know what was going to happen because Edwin saw it differently.... It looked like the everyday world to me until I saw things with Edwin around. Then it all changed, because he saw it

# WORKS BY EDWIN DENBY

Looking at the Dance, Pellegrini and Cudahy, New York, 1949 Dancers, Buildings and People in the Streets, Horizon Press, New York, 1965; Popular Library, 1979

POETRY:

In Public, In Private, The Press of James A. Decker, Prairie City, Illinois, 1948 Mediterranean Cities, Wittenborn, New York, 1956

"C" Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 4, Special Edwin Denby Issue, New York, September

Snoring in New York, Angel Hair/Adventures in Poetry, New York, 1974 Collected Poems, Full Court Press, New York, 1975

Mrs. W's Last Sandwich (original title: Scream in a Cave), Horizon Press, New York, 1972

Scream in a Cave, Curtis Books, New York, 1973

The Second Hurricane, Boosey and Hawkes, New York, 1957 Miltie Is a Hackie, Z Press, Calais, Vermont, 1973

The Sonntag Gang, unpublished

ADAPTATION:

Horse Eats Hat, with Orson Welles, unpublished

deeper and more interestingly."

Denby became a link between artists. He suggested to Paul Taylor that he try Alex Katz on a set design, for instance. That's a collaboration that has lasted for years. More often, it was simply Denby's enthusiasm for one friend's work that he shared with another friend. He invited people to poetry readings, dance performances, workshops at Robert Wilson's loft. He suggested books to read.

Edwin Denby's friendship and support, the depth of his understanding of their work, the example of his life, seem to have bestowed upon his artist friends a kind of permission to remain honest to their instincts. Alex Katz remembers that Denby not only taught him specific aesthetic lessons but supported him in a way that made it easier for Katz to trust himself, to avoid falling into the style of painting fashionable in the Fifties. Arlene Croce recalls that before she read Denby, she "didn't know that there was a way to discuss, not just dance, but a way to discuss art the way Edwin did, in the most intimate terms, emphasizing the most delicate meanings." Critic Marcia B. Siegel took Denby's work as reassurance that even if the rest of the world didn't seem to care, dance is a subject for serious aesthetic discussion. For poets, Frank O'Hara once wrote, Denby "seems to have lifted William Carlos Williams' famous moratorium on the sonnet." He even, Mimi Gross notes, made her realize that it was okay if she wanted to work all night and sleep into the day.

In that loft of his, even as age and illness enfeebled his body, Denby remained a touchstone for artists. The tangible gift he gave to the world, of course, was his writing, his dance criticism, and his poetry. But he left behind another legacy. By his example, Edwin Denby showed that even in a world that is increasingly satisfied with mediocrity, in which fashion is more important than personal response, it is possible to live deeply and honestly in pursuit of one's beliefs and interests.

An original life. A civilized life.



# THE LYRIC ODYSSEY OF ALAIN TANNER

by Todd Gitlin

A translucent passage through the stations of self-estrangement.

N THE late decades of the twentieth century, precious few filmmakers produce a long streak of fine work. Talent, of course, is always scarce, but even such talent as exists needs distributors, and at present big-bucks investors don't appear to be crazy about artistry as such. The picture that dances in their heads has more to do with box office and bankable stars than with beauty or truth. Commercial formulas carry the day even in Europe, where art-house patronage has declined by 75 percent in the last ten years.

The inertias of art also conspire against a career of ever-replenished vitality. The personal signature tends to harden into formula, the distinctive touch into self-imitation. Filmmakers who develop their own

Todd Gitlin is the author of The Whole World Is Watching and Inside Prime Time. He teaches at the University of California at Berkeley.

angles of vision find themselves se tling into them forever, keeping predictable faith with their publics. C they go to the opposite extreme ar smash the molds of their own maling, revolting against styles the have proved too serviceable. To difficult task is to plunge ahead without running off the deep end, stretch the old themes and seare out new ones, to develop with disowning the ground already o cupied. The careers of the rare crectors who accomplish this see always incomplete, always in profess.

Like the heroes of his films, the remarkable Swiss director Ala Tanner is under way. A gentle an unobtrusive lyricist of the soci margins, Tanner has quietly create one of the most important bodi of work in contemporary film. It work is both accessible and u expected. The films borrow fro avant-garde experiments yet remains

ir the most part, resolutely nartive. Swiss to the core, restrained sensibility, Tanner walks the froners and stops short of extremity. eight features over the last fifen years, including the warmly reived La Salamandre (1972) and mah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 100 (1976), he has scouted the vaties of contemporary entrapment id of hopes for transcendence. His roes are practicing existentialists no are confined by class, gender, ilitics, and reputation, and they ant out. Then, for the most part, ey discover there is no out. Barers harden. In the end, though, ey refuse to succumb, and their fusals come as grace notes. These aracters believe in freedom not cause it promises paradise but beuse freedom is simply their conion. Their lives are lived in susnsion; and Tanner catches them the moment when they make their eaks from the dead hand of nor-

This filmmaker whose characters 3 always on the move lives with wife and two teen-age daughters the house his parents lived in, in comfortable section of Geneva not taken over by international buaucrats, bankers, or entrepreneurs gentrification. Tanner's films are th playful and passionate about ding a habitable niche in the rld, and with their underplayed ice they haven't inspired the sort devotion that surrounded Godard the Sixties, say, or Fassbinder in : Seventies. Tanner's style doesn't l attention to itself. There is nothviolent about it; his characters nerally don't come to dramatic ds. Wistfulness and poignancy are prevailing notes.

N HIS latest film, In the White City, Tanner has worked out a new style commensurate with his reflectiveness, his cheerful simism, and his sense of the mont. This resplendent work is a rely, translucent passage through a stations of self-estrangement, it its American release provides occasion to rethink the whole of nner's oeuvre, which amounts to

an epic transit through the stations of what we now call freedom. La Salamandre and Jonah, the two most well-known of Tanner's works, are part of a sequence of five films, all lyric and melancholy explorations of ways out of complacent bourgeois Switzerland. In the first of them, Charles: Dead or Alive (1969), the hero is a definitive Swiss bourgeois, the middle-aged owner of a watch factory. At the peak of his success he takes flight from wife and family and holes up outside town with a couple of lighthearted anarchists. In the end, his stiff, conventional son tracks him down, and calls for the men in the white coats. As they cart Charles away, he quotes Saint-Just: the French Revolution created the idea of happiness, and thereby ushered in the fact of unhappiness. People who hold to big desires end up defeated; yet Charles remains cheerful, and not wholly resigned to his fate.

In La Salamandre, two thirtyish writers at loose ends are paid to write a script about a young workingclass woman who shot her authoritarian uncle. In the process, they help her walk away from the tyrants in her life-the factory boss, the petty shopkeepers, the memory of her uncle-and she ends up weirdly delighted. The writers, meanwhile, can't write, their craft having been defeated by her audacious reality. In Retour d'Afrique (1973), a couple on the fringe of the left decide to move to the Third World. They tell their friends they're leaving, sell their furniture, then can't bring themselves to go; in the end, they decide to have a baby. In The Middle of the World (1974) a middleclass man running for public office falls in love with an Italian waitress in a Swiss village. He wants to possess her but in his passion fails to comprehend her; that same passion ruins his campaign. Class divides them; passion doesn't go far enough.

The crowning film of the sequence, Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000, is a lyric miracle. (The scenario, like that of Salamandre and Middle of the World, was put together in collaboration with the marvelous English writer John



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en try to live according to the radical values of 1968 after their moment has passed. The history teacher disrupts classroom routine; the checkout clerk gives food away to the elderly; the secretary in a realty firm practices Tantric yoga and funnels information about land deals to the former activist, who thinks politics is finished but tries to mobilize people against redevelopment nevertheless; the organic farmers hire a fired union organizer, but when he spends too much time running an unorthodox school for local kids they dismiss him. Hope rides with his pregnant wife, whose commitment is to the next generation. The main narrative of the film flows together from these eight distinct rivulets. This narrative in turn is interrupted-enlarged, actually-by sepia-tinted inserts that convey the characters' unrealized desires: the secretary imagines the banker eating from her nude body; the pregnant woman hears a TV announcer speak to her of faith that must rest on nothing at all. The characters recite poems, sing songs, quote from Jean-Jacques Rousseau; there is even some documentary footage. History isn't finished when the characters learn something; a hopeful spirit radiates from the screen. (How extraordinary in a film about radicals!)

Berger.) Four men and four wom-

These five films travel the terrain of the lingering politics of post-'68 Europe. While the Seventies turned sour for the grand revolutionary passions, Tanner was tracking the mild afterglow of the aftermath. Then the delicate hopes that animated each of his first-wave films broke apart. "Jonah was summing up something ideologically," he says now. "It put things in our memory -things that were already vanishing in society. After that, we lost the possibility of having a discourse in the same way. Politics is dead. Europe is in very deep crisis. This is bitter for people used to thinking politically. Parliamentary democracy is completely blocked. We'll be alternating between social-democratic and conservative ways of managing the crisis from here on out."

N THIS mood, Tanner saw no reason, or way, to continue the initial sequence. He terminated his collaboration with Berger and launched a second wave of more austere, demanding films. The difference was wrenching to many partisans of Jonah. Messidor (1979) and Light Years Away (1980) were bleak, closed. The frame, full to overflowing before with the profusion and tangle of human desires, now seemed hollowed out. And the characters now wrenched themselves out of the social margins only to find themselves outlaws, fugitives, recluses.

In Tanner's first wave, most of the protagonists lived in a modest, homely Geneva of neighborhoods and river banks. The search for clarity, or work, or simple reconsideration, took them into the less defined space of the nearby countryside. But in his sixth and seventh films, characters take flight from the city and don't come back. His new world is bare, almost depopulated. The dead city has to be fled, but out past the outskirts civilization smashes up, and those who defy the reassuring fraudulence of everyday life discover violence.

In Messidor, for reasons that are never quite clear, two teen-age girls decide to take flight. Hitchhiking around Switzerland, they encounter a would-be rapist, relentless police, a closed society. A television crimedocumentary show features them, and the noose tightens; with a kind of shrug, they end up as killers. The film is flat, muted; even the lovely music of Tanner's early films is gone, replaced by a soundtrack of grim noises. At the American premiere at Berkeley's Pacific Film Archive, the audience that had just reveled in Jonah's sweet caressing of contradictions was baffled and even angry at Messidor; how could the chronicler of hope have succumbed to one-dimensional despair? Society, once a field of action for lovers and resisters, was now reduced to nothing more than faceless treachery and universal bondage. The characters, unlike those of the first films, were virtually inarticulate. "Messidor was a silent answer to a lack of discourse," In ner says. Depressed, he had write the script in four days. He wate to force us to look at a world to worth looking at. And, strangly the film's despair ran so deep a true that it was almost explora.

After Messidor came the the portentous Light Years Away, As terity got the better of Tanner, & we were left with a countercult sorcerer's tale in the mode of Calo Castaneda. In Light Years Away grown-up Jonah apprentices h self to a craggy old man who devoted his life to learning fire birds the secret of flight. Suc stripped-down story is dependen personal electricity, but not me clicked between the mentor (Tree Howard) and the novice (Me Ford). This flaw, however, was lated to the new severity of Tr ner's vision. The starkness of Mu sidor was stretched to its lil Society was not simply oppress now it was virtually absent. In film was made on the remote cos of Ireland. Tanner was fed up v smug, calculating Switzerland. seemed to be saying that people with their feet on the ground lost interest for him, but the man who finally flew in Light Yar Away had his eyes pecked out an eagle. The film, as schematical Daedalus's designs, also crashed

ITH In the White (1983), Tanner co. back down to eat though not to Swa erland. Partly because he is drawn to the margins, and pall because the capital was available an inexpensive (\$350,000) Sws Portuguese co-production, he win to Lisbon. This is a film about, the margins of Continental Euroe It records a man's search for a in able edge, a place where Eurb has not yet been absorbed into abstract relations and clean metal lines of Swiss modernity. Althou there is dialogue in four language -French, German, Portuguese, English-In the White City is lane ly about solitude, because, Tane says, "There's not much discor-

make about things. This is an atnpt to look at things in a sensual y." The search for something real es Tanner through a city deeply eign, seen with a foreigner's cuus and naïve eyes. (It is splendidphotographed by Acacio de Alida.) In the first shot we see a ge freighter, lovely and silent a luminous pale fog, and from it moment on we are aware that film belongs to a loner, in this e the great German actor Bruno nz. Ganz, with his rugged jaw 1 antic, little-boy eyes, is the pert Tanner rhapsodist of solitude: can convey desire, fear, rage, iosity, enthusiasm, regret, bralo, and desperation with equal ensity and aplomb. Ganz makes exploration of a city also the ploration of a self cut loose.

As in Messidor and Light Years vay, the story is spare. Tanner s that after much thought he ote the actual script in half a day. e film has an improvised and netimes slack look, but it does at a film ought to do-it creates vorld. The story itself is a picaque tale about a Swiss nautical gineer, Paul, who goes ashore in bon and decides to stay. He ots himself and the walls and idows of Lisbon with a Super-8 ne movie camera as he explores city, sending the film home to baffled, long-suffering wife on Rhine. At the bar of his backet hotel. Paul is drawn to the imbermaid, Rosa (Teresa Maga). He dreams of solitude in a ite city, and searches for a space de to his measure; on shipboard, tells Rosa, things were "too all in the cabin, too big oute." He muses that he resembles axolotl, an immobile Mexican ird; he's the polar opposite of the amander, the lizard of Tanner's lier film, who lives for passion 1 survives fire.

Paul writes cryptic letters home I eventually tells his wife that he es both her and Rosa. But he its past Rosa, and she finally els, protesting: "I don't sleep h strangers." Roaming the city, al is robbed, and when he finds of the thieves and accosts him,

the thief stabs him and leaves him for dead. He is hospitalized, and by the time he is released Rosa has left to find work in France. He tries and fails to find her. By now he has run out of money and, perhaps, reasons not to return home. He has run to the limits of his solitude.

The film is full of glowing, lucid images. (There is also an incandescent score by Jean-Luc Barbier.) Paul tries to define himself in relation to Lisbon, which is clearer than he is. He exists through his home movies, which punctuate the film. He's trying to discover things as they are, as the film is trying to reveal him as he is, that is, he to whom accidents happen and who, in the end, confesses to himself, "I know no more than before."

ANNER'S singular vision tracks men far better than women across the cultural horizon. He is best with dreamers who search out new ground to stand on, and in this culture the dreamers who have had the freedom to realize such dreams have been men. In the White City brings him back to some earlier archetypes: the restless, ironic, dogged male who seeks truth, the workingclass woman who starts to know who she is but needs to get out from under men who can't see her. The wife's jealousy is flat; neither her anguish nor Rosa's desires grows into a full point of view. Rosa's decision to depart Lisbon, for example, takes place off screen. Even the young women at the center of Messidor don't quite come to life like Tanner's mid-life male characters.

Tanner is spinning out an important vision of what is possible now. In a corrupt and cynical time, when art has made its settlements with what was already thought, he has elaborated a lyric for those who don't feel at home in a hardened world. His films help keep alive the tension between things as they are and things as they might be, and by not offering the sterile comforts of old verities they remind us that nothing is finished except those verities themselves.

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# BERLIN'S MAUERKRANKHEIT

by Suzanne Gordon

For some Berliners the Wall has become an obsession.

HEN Americans think of Berlin, we think first of the Wall, that enduring monument to confrontation and division. Our view is shaped by memories of scenes from early on in the cold war, when many West Berliners were separated from friends and relatives in the East, and Germans fleeing from East to West staged daring escapes under and over the barbed wire and concrete barrier in the middle of the city. Since the advent of détente and Willy Brandt's "Ostpolitik" in the late Sixties, the atmosphere in Berlin has become considerably less tense. Hundreds of thousands of Berliners-the majority, of course, from the West-cross the Wall legally each year. After exchanging their West German deutsche marks for East German money, West Berliners are free to make day trips to East Berlin or longer visits to friends and relatives in other East German cities. Older citizens of the German Democratic Republic (GDR) are allowed to emigrate to the West, and last year about 40,000 East Germans a year were permitted to visit on "urgent family business." A few writers, artists, and dignitaries from the GDR make even more frequent visits to attend meetings and conferences.

Still, the Wall remains-a 102.5mile collar of concrete and steel. On the Eastern side there are over 250

watchtowers, equipped with power-

der guards armed with machine guns and aided by attack dogs. Between the Eastern and Western flanks of the Wall (the Wall is not one wall, but rather two parallel structures) there is still a "death strip" studded with anti-tank barriers and bordered by carefully raked sand that conceals trip wires connected to elaborate alarm systems. The Wall is West Berlin's great

ful searchlights and manned by bor-

leveler, cutting through rich and poor neighborhoods alike, interrupting the flow of daily life in the city's crowded center, and intruding on municipal parks, woods, lakes, and river fronts. In a working-class district like Wedding, the Wall stands, literally, no more than ten feet from the outer walls of low blocks of apartment buildings. In more affluent sections, like Wannsee, the Wall is close enough for East German border guards to be uninvited observers of backyard pool parties and patio luncheons.

Over the years, Berliners have more or less adapted to the Wall. There are no violent protests about the abnormal constraints on their lives, but a fundamental dissatisfaction is manifested in something called the "Wallsickness" (Mauerkrankheit) or "Island feeling" (Insul Gefühl).

Wallsickness varies in degrees of intensity and seriousness. It is visible in its most ordinary form in the ritual flight from the realities of "island life" that takes place every weekend when-in a frenzy bordering on hysteria-Berliners dash to their cars, line up at varice checkpoints, and, with the disregal for safety so common to those w have just been released from a low confinement, race down the restried autobahns that pass through En Germany to the West, where may West Berliners maintain county places just beyond the East Germ border. A more serious form I Wallsickness causes real psychological ical damage to those who live de in and day out with the Wall, all who suffer from high rates of coholism, depression, suicide, a other emotional problems. La summer, for instance, a West Berl resident committed suicide by cras ing his car through the metal fen that separates East and West Berl He drove directly into the Brande burg Gate.

or some Berliners Wallsic ness ends in a radical all total rejection of the lim the Wall imposes. The W. becomes an obsession around whi they order their lives. In The We Jumper,\* which is more of a mer oir than a novel. Peter Schneid chronicles this sort of reaction There is no fully developed sto line here, no characters who inte act with and influence each other The city, the Wall, and Schneide nameless narrator-a young We German writer who, like Schneid himself, emigrated to West Berl from West Germany-are the bool main characters, the threads th link together fragmentary sketche Unlike Christopher Isherwood's co lection of Berlin tales, which cal tured the excitement of the prew era, this postwar collection is a s ries of still lifes-portraits of pe ple trapped in a drama of separ tion rather than connection, whe they can look but cannot touch.

Tired of the facile way his fello Berliners use the Wall as a mirr "that told them, day by day, wl is the fairest one of all," Schneider narrator wants to understand tl West in the East, the East in the

\*The Wall Jumper, by Peter Schn der, translated by Leigh Hafrey. Pa theon Books, 139 pp. \$11.95.

Suzanne Gordon is an Associate Editor of Working Papers and the author of Off Balance: The Real World of Ballet.

est. "The half-city beyond the all," he writes, "struck me from e start as thoroughly familiar. Not ily the garbage cans, the stairells, the door handles, the radiars, the lampshades, the wallpar, but even the muted, distrustful e-style over there seemed to me ringly familiar. This was the shadv city, the afterbirth, the emerncy edition of West Berlin. Yet, e tendency to recognition was ntradicted by the impression of ving abruptly landed on another anet.... I could orient myself betin New York than in the halfy just a little over three miles om my apartment."

To understand that half-city, he eks out East Berliners who are o exiles, like his friend Robert, East German poet who takes evy opportunity to rage at West Gerin ignorance. "Once West German evision broadcast an American ow on the Holocaust, and the est German chancellor recomended to the chairman of the DR's state council that East Gerany also broadcast the show as a ly of atoning for the past. Robert mmed his hand on the table so rd that it bled. 'Imagine an exehrmacht [Nazi army] officer,' he d, 'giving that advice to a vetin of the resistance who spent 1 years in a Nazi prison!"

ts of portraits of people whose istery at real Wall jumping possess the narrator's imagination. In looking for," he confesses to betr, "the story of a man who is himself and starts turning into body. By a chain of circumstances ll unknown to me, he becomes a undary-walker between the two trman states. Casually at first, he gins making comparisons; as he es so, he imperceptibly contracts sickness from which inhabitants tha fixed place of residence are elded."

But the heart of the novel con-

There is, to begin with, the story Herr Kabe, the original Wall nper. A resident of West Berlin, rr Kabe could cross the border ally at any one of a number of Il-regulated checkpoints. But in-ad, he discovers a heap of rubble

near the Wall and uses it, as would a high jumper, to launch himself up and over. Captured by East German border guards, who immediately suspect him of some spectacular act of espionage, he is spirited off for questioning. When the police uncover no simster plots against the state, he is transferred to a psychiatric hospital. Psychiatrists diagnose a "pathological desire to overcome the Wall," and after several months he is returned to the West. There, his pathology does not abate and he continues his jumps.

The West Germans try to cope with Kabe's obsession by shipping him off to a quiet country village in West Germany, far from the Wall. But he returns to Berlin and jumps again. And again. The East Germans shut him up in institutions but are forced to release him. Since the West Germans refuse to recognize "the Wall of shame" as a legitimate boundary, he is free to jump more or less to his heart's content. A scourge on both German states, he defeats them with their own myths.

Three East German voungsters temporarily vanquish the Wall through wit and adolescent exuberance. Their purpose is to pursue their movie-mania in the well-stocked cinemas of West Berlin's famed Kurfürstendamm. Each Friday, the boys slither down a rope that they leave dangling-and miraculously unobserved-over the Western edge of the Wall. Once at the cinema, they present their East German money, explain their adventure, and are rewarded with a free show. This goes on for some time before East German authorities get wind of their exploits and arrest them. What is perhaps the most poignant and believable aspect of the tale is their astonishment when the police refuse to believe that they do not, in fact, want to live in the West. They simply want the freedom to watch Westerns on the Kudamm and then quietly return to the place they consider home.

Some of the other Wall jumpers Schneider describes engage in a far less lighthearted rebellion. Walter Bolle is an East Berlin dissident

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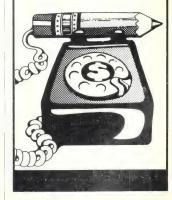
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who was released from prison when the West Germans paid to have him freed. (This sort of transaction between the two governments is common.) After arriving in the West, Bolle refuses to live peacefully on West Germany's substantial welfare payments and tries to interest the West German army in a plot to sabotage the border. When the army rejects his suggestion, he appeals to a former French Foreign Legionnaire. His plan is to form commando groups, "one in the East and one in the West; they would advance on a broad front against the Wall and tear it down." The Legionnaire re-

Disgusted by Westerners' acceptance of the Wall, Bolle returns to the East, where the authorities insist he prove his loyalty by spying on the West. Finally Bolle has his chance. He becomes a double agent, a man with no fixed loyalty, taking information from East to West and West to East. As Schneider writes, "Walter Bolle had got himself into a situation where he stayed truest to himself when he betrayed each German state to the other on orders from both."

HROUGHOUT The Wall Jumper, Schneider depicts the Wall as a symbol of unity as well as division. The eternal monitoring of daily life, for example, is not something only East Berliners experience. When I was in West Berlin recently, a friend told me the story of a teen-age boy who lived with his family in Reinickendorf, a well-to-do neighborhood near the Wall. One night the boy had stayed out late and arrived home to discover he'd forgotten his keys. Rather than ring the doorbell and wake his parents-who would punish him for breaking the curfew -he threw stones at his brother's window. "Throw down the keys," he said when his brother woke up. The keys sailed out the window, but they landed in the grass at the boy's feet. "Scheisse," he cursed, "I can't find them, it's too dark." Suddenly, the whole lawn was illuminated by a giant spotlight and there

were his house keys, lying in front of him. As soon as he picked them up and started for the door, the light panned away, back toward the Eastern front. A border guard, stationed just fifty feet from the house, had heard the midnight whisperings and obligingly offered his help.

When I told this story to another Berlin friend, he nodded knowingly, and agreed that such incidents are indeed amusing. But, he added, they are also eerie. "You can't forget, they're always watching."

Despite the frequency of such incidents, some Berliners insist that the Wall hardly affects them. Berlin is a large city and you can go for days or even weeks without even seeing the Wall. Some would even say that the division of the city is a blessing in disguise. Because of Berlin's peculiar geopolitical position, industry is hesitant to locate there. And this naturally inhibits the kind of industrial growth and pollution that plagues West Germany. Since the only escape from the city requires a three- to four-hour drive through East Germany, it's not possible to leave Berlin for a leisurely country outing on a weekend afternoon. To preserve their sanity, Berliners must protect their open spaces, parks, and lakes from realestate speculation and overdevelopment. Similarly, the city's island quality protects it from rapid population growth. Young people flock to the city to flee the West German draft, but only the most dedicated Berlin-lovers will stay. The Wall encircles, many say, a perfect urban laboratory—a city that has endured the ravages of the past only to be spared those of the present.

Others disagree. They say they suffer acutely from the sense of frustration, fragmentation, alienation, and homelessness Schneider so eloquently describes. "At first, when I went to East Berlin as a simple tourist," a young West Berlin woman explained, "I felt so lonely and alienated just visiting for a day that I couldn't wait to get home. But gradually, I began to get this odd feeling that stayed with me for days after a short visit. I would feel as lonely in West Berlin as I felt in

East Berlin; I felt like I didn't tlong anywhere. It makes me wa to bridge that wall we have but in our imaginations, to understa what it is like over there so I co understand what is real over here

In The Wall Jumper and in relife, young Berliners and other Gemans as well are frozen in a surrelandscape. Many feel they have room to maneuver, no real controver their fate due to the continuity partition and occupation of the country by the forces of the U and the Soviet Union. They year for a Germany free of cold war visions and restrictions—a social cured of the personal and politic malaise that superpower rivalry is produced.

At the end of *The Wall Jump* the young narrator, who has gro-cocky because he has taken his timited access to the East for graved, goes to a checkpoint one ternoon and prepares to drive East Berlin for a concert. A bord guard begins a routine search of car, and Schneider's narrator teingly informs him that he'll not decover any forbidden contraband searching the car with a screwdriv "So what should I do?" the gua asks. "I'm always open to suggitions."

"You'd have to bring in a mechine that reads minds," the naturator retorts playfully.

"We've had that for years. I you think it would be worth usion you?" the guard says.

"I couldn't say."

"Me neither," the guard fina replies. "But you make me wo der. What would I find inside yo head?"

He calls the narrator over to the visa booth, and, with no explatation, he is denied permission to the ter the GDR. Schneider's character then realizes that his freedom movement was merely an illusion Without some permanent polition resolution to the conflicts of cage, we will all remain subject the whims of an irascible bord guard, and will thus be permanely divided, surrounded by we "that will be standing when no o is left to move beyond them."

# Frances Taliaferro

ovidence, by Anita Brookner. Panon Books, 192 pages. \$13.95.

PN THE past two years, Anita Brookner's novels The Debut and Look at Me have delighted readers here and in Great Brit-. With Providence, her third novshe effectively claims her territory a writer. "Territory" may, hower, be too large a word to suit se politely agoraphobic works. th several other British novelists past and present, Anita Brookshares a love of order and patn, a discreet sense of humor, and siquant awareness of manners, as ll as a rather small canvas. These novels for a disciplined sensibil--not the excesses of the groanboard but the light sufficiency the luncheon table; not Wagner ishing through the symphony hall t Brahms suffusing the chamber :h rational poignancy.

Jane Austen's world comes conrially to mind, although we would t immediately group Anita Brookr's heroines with Emma Wooduse-"handsome, clever, and h," secure in her provenance and : social context. Brookner's young men are certainly clever and usuy have a small, liberating indeadent income, but of their "handneness" they are never confident. e exemplary Ruth Weiss of The but, a Balzac scholar, is haunted Eugénie Grandet's self-assessent: "Je ne suis pas assez belle ur lui." Ruth, Fanny Hinton of ok at Me, and Kitty Maule of ovidence are excellent womentiful daughters, passable cooks, casional wits, and considerable iolars-but all of them are obvers and outsiders. None considpassion her prerogative. In all them, femininity is lodged useless: ne suis pas assez belle pour lui.

inces Taliaferro teaches at the Brearley

They exist most fully in their yearning for impossible, inaccessible men who we know will never seriously look at them, and this yearning shapes each novel's small plot.

Anita Brookner's books are oddly timeless, not only because they record such unchanging human situations as the filial quandary and the shifts of friendship, but especially because they move in almost total disregard of feminist expectations. They want so little, these blameless heroines! Not for them the voracious professionalism or the zipless fornication that preoccupy their sisters in fiction. Brookner's women live mild lives of professional competence and romantic longing for those handsome men who are not good enough for them. Their mentor is not the importunate Helen Gurley Brown but Shakespeare's patient Helena:

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above

In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his

sphere.
(All's Well, I.i.97-101)

These mild women tend to be both literate and literary. Seduced early in life by books, they live and breathe the conventions of literary romance and then feel faintly deceived when life fails to imitate art. Ardent, single-minded, and chaste at heart whatever their sexual status may be, they are the votaries and victims of courtly love.

ROVIDENCE'S Kitty Maule is the most romantic of them. An orphan, a child of two cultures, French and British, she was brought up by her eccentric grandparents and now has a research

appointment at a small provincial university, where she gives seminars and lectures on the Romantic Tradition. Her immediate professional concern is Benjamin Constant's novel Adolphe; her constant preoccupation is Maurice Bishop, her colleague and occasional lover.

Kitty-so elegant in her scholarship, so bien élevée, so "discreet in a way that would have been becoming in a nineteenth-century governess"-longs for the unattainable Maurice. When he is not looking, she permits herself the indulgence of gazing at him; with difficulty she restrains herself from touching him, irritating him, making any claim on him at all. He comes and goes as he pleases, allowing her to cook him impeccable dinners, then leaving her to cherish his "delicate and inaccessible secrecy, his silence, the archaic smile which was her afterimage of his every visit." It is clear to the reader, though not to Kitty, that Maurice's exquisite selfishness knows no limits, and that he believes in divine Providence because what it provides is his comfort. Like so many men under the old dispensation, he will resolutely choose the wrong woman and live happily ever after. Maurice is patently a cad.

To Kitty, Providence will offer very little besides "an inexorable progress toward further loneliness," for in Anita Brookner's novels the choices for single women are all rather bleak. Kitty is not fully aware of the correspondence between her own hopeless passion and the Romantic agonies of Adolphe. On the other hand, she is able to ask, "Might the Romantic Tradition outlive her desire to have anything more to do with it?" This is a spunky thought, and though Kitty is stricken by Maurice's desertion at the end of the book, one hopes that her old-fashioned good breeding and her professional success will help her to deromanticize her life from now on.

Providence has many of the Brooknerian virtues that distinguish the other two novels: elegant prose, ironic humor, a delicate astuteness about character, and a fine sensitivity to the oddities of various social

groups. Anita Brookner, an art historian, writes with painterly attention to detail; her novels also have a rich bookishness that sends the reader panting to the library to discover the books that Brookner's heroines take for granted. But in comparison with *The Debut* and *Look at Me*, with their satisfying and worldly complexity, *Providence* seems somewhat limp: a short

story stretched beyond its natural elasticity, requiring a tension that its improbable ending cannot provide. (I do not know the relative dates of composition, but it reads like an early work.) It might be best to view *Providence* as an introduction, and then settle down to the pleasures of reading and rereading the small *oeuvre* of this excellent writer.

# MORE FICTION

by Steven Simmons

Pitch Dark, by Renata Adler. Knopf, 160 pages. \$12.95.

ENATA Adler rings perverse and delightful changes on, among other things, hackneved phrases, generally accepted but bogus propositions, conventional expectations that we have about life and about art. Take, for example, this proposition: the contemporary American novel is, in one way or another, in both its popular and its "serious" veins, about sex and violence. Very well, in Pitch Dark Adler gives us a book that is less a novel than a meditation on writing a novel, and she touches on sex and violence only long enough to dovetail into her real themes, the closely related but much more troubling ones of love and crime.

Adler's method in Pitch Dark is -up to a point-the same one she used in her remarkable first novel, Speedboat. Again a narrator, Kate, who is, like Adler herself, a successful, middle-aged writer, relates a string of impressions, observations, and memories in a voice that is nervous, funny, terrifically smart. Speedboat's great achievement was that its carefully wrought but seemingly random fragments managed to convey a sense of the whole. The book painted an indelible picture of a familiar mode of urban existence, one that is fast, mobile, privileged,

Steven Simmons has published essays in Partisan Review, Film Comment, and Artforum. immensely complicated, and always, always provisional. In *Pitch Dark* Adler narrows her focus somewhat. If her first novel took the measure of an entire life, the new one takes the measure, mainly, of a love affair.

Pitch Dark revolves around the events leading up to and those following the breakup of the narrator's eight-year liaison with a married man. Kate remembers-by no means systematically or chronologically-scenes, conversations, disagreements between the lovers, and she weaves these with earlier memories and with events, both public and private, that touched her during those eight years. Adler is especially good at conveying the way in which incidents that at the time seemed only peripherally connected or connected not at all to the love affair become in memory inextricably and painfully bound up with it. Kate also talks a lot about other couples, couples from literature (Homer to John O'Hara) and couples from "life," implicitly comparing her own accommodations to intimacy with theirs. Indeed, the book's opening chapter often reads like an Americanized, less abstract version of Barthes's A Lover's Discourse.

In Pitch Dark's second, central chapter Adler switches narrative gears. Despite her stated doubts about the possibility of telling a "story," she goes ahead and does just that. Surprisingly, it's a suspense story, and even more surprisingly, it is, in its own miniature way,

a beautifully sustained one. "This the age of crime," Kate announc, and in flight from the love affa she travels to a castle at Carro beg, on the isolated Irish coal where she becomes (perhaps): criminal and then a fugitive from justice; in other words, a true izen of her time. In telling Kath ill-fated Irish adventure, Adler tains her fragmented method, she also, interestingly, employs number of standard thriller device for example, withholding cruc "plot" information to create s pense. And as a thriller writer, more accurately, as a mock-thrill writer, Adler is sensationally eff tive. The Irish passages, by tu scary and funny, brilliantly evok very modern sense of paranoia, a they also reveal Adler's real rather old-fashioned gift for sket ing characters vividly and econciically.

After the exhilaration of the ctral section, *Pitch Dark*'s third a final chapter seems oddly flat, a climactic. Adler's ear for speech mains as telling as ever, her pr as scrupulous and original, but the book nears its end, you h the sense that she runs out of ste and begins straining for mate and, on occasion, for effect. various fragments are less succeedily integrated than in the previochapters, and the inclusion of a tain passages, for example, some jurisprudence, is a bit too arbitral

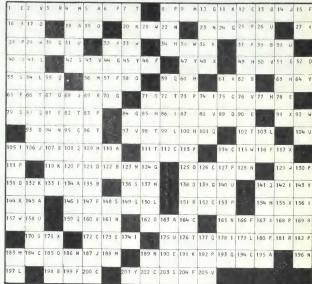
"You are very busy," At writes. "I am very busy. We ... all extremely busy. So there is pressure now, on every senter not just to say what it has to but to justify its claim upon time." Indeed. Because the kind fragmented modernist fiction A writes eschews the traditional pr of plot and of character devel ment, the pressure it must w stand is that not only every tence, but every paragraph, evil passage, every chapter must be tinuously interesting to justify claim upon our attention. Speeding withstood that pressure, almost raculously, throughout. Pitch La withstands it in its first two this in its last third, not quite.

# Thomas H. Middleton

# u actions:

e diagram, when filled in, will cona quotation from a published work. numbered squares in the diagram spond to the numbered blanks unhe words. The words form an tic: the first letter of each spells the of the author and the title of the from which the quotation is taken. letter in the upper right-hand corof each square indicates the word ining the letter to be entered in square.

ontest rules and the solution to last th's puzzle appear on page 79.



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# Solution to the January Puzzle: Notes for "Simple Addition"

The answers to the eighteen italicized clues concealed a spelled-out number, such as bentTWOod; each number was to be increased by one, where NONE appeared it was to be increased to ONE.

Across: 1. s(L...)ow; 4. osteomas, anagram; 10. t(in) hat; 12. lock, two meanings; 13. bentwood, anagram; 14. wet, homophone; 15. p(Avon)ine; 16. invade, anagram; 17. a-but(reversal); 19. fouddenliner, anagram; 20. islets, homophone; 21. dr(A...)in(k); 23. s'ti(reversal)-N.G; 25. def(end)ers; 26. cased, hidden in reverse; 27. bal(i) four; 31. ne(phe)ws; 33. (s)tones; 34. p(1-v)ot, top reversed; 35. weighty, anagram; 36. no(...)n)es; 37. asininely, anagram & Lit. Down: 1. stonefish, anagram; 2. Libelist, anagram; 3. no-net; 4. (1)oath; 5. tar-a-diddles; 6. tender, there meanings; 7. o-(1e.)-o; 8. mo(o)-t; 9. skin-ni(reversal)-ne-s...s; 11. h(e)ighte(e)ns; 15. parsed, anagram; 26. canine(t), composite anagram; 27. bon-...e; 28. foos, initial letters; 29. stav(es), reversed; 30. s(p) or; 32. stav, two meanings.

# Contest Rules:

Send the quotation, the number, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 14, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive a oneyear subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the March issue. Winners' names will be printed in the April issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 12 are Robert F. Hale, Bonita, California; Betty Kiefer, Milan, Michigan; and Mrs. Hubert Wood, Johnson City, New York.

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Solution to Double Acrostic No. 13

Those who can verbalize the techniques and methodolog s of a sport tend to be those whose play is least skillful. As Lao Tsu observed The man who struggles to carve a piece of jade will mar it, but if he lets his ha ds guide themselves, the work is easy and perfect."

—[Bennett W.] Goodspee The Tao Jones Averages

# VALENTINE

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# by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

# This month's instructions:

For the occasion, romance suffuses the clues, which are otherwise normal. Not normal, however, is the entering of answers to the Down clues. They are all six letters long, but their numbered places provide only four squares. The solver must move one letter up to the top row, and one letter to the bottom row, in that same vertical column. The letter moved to the top always precedes that moved to the bottom in the spelling of the word, and the remaining four letters are entered without altering their order. Thus if the clue answer were HEARTS, one of min ways of entering it would be A/HERS/T. The normal Acclue entries will aid in your letter placement. When complete the top and bottom rows will spell out a slightly edited que from Mencken.

Clue answers include three proper nouns and a foreign w common in cookery. As always, mental repunctuation of a is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

# CLUES

### ACROSS

- 1. It's fashionable keeping company with an object of adora-
- 5. Favors turning around one with lordly airs with infusion of love (5)
- 10. Gather love finally is moving during rape (4)
- 16. Eligible? Not I, e.g., . . . this could be slander (5) 21. Marriage, one hears, is something that might get scram-
- bled (4) 22. The Spanish knight is outside, prepared to propose (5)
- 23. Concerning alternative male: it's a beginning for Iris (4)
- 24. Always right after the first lady to come along? (4)
- 25. Losing head, appeal to nurse to get some experience (5)
- 26. Briefly, the lady had removed clothes (4)
- 27. Scream makes male submissive (4)
- 28. Got on the straight and narrow? This would require a saint to be trusted (5)
- 29. It's permitted with the French girl (5)
- 30. Goin' astray, one hears, in Ireland (4)
- 31. Breed during embraces (4)

# DOWN (Six-letter words)

- 1. I'm embraced by Latin darling, a real hanger-on
- 2. Ultimately, Gallic suitor could be a piece of luck
- 3. You've disturbed real peeping Tom
- 4. There's no work to open heart again
- Caressed, and was asked to pay the price
- 6. Ken's playing post office inside, it's said
- 7. Man, you'd have to eliminate a bit of tension to make
- Don't start condemnation . . . make certain
- 9. Squealed about heartless pair and got out of jail
- 10. A leer's awfully close again 11. All the misses like a killer
- 12. American's assent turned back on bended knee
  - Turn out the German pimp
- 14. Loose girl is after rogue's skin
- 15. True valentine sheds clinging vine . . . it's a gift
- 16. In dither, left with broken heart
- 17. One's heart could be disposed to irk, etc.
- 18. Wind disheveled robes worn by one
- 19. Full of sexual desire, bringing back about one tear in the
- 20. Bachelor hugged by sweetheart is on fire in Paris

# CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to "Valentine," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive a oneyear subscription to Harper's. The solution will be printed in

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# LETTERS

# Space for Peace

William E. Burrows's article "Skywalking with Reagan" [Harper's, January] repeats most of the usual objections to a space-based antiballistic missile (ABM) system: it is destabilizing, it is useless unless 100 percent effective, it escalates the arms race, it is expensive, and it may provoke the Russians into launching a pre-emptive first strike.

All these arguments miss the point. Space-based defensive weapons are inherently stabilizing. Unlike the weapons in place under the current retaliatory strategy of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD), these defensive weapons can cope with accidents, unauthorized launchings, and other crises that could escalate into nuclear war. MAD seeks to make nuclear war unthinkable by outlawing anything (ABMs, civil defense) that might alleviate its effects. Using that logic, we should ban seat belts to discourage reckless driving.

The idea that defenses must be 100 percent effective is ridiculous. Defenses cannot make attack impossible. but they can make it more difficult, complicated, and costly-so much so that the aggressor will decide that launching an attack is not worth the price. A space-based ABM system would complicate the Soviet attack plan, making it impossible to predict the outcome of a war. That in itself would be an effective deterrent; you don't start a war unless you're reasonably sure you can win and that the gains will outweigh the costs. We could never be certain that the High Frontier plan would work, but the

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

Russians could never be certain would fail.

It is important to remember the the weapons being discussed for defense in space are different from the ICBMs that terrorize mankind. Particle-beam weapons and other advanced technology systems cannel penetrate the earth's atmosphere, when could not be used offensively.

And there can be little doubt the the Russians will deploy such a space based system sooner or later. The Soviet Union is far ahead of the Unite States in the research and development of beam weapons for antimissi defense. The Soviet high-energy last program is operating at three to five times the U.S. effort. The choice not between the High Frontier an MAD; the choice is between only the Russians having ABMs and both side having defenses.

The solution, of course, is for bot sides to deploy ABMs at the sam time. If the United States adopts the High Frontier strategy immediately that is what will probably happen. not, the Russians alone will have the ABM capability and will be able to attack without fear of retaliation.

Tom Crunkleton Atlanta, Ga.

William E. Burrows repeats th common argument that an "ABA shield would have to be 100 percer effective to work at all." If "working means allowing the United States t launch a first strike with impunity then this is correct; if discouraging Soviet first strike will suffice, then i is nonsense. A system probably able t destroy many missiles would destro Soviet confidence in being able to de liver a coordinated, disarming blow while leaving us vulnerable to retalia tion should we strike first. In itself this seems stabilizing.





A WORD TO THE WEALTHY.

HAVING ONE'S CAKE AND EATING IT TOO IS LARGELY A MATT OF PROPERLY MANAGING THE ENTREPRENEUR'S COMPLETE CYC OF WEALTH. FROM ITS CREATION, TO ITS INVESTMENT, TO ITS CONSERVATION FOR ONE'S ESTATE.

CITIBAN

The problem lies elsewhere. Orral systems able to destroy missiles or arheads could also destroy peaceful unch vehicles or satellites, includg an opponent's defenses; Burrows ludes to this in his final paragraph. n aggressor might smash the other de's shield, and then control access 18pace.

Cooperation could provide an alrnative. Science magazine states that dward Teller (whom Burrows labels he nation's pre-eminent scientific per-hawk") has joined with Eugenv elikhov of the Soviet Academy of ciences to propose a joint U.S./Soiet effort in missile defense. A joint fort could establish semiautomatic stems, designed to disrupt atempted first strikes by either side but scapable of disrupting anything else. uch "active shields" could advance ne rule of law: they would act not as eapons systems (useful for both deense and attack) but as arms-control greements, crystallized as hardware. ossibilities of this sort should be condered with a fresh eye. They fit none f today's slogans: those committed mply to arming or disarming are unkely to favor cooperative developent of genuinely defensive systems. active shields would serve neither the ast for weapons nor the hatred of hem—but they might serve peace.

C. Eric Drexler AIT Space Systems Laboratory Cambridge, Mass.

# Churchmanship

For some fifteen years now, I have been engaged in an often sharp and combative friendship with Richard Neuhaus. I would like to add a perpective Philip Weiss misses in his article about him ["Going to Extremes," "Harper's, November 1983].

Since the early 1960s the various shurch establishments, within which Neuhaus and I care enough to voice riticism, have moved rather stunningly from a comfortable liberalism/conservatism (the two were in many respects alike) toward the politics of the left. Neuhaus and I were among many who encouraged that move to the left, but we did not expect it to be made wholesale, or uncritically.

There is a consistency in our critique both of the conservatism of the past and of the radicalism of the present.

In literary life, however, praising the left does bring far higher rewards than criticizing it. Neuhaus and I have learned that the ferocity of the assault upon our characters and persons comes not when we stand with the left but when we criticize it. This is, I suppose, its own testimony of esteem. An exploration of the arguments we make would be nicer.

Michael Novak Washington, D.C.

# White Man's Burden

Lewis Lapham speaks of the belief (said to be prevalent in some unspecified college English department) that we live in "a bloated consumer society. descending rapidly into a technocratic hell" ["Letter to the Reader," Harper's, Januaryl. Though evidently meant as comic exaggeration, his phrase is actually a valid description-succinct, precise, sufficientof the queer smog-colored palpitating nuclear-industrial BLOB now sucking its sustenance from the land and people of most of Europe, Russia, Japan, and the U.S. of A. The Hopi Indians of Arizona, anticipating Lapham by some 10,000 years, coined their own term for our predicament: koyanna'sgatzi. This may be freely translated as "bad craziness, white man,"

Edward Abbey Oracle, Ariz.

# Dangerous Talk

Vicki Hearne's idea that talking prevents hostile attacks is ridiculous ["The Moral Transformation of the Dog," *Harper*'s, January]. Humans talk all the time, yet kill each other frequently; species that do not talk rarely kill members of their own kind. Since most human murders are committed by acquaintances, if not by relatives or friends, it is plausible that talking is as much a provocation as an inhibition to murder.

Albert F. Ax Boston, Mass.

Continued on page 98

# MA WINDSOR

by Lorin Peterson

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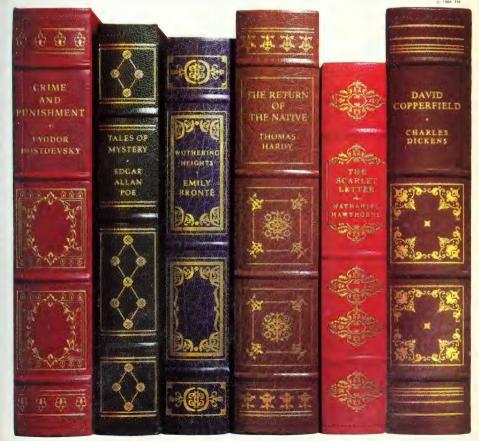
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## NOTEBOOK

## Old relics in new bottles By Lewis H. Lapham

the night before the Turks sacked Constantinople in 1453, the Byzantine Emperor Constantine Palaeologus, accompanied by priests and a choir of the faithful, made a solemn embassy to the church of St. Theodosia to pray to the martyr whose relics were believed to contain the powers that subsequent generations have learned to attribute to the hydrogen bomb. Having assigned the defense of his kingdom to the bones of a saint. the emperor died the next morning with those few of his followers who took the trouble to meet the Turks on the city walls. Most of the emperor's subjects chose to remain in one of the city's churches, trusting to the miracles of religion rather than to the force of their own courage and arms. When the Turks broke through the doors of St. Sophia they found 10,000 people earnestly praying in a sanctuary sweet with the smell of incense and fear.

Something of this same credulous spirit informs the current attitude toward anything and everything that partakes of the aura of "high tech." Over the last ten or fifteen years, the belief in the sovereign powers of various new technologies has taken so firm a hold of the public imagination that it has become the stuff of primitive religion. Let the school administrator announce that he has ordered computers for 800 illiterate sophomores, and lo, they have become educated. Let the stock salesman pronounce the holy words that rhyme with "onics" or "echnics," and lo, the investor has entered into paradise.

The superstition shows up in the cultural as well as the commercial sectors of experience, endowing otherwise secular objects with sacred mean-

ings once attributed to nymphs and stars and trees. In the fullness of time the new technologies undoubtedly will advance the hope of reason and support the nobler aspirations of mankind. For the time being, however, the worship of the higher technology serves the cause of barbarism. The placing of the deity in the machine makes it that much easier to discount the value of the merely human.

Maybe I have been keeping questionable company or reading the wrong news bulletins, but I cannot seem to avoid encounters with prophets of the new revelation. Last summer I had occasion to read Alvim Toffler's most recent tract, *Previews and Premises*, and I remember being surprised by the inertness of its prose. Not having read Toffler's best-selling spiels in Future Shock (1970) and The Third Wave (1980), I had assumed that he had something to say. His text, like those of his several imitators, runs somewhat as follows:

☐ Things change and time flies.
☐ The velocity of change is great and the old order (meaning big-time capitalism harnessed to the wheels of mass production) soon will give way to the mystical entity known as the 'de-massified economy,'' in which infinitely diverse "cross-cultural communicators" will deal with one another through the medium of the computer.

Unless people appreciate the unutterable significance of this event, Western civilization will come to a bad end. Savage mobs, predominantly black but also representative of "the poor and unemployed," will roam through well-lighted corporate office buildings, looting and burning and breaking up the infrastructure.

Doom can be averted. Beyon the peril of anarchy lies the garden (technological Eden. Toffler conjure up the vision of kindly elves at work if far-off, modern California. Happ, among avocados, the elves spin th golden threads of fiber optics an mine the jewels of microchips. The fortunate assistants, no longe chained to the gundecks of industria routine, do a different kind of work—work that is fun and healthy and clear and creative and safe.

Under the jurisdiction of a write concerned with thought instead of in cantation, the few and threadbar ideas promulgated in *Previews an Premises* could be set forth in ten page generously illustrated with drawing of fairy tale beats and castles. Bu Toffler isn't interested in thought. H wishes to present his customers with mantra. To this end he constructs a unintelligible prose in which th words, almost all of them abstract, be come magical objects. If the word could be understood, they would los their value as moleskin.

What passes for the logic of the book bears resemblance to the system analysis of those South Sea islander: who improvised religions (the so called cargo cults) with the fragment of industrial society (motors, coppe wire, aerosol cans, etc.) they had seer in the hands of Europeans. Toffle does something like this with the scientific and pseudoscientific words that he discovers in the popular press He knows that out there in the ocean of incomprehensible events some thing very important is going on, that somewhere beyond the horizon a more evolved race of men (physicists) vicrobiologists, cyberneticians) sail and fro in vessels of supernatural ower and speed. Seeking to borrow neir magic, Toffler assembles newsaper and magazine clippings, and om this collection of random sound e composes the chant that sells as a pecific against despair. Reduced to s purest essence, Toffler's book beomes a high-speed, aluminum Om. ne words running together into a sinle syllable pronounced, very quickly ut with a murmuring intenation. microchipunidimensionalmodulardhocraticdecisionalenvironmentomputerprogramcreditcardspacepurileflextimecognitariatroboticsiversitypositivefeedbackloop.

Being made of wishes, Toffler's nagic contains as little intrinsic interst as the teeth and bones found in the ottom of a shaman's leather bag. But hat, unhappily, is not the end of it. offler enjoys the patronage of govrnments, astonishes the ranks of nanagers gathered at business conentions, sells millions of books to the aperback trade. His success demontrates the truth of Newton's third aw, which posits for every action an qual and opposite reaction. In an age of anxiety, the forces bearing forward nto the unknown future sponsor ountervailing forces beating backvard into the familiar past. The more complex and civilized the advance. he more simple-minded and barbaous the retreat.

No businessman these days dares to imbark upon the journey of incorporation without first acquiring a computer so huge and so omniscient as to strike terror into the software of its enemies. The pornographers in Times Square set up massage parlors behind neon signs that promise "Compusex" or "Erotics Ltd." The magazines glitter with advertisements for copying machines that seem better looking and a good deal more competent than the people who serve them with sacrificial gifts of paper.

On Broadway the successful musicals depend on brightly polished dance numbers remarkable for their inanity and for what Arlene Croce called their "pitiless energy." The interest centers on the complexity of the lights and the speed of the set changes. The same can be said of the

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## **Economic Snake Oil**

It was Humpty Dumpty who said, "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." Not only Humpty Dumpty claims this prerogative. A lot of people do, particularly when it comes to industrial policy. It means different things to different people. It's a controversial subject. And the controversy centers on the kind of presence and control the federal government should have in the economy.

Make no mistake. Government has a responsibility to create an environment conducive to industrial and economic growth. That's why government helped finance the nation's railroads in the last century and its highways in this one.

Encouraging domestic discovery and production of raw materials, stimulating quality education, supporting generic research and development, encouraging capital formation, promoting exports—these are some examples of legitimate government functions which work to enhance America's competitive position in world markets.

All these actions are done with no particular industry in mind. From time to time the government does intervene to prevent certain mergers or to aid a distressed sector of the economy. But this is always done on an *ad hoc* basis. The government does not—as a matter of policy—favor one industry over another.

There are those who argue that this is precisely what it should do. They want the government to make decisions

about the size and shape of particular industries and the direction investments should take. They want the kind of industrial policy, in other words, that picks winners and losers. In effect, the government would decide who lives—and who dies. Business decisions now influenced by the forces of the competitive marketplace would be shaped as never before in the political arena.

This kind of industrial policy is misguided policy.

By giving special assistance to favored industries, industrial policy would hurt other industries. It would produce trade policies that are protectionist, and economic policies that reward inefficiencies and shelter selected industries from legitimate competition. The industries with the greatest political clout would get the greatest aid. So it is a policy that would pander to special interests. And it would require a degree of federal government control over the economy that the American people have accepted only in wartime.

Its proponents believe industrial policy is some kind of magical elixir that will rejuvenate our economy. In reality, it's more like snake oil that peddlers sell from the back of their medicine wagons. And if you read the contents of the label carefully, you'll find it contains a healthy dose of economic inefficiency mixed with an equal amount of pork barrel politics—all neatly packaged in a straitjacket of government control.



pular movies (cf. Flashdance or The ight Stuff), as well as of the television rials in which the protagonist turns at to be an automobile, a robot, or a social effect. Hardly anybody knows ow to develop human character or instruct a plausible narrative. The iman actors invariably make a mess things, and were it not for the goodess of a machine, the poor saps never ould win safely through to the IBM immercial.

Probably it is in the hospitals and ne building of weapons that the eneration of high tech results in the jost obvious forms of dehumanizaon. Too often the medical techniians offer the first claim on their mpathies to the whims of their quipment. They bring patients to the stensive care units in much the same ay that Aztecs brought maiden girls the sacrificial altars. The nuclear rategists concede that their weapons o longer have a practical military se. The doctrine of mutual assured estruction, which has governed smerican missile theory for twenty ears, assumes that the weapons have ecome so frightful that nobody rould send them against a strategic or actical objective. Like the bones of it. Theodosia, the arsenal of deterence stands as both symbol and emodiment of absolute power. What vas human becomes divine. The 'entagon spends a great deal of its noney buying high-tech weapons so ielicate and fundamentally useless as o acquire the beauty of religious culpture.

So pervasive is the superstition that the failures of the new technologies xcite little criticism among the faithful. Explaining the death of 241 Americans in Beirut last October, a writer on terrorism at the Rand Corrotation said that the military comnand had made the mistake of sending "just an off-the-shelf unit" to do he work properly left to a more specialized force component. As quoted in the newspapers, the gentleman night as easily have been talking about items on sale in a sex shop or an electronics store.

Only the impious make blasphenous remarks about the systems that ion't work, the computer systems uterly devoid of meaning. It is the technique that counts—the seventy-four modes and the speed of transmission, the camera angle and the high gloss on the metal.

The obsession with technique arouses the dream of power. Sensitive to the desperate wish for demigods among the consumers of ready-made myths, the producers of The Right Stuff supply an ode to power in its romantic and Promethean form—as a pillar of fire on which it just might be possible to climb out of the well of death. It is a very noisy movie. Accompanied by loud explosions in stereophonic sound, rockets of various caliber rise ceremoniously from the earth in circles of flame. By the end of the movie the producers have managed to forge the persona of the American hero into an aluminum object impervious to re-entry speeds and the heat of the sun.

Toffler achieves an analogous purpose with intimations of a new social order. He tells his readers that soon they will belong to "the cognitariat," that they will have tiny but important parts to play in the retooling of the world's economic machinery, that they will discover "job enrichment" and be admitted, as shiny as new push buttons, into the sacred grove of "the decisional environment."

He doesn't describe this new order very clearly; if he made the mistake of writing in English, the great, good place somewhere south of San Jose might be confused with a communist work camp in the Siberian snow. Somehow the new order resembles the hierarchical society of the late Middle Ages. On the highest tiers of power the brain people—the priests of the new technology-will make all the necessary decisions. This they will do selflessly, of course, not because they covet the trivial privileges of office but because, by virtue of their education and intelligence, they belong to the company of the elect. Elsewhere in the society, arranged in descending levels of knowledge, people of lesser value and attainment will go freely about their innocent and creative ways-tossing salad, playing volleyball, singing folk songs; they too will be happy, because they will have learned to leave the troubling exercise of power to the bones of a saint.



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Total hours of television watched in American households in 1983 \$ 213,000,000,000 Students who scored "double 800s" on the SATs in 1982-83 \$ 4

Wars in 1983 : 41

Percentage increase in sales of G.I. Joe toys from 1982 to 1983 : 89

Nations where Dallas appears on television : 91

Silicone breast implants performed in the United States in 1983 \$ 100,000

Dollars spent by Americans on hospital care in 1982 \$ \$135,500,000,000 (see page 89)

Portion of the U.S. land mass owned by the federal government \$ 1/3

Portion off-limits to Soviet officials \$ 1/5 (see page 28)

Strategic minerals supplied by the Soviet Union to the United States \$ 6

Vice versa : 3

Cost of the Civil War in 1983 dollars (billions) \$ \$36.9

Of the Vietnam War \$ \$430.2

False warnings of a nuclear attack on the United States in the past five years \$ 2

Astrologers in the United States \$ 10,000

Astronomers 2,500

Percentage of U.S. patents granted in 1982 that are held by independent inventors \$ 23

By corporations \$ 75

By foreigners : 41

Books published in East Germany in honor of the 500th anniversary of Luther's birth \$ 150

In West Germany \$ 50

Foreigners apprehended for illegally crossing the U.S. border in fiscal 1982 \$ 970,246 (see page 47)

Average price of a gram of cocaine in Los Angeles \$\$125

The District of Columbia's rank (with states) in per capita alcohol consumption \$ 1

Officially declared candidates for the 1984 presidential election \$ 136

Acts of terrorism in the United States in 1983 \$ 30

Men under arms, worldwide \$ 25,000,000

Percentage change in NATO manpower from 1971 to 1980 \$ −19

Warsaw Pact : +9

Number of women who participated in the Grenada invasion \$ 110

Number injured : 0

Movie theaters in the United States \$ 16,901

In the Soviet Union \$ 144,100

Copies of Playboy or Penthouse purchased per thousand people in Des Moines \$ 86

In New York City \$ 28

Valentine's Day cards purchased by Americans in 1982 : 1,000,000,000

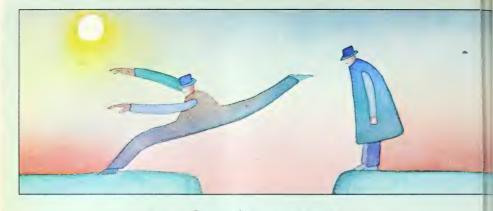
Cut roses (dozens) \$ 13,000,000

Percentage of Americans who believe heaven exists \$ 77

Percentage who expect to enter therein \$ 66

Percentage who think the afterlife will be boring \$5

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of January 1984.



# NUCLEAR ENERGY Is America being left behind?

"In Europe, it's still full speed ahead for nuclear power"

New York Times, December 4, 1983
"Japan pursuing aggressive
nuclear energy program"

Business Week, September 19, 1983
"Britain, China sign agreement
for Chinese nuclear power plant"
Wall Street Journal, December 8, 1983

News stories like these raise questions about what, if anything, America stands to lose if we fall behind in nuclear energy development.

Eighty-four nuclear power plants are now licensed to operate across the U.S., and fifty more are being built. But since 1978, no future nuclear plants have been planned in this country. During the same period, at least 40 such plants have been ordered in other parts of the world.

## Nuclear electricity is growing worldwide

There are now close to 300 nuclear power plants producing electricity in 25 countries throughout the world. Japan, France, the Soviet Union, and China are among the many nations committed to nuclear electricity as an economic, safe alternative to oil-fired and coal-fired power—despite reduced rates of growth in energy consumption.

In Japan, eight new nuclear plants are due to start producing electricity over the next three years. Japanese companies are designing their own advanced reactors and making it

possible to gain the edge in nuclear energy technology.

Soon, over 50 percent of France's electricity will be nuclear-generated. It takes only six years or so to get a nuclear plant built there, which is half the average time needed to build one in the U.S.

## A secure America needs a balanced mix of energy sources

Our country has a lot more oil, natural

NUCLEAR SHARE OF
ELECTRICITY GENERATED
BY COUNTRY, 1982

Finland 40%

France 39%

Sweden 39%

Belgium 30%

Switzerland 28%

Japan 20%

W. Germany 17%

England 16%

U.S.A. 13%

Constitutional Securposes:

In many countries throughout the world, nuclear power is now supplying a substantial share of the electricity that people consume. gas, and coal than either France in Japan. But oil supplies are uncerting Natural gas is more valuable for the uses than for burning in power plants. And coal, though essentiation't be expected to do the job along.

What is best for the practical goe ation of large amounts of electricy. The National Academy of Sciences has stated that "Coal and nucler power are the only economic altentives for large-scale application in remainder of this century."

#### The cost of not pushing ahad

Through the growing use of nucline electricity, countries all over the world are reducing their depended on oil and strengthening their position increasingly competitive world markets. They realize that a health national economy needs a health supply of energy.

Will we have to play a costly gen of catch-up in the competition aha America runs the risk of doing jut that—if we ignore the growing in national reliance on nuclear energy and the reasons behind that grown

#### Free booklet tells more

For a free booklet that covers nucle electricity in more detail, write to U.S. Committee for Energy Awarer's P.O. Box 37012 (55), Washington D.C. 20013.

Information about energy America can count on todi

U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARE'S

## READINGS

# [Speech] NURTURING TERRORISM

From a keynote address by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, senator from New York, at a conference on terrorism held in New York City on December 13. The conference was sponsored by the State University of New York's Institute for Studies in International Terrorism, in cooperation with the American Jewish Congress.

offer as my thesis today the threefold proposition that much of the current disorientation in American foreign policy derives from our having abandoned, for all practical purposes, the concept that international relations can and should be governed by a regime of public international law. Further, that this ideal has not yet been succeeded by any other reasonably comprehensive and coherent notion as to the kind of world we do seek. And finally, that among the consequences of the disappearance of law as a guiding principle in American foreign policy has been the steady elevation of the role of terrorism, to the point where it is now a common instrument of the foreign policies of a number of nondemocratic governments.

At a recent gathering at the Center for National Policy in Washington, one speaker cited international law as a standard by which to judge the desirability of a policy. Zbigniew Brzezinski replied that among the shortcomings of international law as a useful framework for thinking about foreign policy is the fact that it does not provide us with an answer to international law-lessness, such as terrorism. What Dr. Brzezinski seemed to be saying was that, in a world where terrorism is a growing problem, international law is increasingly irrelevant.

What I would ask you to consider is whether the reverse might, in fact, be true: whether, in a world where international law is increasingly thought to be irrelevant—or at least is so treated by those who conduct U.S. foreign policy—terrorism will flourish.

Could it be that the inattentiveness of the West, and of the United States in particular, to considerations of law has contributed to an international political climate that allows other states to believe that we will not hold them accountable to standards of civilized and peaceable behavior, such as might be embodied in a tradition of international law? Consider the consequences of this for the United States.

The idea that a world ruled by law would be an ideal one—certainly a peaceful one—is almost as old as the idea of law itself. But it was only in the last part of the nineteenth century that it came to be seen as a practical vision and a reasonable choice that governments might make in determining their behavior. It was part of the prevailing optimism of the time.

There was terrorism then, to be sure. In many ways the series of assassinations of public figures and bombings of citizens in cafes that spread through Europe and North America in the years before World War I-the first modern wave of terrorism-was more alarming than anything we face today. But governments of that time had no reason to consider the problem to be anything other than a matter of law enforcement; find the murderers and prosecute them. (I promptly grant that the question is much complicated by statesponsored terrorism. The government of North Korea recently undertook to blow up the government of South Korea. The international community has developed almost no effective means of coping with such acts. Yet this does not mean we cannot; still less that we should not.)

The optimism that prevailed early in this century was part of that era's broad confidence in the continuing expansion of freedom through democracy and law, a confidence epitomized by Woodrow Wilson. No man, before or since, so engaged the passions and the hopes of all mankind as Wilson did in the months after the end of World War I. Wilson's ideals of normative world order were embodied in the League of Na-

tions. And though the United States did not join it, we did not abandon the proposition that law ought to be central to the conduct of states.

It fell to Franklin D. Roosevelt to achieve Wilson's objective, by establishing the United Nations. The U.N. represented a more experienced and perhaps more practical Wilsonianism. its ideals somehow vindicated by the devastation of World War II, which was seen as the consequence of the unwillingness of the democracies to insist upon and defend those ideals.

How very long ago that all seems. We no longer believe that democracy is the way of the future; nor do we believe that international law provides a guide to policy making.

Yet though we no longer believe in what we once did, we have not replaced it with anything. It is the resulting aimlessness and normlessness in U.S. foreign policy that seems to me to be a source of so many of our immediate problems.

For example, in response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, President Carter spoke of his personal disillusionment with Leonid Brezhnev. In fairness, Mr. Carter did try to do something; he proposed a grain embargo. But his reaction was based on his shock at having been lied to by a man he had embraced when last they had met. That the Soviets had violated international law was not the ground on which we acted. Our response was, at an important level, a normless one.

President Reagan seems to have followed a similar pattern last September when the Soviets shot down Korean Air Lines flight 007. Ronald Reagan said this was "a terrorist act" about which the Soviet government had "flagrantly" lied. His language grew harsher still-yet the President did nothing. William Safire noted at the time that Reagan had "sounded off more fiercely than Theodore Roosevelt and has acted more pusillanimously than Jimmy Carter.' Why? Because the President did not know how to respond. Indeed, on September 9 the President replied to critics such as Safire by asking plaintively, "Short of going to war, what would they have us do?"

Reagan's question points to the disappearance of the idea of law as an alternative; that in between doing nothing and going to war there are no intermediate sanctions. So, we did nothing.

Not long afterward, as if to confirm that considerations of realpolitik are as paramount in ungton as in Moscow, the President turned his attention to Central America. Commenting on the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency there, he said: "I do believe in the right of a country, when it believes that its interests are best served, to practice covert activity . . . '

Now this is a wholly normless statement. It could as easily be said that the Soviet Union has a right to shoot down civilian airliners if "it believes that its interests are best served." The President said precisely what the Soviets believe.

I don't think the President recognizes the trap we have fallen into. A country has the right to do what it has the right to do-not what it thinks serves its interests. That is the difference between the Hobbesian state of the war of all against all and a state of law.

In February 1982, less than six weeks after a Baghdad-based terrorist group set off a bomb in a West Berlin restaurant, the Administration announced that it was removing Iraq from the official list of nations that support international terrorism. (The Export Administration Act imposes export controls on countries that support or participate in acts of terrorism.)

Not only does Iraq provide sanctuary to numerous terrorist bands, but its diplomats, on more than one occasion, have been killed or injured while making or delivering explosives abroad. Yet, rapprochement with Iraq having been determined to be necessary for reasons of Persian Gulf realpolitik, legal sanctions against terrorism were abandoned. The United States thus demonstrated that-even in an era in which terror has emerged as a routine tool of antidemocratic forces and governments—our opposition to terrorism is not based on principle or rooted in law. We can overlook it.

We are committing ourselves to the world described in those wonderful lines from Wordsworth, in "Rob Roy's Grave":

The good old rule The Simple plan That they should take who have the power And they should keep who can.

Having no sense of norms, or of law, we do not object to lawlessness as such. So we find ourselves disoriented, apparently unable or unwilling to confront the lawlessness of terrorism as lawlessness. If we permit ourselves to view terrorism simply as being politically undesirable in certain contexts, and overlook it in certain other contexts, then we have told the world that we do not find it fundamentally unacceptable.

The costs to Americans shall in the end be measured not in the size of explosions, such as that detonated in the Capitol building on November 7. Had the timing been different, two dozen senators could have been killed; but senators can be replaced. No, the costs are to be measured in the concrete barricades that have been constructed around government buildings throughout Washington, and in the diminished access Americans will thereafter have to their own government. A government, I suggest, that has not paid adequate attention to the role of law in world affairs.



From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

## WORKING CONDITIONS

Re: Security—From Administrative Directive P-732, issued September 26, 1983, by Robert A. Knisely, deputy chairman for management of the National Endowment for the Arts.

PURPOSE: This Directive outlines the Personnel Security Program for the National Endowment for the Arts.

POLICY: The National Endowment for the Arts employs and retains in employment only those persons whose employment is found to be clearly consistent with national security interests.

SECURITY STANDARDS: Information regarding an applicant for employment or any employee which may preclude a finding that his or her employment or retention in employment is clearly consistent with national security interests shall include, but not be limited to, the following:

☐ Establishing or continuing a sympathetic association with a saboteur, spy, traitor, seditionist, anarchist, or revolutionist, or with an espionage or other secret agent or representative of a foreign nation whose interests may be inimical to the interests of the United States, or with any person who advocates the use of force or violence to overthrow the government of the

United States or the alteration of the form of government of the United States by unconstitutional means:

Any criminal, infamous, dishonest, immoral, or notoriously disgraceful conduct; habitual use of intoxicants to excess, or drug addiction; or sexual perversion;

Refusal by the individual upon the ground of constitutional privilege against self-incrimination, to testify before a congressional committee regarding charges of his or her alleged disloyalty or other misconduct.

Re: Trysts—From the Harvard Business Review, September-October 1983. In her article "Managers and Lovers," Eliza G.C. Collins, an editor at the Review, discusses a phenomenon of the modern corporation: love affairs between high-level executives. Collins concludes that "love between managers is dangerous because it challenges—and can break down—the organizational structure." In these excerpts, she explains why, and offers some guidelines to the executive faced with an affair between subordinates.

The degree of organizational anxiety [created by a love affair between managers] is determined by a number of variables. Whether the male executive's leadership style is such that he has close, warm relationships with subordinates and peers or is coolly distant, his co-workers are likely to be made quite anxious by such an affair.

If they fancy themselves as protégés, they will see any redirection of the executive's affection—to a woman or to anyone else—as a loss. If they feel removed from the executive, they will see anyone getting close as an extra threat. They will be jealous and angry and feel abandoned.

Outsiders also fear that the formal and informal communication networks of the organization will be crossed by pillow talk. If the male executive has a higher position than the female, his immediate subordinates as well as her peers may fear that their own confidences have been broken. The subordinates begin to fantasize: "Does she know something about me?" "Is she smirking?" "How does the boss see me?" "I've got to be careful with her; whatever I say might get back to him."

Another source of subordinates' anxiety is the possibility that the male executive will lose power and the ability to exert influence on their behalf. To many, love flies in the face of power, and power may lose. We want our leaders to be pleasant but also tough when they have to be. We fear that a manager who loves a person we consider taboo has lost his or her judgment and may stop exercising authority.

Because the lovers are blind and others around them are anxious, resolution of the conflict falls into the hands of the top manager to whom both executives ultimately report. Here are some guidelines that may help:

1. Treat the relationship as a conflict of interest. In talking to couples, managers must stress that they are going to deal with the romance as they would any business problem—as equitably as possible.

The top manager should not attack the love relationship. Ultimately, both the corporation and the people involved will survive, but the relationship may not. Because of its fragility and because both executives will fight to protect it, the boss must not denigrate it.

It may be difficult for top managers to be supportive. They may feel that the affair is immoral, especially if one or both of the partners is married. Bosses may judge people against their own interpretations of God's law.

Even for the boss whose principles are offended, it is more humane to deal compassionately with the tendency to "sin" than to judge harshly. All of us have principles we hold dear. But to act on them in a business situation may be unwise.

Another difficulty is that the manager may simply be unable to imagine the experience. The top manager in one company admitted that he couldn't "catch" the feelings, couldn't remember the innocence, the luminosity, the clear restructuring of what was important in life. After talking with the couple and suspending his own

belief system, however, he was able to see that perhaps the liaison was not silly and that the couple was enjoying one of life's great experiences.

2. Persuade the couple that either the person least essential to the company or both have to go. Coming to the recognition that someone must go is painful but, I regret to say, inevitable.

In cases of two equals, one must leave, and I recommend that it should be the less effective person from a business point of view. If both really are equal, the woman should stay and the man go, because although it might not be sexist to let the woman go, it might appear that way. When the status is unequal, however, the lower-ranking person must leave. Taking this stand is difficult and often heartbreaking. But bosses must not be swayed by emotion.

No matter how much everyone understands the beauty of a love relationship, it can't survive if the less valuable person stays. If the couple chooses to stay and live through the consequences and doesn't have the power to change the organizational structure, I can predict how the relationship will end. It will come under more stress; she (assuming the lower-ranked lover is a woman) will start seeing the organization as the enemy; he will resent how others in the organization are treating her; he will start to resent her for attacking people he cares about. If the affair ends, others in the organization will move in for the kill. She will be cut out of power and may end up a skeleton in the organizational closet.

If the male executive insists on going, the female may become an outcast. Most likely she'll lose much of her influence. Her superiors will blame her for the loss of an executive they see as more valuable. Very often, if the higher-status person leaves, the lower will soon go as well.

The simple fact is that for the business's purpose, the most valuable person ought to stay; and in today's organization, considering seniority and time as investments, that person is probably the man.

3. Help the ousted executive find a new and perhaps better job. The top manager must help the person asked to leave because of a romance. Any boss should want to resolve a conflict of interest to everyone's advantage. Moreover, the top manager will want to boost the ego of the person departing, especially if the organization has treated the couple as if they had committed a crime instead of as valuable contributors.

Finally, the manager should not ignore the feelings of the executive who stays behind or of those who have witnessed and taken part in the decision. Regardless of how right they think they are, everyone but the most callous will, after the threat is removed, feel guilty. To assuage those

eelings, the top manager must assure everyone hat the organization has done everything it can o make certain the departing executive is not ossed out on the street.

Top managers have to take the lead in dealing *i*th these complicated situations. Regardless of low clumsy their attempts, it is better to all, the deal of the state of the s

**le:** Smiles — From The Managed Heart: commercialization of Human Feeling, by Arlie usself Hochschild, published by the University of at the University of California at Berkeley.

Between the extremes of flight attendant and ill collector lie many jobs that call for emoional labor. Jobs of this type have three characteristics in common. First, they require face-to-ace or voice-to-voice contact with the public. Second, they require the worker to produce an motional state in another person—gratitude or ear, for example. Third, they allow the emoloyer, through training and supervision, to exreise a degree of control over the emotional activities of employees.

How many workers, in all, have jobs that rejuire emotional labor? A reasonable estimate is hat jobs involving emotional labor are held by wer one third of all workers in the United states.

This means that one third of all workers experience a dimension of work that is seldom recogized, rarely honored, and almost never taken to account by employers as a source of on-the-bb stress. For these workers, emotion work, feeling rules," and social exchange have been emoved from the private domain and placed in a ublic one, where they are processed, standarded, and subjected to hierarchical control. aken as a whole, these emotional laborers make lossible a public life in which millions of people laily have fairly trusting and pleasant transactions with total or nearly total strangers.

Those who perform emotional labor in the ourse of giving service are like those who perform physical labor in the course of making hings: both are subject to the rules of mass production. But when the product—the thing to be engineered, mass-produced, and subjected to preedup and slowdown—is a smile, a mood, a celing, or a relationship, it comes to belong more to the organization and less to the self. And so in the country that most publicly celebrates the individual, more people privately wonder, without tracing the question to its deepest social toot: What do I really feel?

#### IOBS CALLING FOR EMOTIONAL LABOR\*

Occupation	Female	Matle	Total
Professional, technical			
and kindred			
Lawyers and judges	13,196	259,264	272,460
Librarians	100,160	22,047	122,207
Employee relations	89,379	201,498	290,877
Registered nurses	807,825	22,444	830,269
Therapists	47,603	27,631	75,234
Dental hygienists	14,863	942	15,809
Therapy assistants	2,122	1,093	3,215
Religious workers	26,125	227,870	253,999
Social and			
recreation workers	156,500	110,447	266,94
Teachers	2,067,200	1,165,267	3,232,46
Vocational and			
educational counselors	46,592	60,191	106,78
Public relations	19,391	54,394	73,78
Radio and television	1.477	10.005	21.25
announcers	1,466	19,885	21,35
Physicians, dentists, and related personnel	45,722	493,215	538,93
related personner	15,122	773,213	330,73
	3,438,144	2,666,188	6,104,33
Managers and			
administrators	1,013,843	5,125,534	6,139,37
Sales workers	1,999,794	3,267,653	5,267,44
Clerical and kindred	4,988,448	863,204	5,851,65
Service workers	3,598,190	1,367,280	4,965,47
Private household	3,370,170	1,501,200	1,7 00, 111
workers	1,053,092	39,685	1,092,77
			-14111
Total jobs calling			
for emotional labor	16,091,511	13,329,544	29,421,05
lobs involving			
substantial emotional			
labor as a percentage			
of all jobs	55.2%	27.7%	38.19

\*Of the twelve occupational groups used by the U.S. Census, six contain the majority of jobs that call for emotional labor. This table shows the number of jobs in all six categories, with a breakdown of specific jobs requiring emotional labor in the category of "professional, technical, and kindred" occupations.

Women are overrepresented in jobs calling for emotional labor; about half of all working women hold such jobs, while about a quarter of all working men have emotional-labor jobs.

# THE COMPUTER FALLACY

Joseph Weizenbaum is a professor of computer science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a pioneer in the development of the computer. He invented the famous Eliza computer program, which made it possible for a computer to converse with humans. In this interview with Franz-Olivier Giesbert of Le Nouvel Observateur (December 2, 1983), Weizenbaum offers a dissenting view on what he calls the computer fad.

NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR: Computers are arriving everywhere—in offices, in schools, in the home. Shouldn't this delight you?

JOSEPH WEIZENBAUM: I am not a computer salesman. All I can hope is that the technology I helped to develop be used well. But it isn't—far from it.

NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR: What do you have in mind?

WEIZENBAUM: The fad for home and school computers that is creating such a furor in the United States, as well as in Great Britain and France, for example. A new human malady has been invented, just as the makers of patent medicines in the past invented illnesses such as "tired blood" in order to create a market for their products. Now it's computer illiteracy. The future, we are told, will belong to those familiar with the computer. What a joke this would be if only it didn't victimize so many innocent bystanders. It reminds me of the old encyclopedia fad: "If you buy one," proclaimed the salesmen, "your child will do better in school and succeed in life." And parents complied. But the encyclopedia was rarely consulted and was soon retired to the

The infatuation with television, that other "educational" instrument, also comes to mind. Thanks to TV, kids didn't make as much noise as before. And from that people concluded that TV taught them good behavior.

NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR: But you wouldn't compare television, which renders the viewer passive, with the computer, which develops creativity?

WEIZENBAUM: Why not? With television, a kid will watch a fighter pilot shoot down a plane piloted by another human being. With video games, the child "becomes" the fighter pilot. The difference? In both cases, the child inhabits an abstract world in which actions have no consequences. in which violence is truly mindless. Video games are, if anything, more harmful than TV, because they actively teach dissociation be-

tween what one does and the consequences of one's actions.

As for the computer itself. I think it inhibits children's creativity. In most cases, the computer programs kids and not the other way around. Once they have started a program, the computer may leave them a few degrees of freedom, to be sure, but on the whole it will tell them what to do and when to do it. My colleague Seymour Papert claims that he has a radically different approach: with his system, he says, the children program the computer. He made a film that was supposed to illustrate his thesis. In it one sees children working on Logo [Papert's educational computer systeml in Senegal, Scotland, and Texas. As if by chance, they all drew exactly the same picture on their computers: a flower made out of ellipsoids strung together. Strange,

NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR: Even so, don't you think that the use of computers reinforces a child's problem-solving ability?

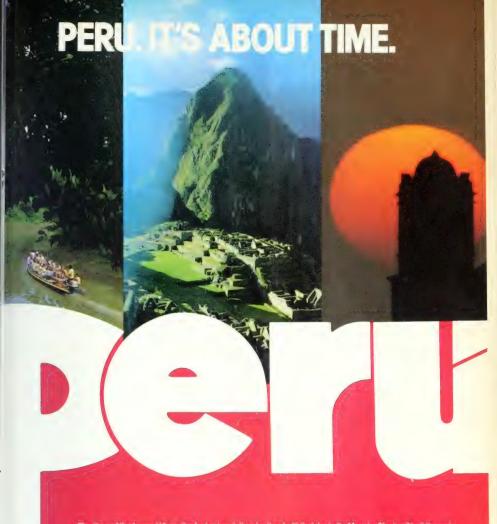
WEIZENBAUM: If that were true, then computer professionals would lead better lives than the rest of the population. We know very well that that isn't the case.

There is, as far as I know, no more evidence that programming is good for the mind than Latin is, as is sometimes claimed.

NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR: Would you deny that the computer revolution will affect social equality? WEIZENBAUM: Graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are required to pass a swimming exam. Assuming that MIT graduates are disproportionately represented among the leaders of the American high-technology industry, a simple-minded statistician would wrongly infer a cause-and-effect relationship between the ability to swim and managerial success. There's a risk that the same thing will happen with computers. Right now, the children of the well-to-do are given liberal access to computers. People may very well attribute the success of these children to their computer experience. In reality, these children will have had many other important advantages right from the start. If you want to reduce inequality, the solution is to give the poor money, not computers.

NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR: Do you think, then, that France is making a mistake by trying to put computers in everyone's hands?

WEIZENBAUM: If that is what France is doing, then, yes, it's making a mistake. The temptation to send in computers wherever there is a problem is great. There's hunger in the Third World. So computerize. The schools are in trouble. So bring in computers. The introduction of the computer into any problem area, be it medicine, education, or whatever, usually creates the impression that grievous deficiencies are being cor-



The time of the Inces. Where the Andes touch the sky, they built their lost city, Macchu Picchu, Stroit through it, and relive their lives. In Peru there were advanced civilizations thousands of years ago. Come experience the wonder of Peru. It's about time...

The time of Pizarra. His conquistations sought tame and gold, and imposed the grandeur of Old Spain on the Incas. The days of the Viceroys reign on, in grand palaces, museums, parks, and conhedrals. And by all means in the Peruvians' warm and courteous welcome.

The time of the timeless Amazon. They still use blowguns—which they'll teach you how to use. There are tribes who in millennia have changed as little as the lavish jungle flora. At lquitos, come canoe along our timeless river.

The time of your life is what you'll have in Peru, the land that's all about time. See your travel agent, or call tall-free 1-800-431-8011. And mail our coupon today.

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Dept. B., Melville, N.Y. 11747. Please send me	bro-
chures and information about Peru.	HAA4

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rected, that something is being done. But often its principal effect is to push problems even further into obscurity—to avoid confrontation with the need for fundamentally critical thinking.

## [Script] POLITICS AND WORDS

From The Real Thing, by Tom Stoppard, which opened on Broadway January 5 to rave reviews. In the scene below, Henry, a playwright (played by Jeremy Irons), is arguing with his wife, Annie (played by Glenn Close), about a play written by Brodie, a jailed antinuclear activist whom she is championing. Annie wants Henry to revise the play in order to help the cause.

ANNIE: Oh, Hen . . . Can't you help?

HENRY: What did you expect me to do?

ANNIE: Well . . . cut it and shape it . . .

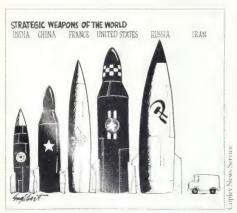
HENRY: Cut it and shape it. Henry of Mayfair. Look—he can't write. I would have to write it for him.

ANNIE: Well, write it for him.

 $\label{eq:henry:leave} \text{HENRY: } I \text{ } can't.$ 

ANNIE: Why?

HENRY: Because it's balls. Mary's part is the least of it—it's merely ham-fisted. But when he gets into his stride, or rather his lurch, announcing every stale revelation of the newly enlightened, like stout Cortez coming upon the Pacific—war is profits, politicians are puppets, Parliament is a farce, justice is a fraud, property is theft... It's all here: the stock exchange, the arms dealers, the press



From the Hartford Courant.

barons... You can't fool Brodie—patriotism is propaganda, religion is a con trick, royalty is an anachronism... Pages and pages of it. It's like being run over very slowly by a traveling freak show of favorite simpletons, the India rubber pedagogue, the midget intellectual, the human panacea...

ANNIE: It's his view of the world. Perhaps from where he's standing you'd see it the same way.

HENRY: Or perhaps I'd realize where I'm standing. Or at least that I'm standing somewhere. There is, I suppose, a world of objects which have a certain form, like this coffee mug. I turn it, and it has no handle. I tilt it, and it has no cavity. But there is something real here which is always a mug with a handle. I suppose. But politics, justice, patriotismthey aren't even like coffee mugs. There's nothing real there separate from our perception of them. So if you try to change them as though there were something there to change, you'll get frustrated, and frustration will finally make you violent. If you know this and proceed with humility, you may perhaps alter people's perceptions so that they behave a little differently at that axis of behavior where we locate politics or justice; but if you don't know this, then you're acting on a mistake. Prejudice is the expression of this mistake.

ANNIE: Or such is your perception.

HENRY: All right.

ANNIE: And who wrote it, why he wrote it, where he wrote it—none of these things count with you?

HENRY: Leave me out of it. They don't count. Maybe Brodie got a raw deal, maybe he didn't. I don't know. It doesn't count. He's a lout with language. I can't help somebody who thinks, or thinks he thinks, that editing a newspaper is censorship, or that throwing bricks is a demonstration while building tower blocks is social violence, or that unpalatable statement is provocation while disrupting the speaker is the exercise of free speech . . . Words don't deserve that kind of malarkey. They're innocent, neutral, precise, standing for this, describing that, meaning the other, so if you look after them you can build bridges across incomprehension and chaos. But when they get their corners knocked off, they're no good anymore, and Brodie knocks corners off without knowing he's doing it. So everything he builds is jerrybuilt. It's rubbish. An intelligent child could push it over. I don't think writers are sacred, but words are. They deserve respect. If you get the right ones in the right order, you can nudge the world a little or make a poem which children will speak for you when you're dead.

Some readers expect their magazine clothe them in opinions the way alston or Bloomingdale's dresses them r the opera.

The new Harper's is looking for readers

holly capable of dressing themselves.



The Harper's Index, for example, presents a not-so-random collection of statistics both current and relevant—the number of wars waged in 1983 (41), the percentage of

ericans who believe that heaven exists (77), the number of movie theaters in the ted States (16,901) as opposed to the number of movie theaters in the Soviet Union 1,100). Read as a sequence the Index provides a kind of sounding of the spirit of the es. For those willing to listen.

Each issue also contains writing from people as various in their perceptions as iel Patrick Moynihan, Kurt Vonnegut, Leo Steinberg and Tom Stoppard. As well adings from publications as miscellaneous as Pravda, The Bulletin of Atomic intists, Variety and Le Monde. We do this to give you an indication of what's being and done in places you don't have access to. What you do with it is up to you.

The new Harper's Forum provides a genuine national debate. Every month we'll te both written and oral correspondence from famous and not-so-famous people on mportant topical subject, such as the schools, men and women, or disarmament.

may find some of the points of view debat-, but that's exactly what we had in mind.

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[Market Research]

## SELLING THE NEW WAVE GENERATION

From "Brave New Wave of the '80s," by Steve Barnett. The article appeared in the December 1983 issue of across the board, the monthly magazine of the Conference Board, whose members are chief executive officers of Fortune 500 companies. Barnett is an anthropologist and vice president of the Cultural Analysis Group at Planmetrics Inc., a consulting firm.

he emergence of a significant teenage group with very different values and behavior from the young people of the late 1960s and 1970s has received relatively little attention. Just as the "flower children" were initially thought to be marginal to American society, but went on to reshape many consumption patterns in the United States, the "New Wave" youth of the 1980s will change the product and service market for young people in the coming decade.

The easiest way to get an overall sense of how New Wave teenagers think is to contrast their attitudes on several key issues with those of the previous generation of teenagers.

Pro-technology/Anti-technology. Younger people have generally been ill disposed to technology since the mid-1960s, when they associated it with an unpopular war and with unfeeling, bureaucratic control.

New Wave youth, however, are genuinely fascinated by the technology behind computers and computer games, space exploration, robotics, electronic forms of music and communication, the creation of artificial environments through lighting and sound systems at concerts and dances. Increasingly, they see technology as a value-neutral conduit that can provide them with sensory and emotional stimulation.

For many New Wave youth, technology has become a magical part of their surroundings. They have no particular need to master its secrets, but neither do they understand the radical antitechnology stance of their parents. In California we observed this conversation between two teenagers after they had been given printouts of their class schedules at the beginning of the semester:

"My mother told me that when she was in college, they used to burn forms that came out of computers," one said.

"Why the hell would anyone do that? It makes things easier," the other student replied.

"Beats me. She gave me that old sixties line, but I don't know what she's talking about." Natural vs. Artificial. Young people in the 1960s and 1970s endorsed the notion of "small; beautiful" as a way of expressing the value dliving in harmony with nature.

Throughout the 1970s, teenagers preferre casual clothing made with natural fibers an down-played makeup and hair dye. Now, man teenagers wear clothing made of heavily dye artificial fabrics, and girls typically become ir terested in makeup at age twelve or thirteer New Wave youth ridicule "natural," or "health, food as tasting terrible, and identify it as the foo that their parents prefer. Indeed, health food it of this generation of teenagers what spinach was to previous generations.

To stimulate discussions of living in harmony with nature, we introduced [in "focus groups"] the idea of small is beautiful and asked the young people what they felt about it. Typical was thie exchange among a group of New Wave young people in Boston:

First person: "You mean I got to grow thing and look like a nature freak?"

Second person: "No, no, they're saying 'Don't get too big so that you ruin the air and water.'"

Third person: "That's gone already—maybe is will produce mutations. Excellent! Sounds like our neighbor who tells me to lower my radio because it's not natural to play it loud. You can't gel too big for me—imagine stereo speakers on every street corner."

First person: "Farmers are dumb; their kidd can't wait to get off the farm and ditch that hick look."

Political Apathy. In their political attitudes, to-day's teenagers are more apathetic and cynical than were people their age in recent decades. They seem to be well aware of events during the Vietnam and Watergate eras, though they were mere children in those years. They see politicians as dishonest, but are not disposed to seek remedies through political action.

This is not to say they are law-abiding, middle-of-the-road citizens who simply want to mind their own business. On the contrary, they appear to be indifferent to laws, and will often violate a rule if it suits them. Unlike young people in the 1960s who sought to change the rules, the new generation sees rules as obstacles to be gotten around.

In our field studies, we observed that many New Wave youth view nuclear war with passivity, as almost inevitable. Indeed, a few talked about nuclear war and the atomic bomb as metaphors for creating an exciting, undefined future; a few mentioned that the biological mutations that might ensue from such a war could bring changes for the better.

Anticipating and meeting the needs of New Wave consumers is not easy. The following are a

#### CHARTING THE NUCLEAR WINTER

From Foreign Affairs, Winter 1983–84. The chart below accompanied Carl Sagan's article "Nuclear War and Climatic Catastrophe," and was prepared by Mark Harwell and the author. The effects it summarizes underlie the hypothesis, recently advanced by Sagan and others, that even a moderate exchange of warheads by the superpowers would lead to a "nuclear winter" and the possible extinction of the human species.

Effect	Time After Nuclear War	US ST	N.H.	S.H.	Rate for	Property.
	hr. day wk. mo. mo. mc	At Risk	ke bijak	At Risk	Risk	Figures
Blist	The state of the s	H	1,5	l.	Н	мн
Thermal Radiation		7.5	M	1	M	M-H
Prompt Ionizing Radiation		E	1)	L	Н	1.51
Fires		34	M	1	M	M
Toxic Gases		M	M	L	I.	L
Dark		11	Н	- /-	L	1
Cold		H	rl	В	H	M-H
Frozen Water Supplies		H	H	M	М	M
Fallout Jonizing Radiani in		31	11	1.14	51	мн
Food Shortages		Н	94	H	Н	§ -
Medical System Collapse	The same of the sa	Н	H	M	1.1	M
Contagious Diseases		М	M	1	H	M
Epidemics and Pandemics		н	Н	1.1	M	M
Psychiatric Disorders		Н	Н	L	1	1-M
Increased Surface Ultraviolet Light		Н	Н	M	L	-
Synergisms		-				

Schematic summary of the biological effects of a 5,000-megation nuclear war [expending one third of the superpowers' arsenals]. A schematic representation of the time scale for many of the effects is presented; the effects are most severe when the thickness of the horizontal bar is greatest. "Synergisms" is a potentially significant category in which the total result is greater than the sum of the component effects. Most synergisms are entirely unknown. At right is an indication of the risks to the American and Soviet populations, to Northern Hemisphere populations, to Southern Hemisphere populations, and to the entire human community. H. M. and L. stand for high, medium, and low, respectively. In the last column, L represents zero to a million deaths, M a million to a few hundred million deaths.

ew basic guidelines:

☐ Do not assume that young people today think and act like previous generations.

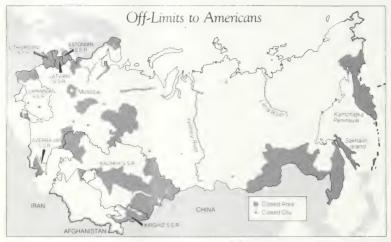
☐ New Wave teenagers respond to products and services clearly directed at them (and not mediately suitable for other markets) as an indicator that they are taken seriously. Thus, the market is sharply segmented.

Advertise the concrete, immediate rewards

of a product, not abstract values of health or environmental quality.

☐ Monitor carefully trends in Europe and Japan, which have been the source of several New Wave styles.

New Wave values have begun to spread to adult America. A better understanding of the New Wave is important for all companies, not just those marketing directly to younger people.





The Soviet Union has restricted travel by foreigners within its borders since 1941; since 1955, the United States has limited travel by Soviet officials. Last November, the U.S. revised its travel restrictions, reducing closed areas from 24 to 20 percent of the U.S. land mass, matching changes made by the Russians in 1978.

The Soviet Union restricts access to certain areas in order to hide poverty or protect military installations. The Kamchatka Peninsula, over a hich the Korean Air Lines plane was shot down last year, is one such area. In the U.S., too, some areas are closed for security reasons: Silicon Valley (computer technology); Houston (oil technology); San Diego (military installations).

National security is not, however, the only reason the U.S. forbids Soviet access to an area. Since foreigners may visit only one amusement park in the Soviet Union (Gorky Park, in Moscow), access to U.S. amusement parks is limited: Great Adventures, in New Jersey, is open; Disneyland and Disney World are closed. The Soviet Union forbids travel on the Yenisey and Lena rivers; the U.S. has closed the Mississippi to travel by Russians.

#### [Criticism]

#### SPECIAL EFFECTS

From "The Machine in the Ghost," by Louis Menand, in the quarterly Raritan, Fall 1983.

he question about special effects movies is why so many people go to see them. Why has Close Encounters of the Third Kind, a movie with no glamorous stars, no romance and little action, the most straightforward of plots, and an ending that explains almost nothing about the mysterious phenomena the movie is full of, made more money than Gone With the Wind? Why do people want to see a movie that affirms the persistence of the supernatural or demonstrates the superiority of the human over the technological, and then go out and buy a book that explains the technology used to manufacture that movie's illusions? What is it about the contradictions between the humanist values these movies' stories endorse and the technical know-how their effects celebrate that contemporary audiences need to experience?

The experience is an important one because the contradictions special effects movies embody and dissolve mirror a contradiction in contemporary life. The phenomenon these movies seem to offer a response to can be observed in the way technology, after years of competing against its public image as the enemy of the playful and imaginative in human life, is beginning to represent itself as playful and imaginative, too. Following nearly two decades of public indifference to the prospect of computers for the home, the market for these machines suddenly took off when the industry realized the advantages of advertising them as devices for playing video games on. IBM's advertisement for its personal computer features Charlie Chaplin's Tramp, a compact semiotic message that computers will not make robots of us: the antihero of Modern Times's assembly line turns out to have been precisely the man IBM had in mind when it designed its machine. The computer is the toy that will make us human.

Special effects movies recreate this particular issue nicely. The extraterrestrial in E.T., for instance, turns out to be a technological wizard, but since he is wiser, kinder, and altogether more wonderful-in a word, more human-than human beings, his technology is benign and does what technology is supposed to do: it helps him phone home. But the manner in which technology is trying to persuade us to reconsider the values we associate with it is only a detail in a design to be encountered everywhere in the contemporary world. For technology is just a symbol for all the ways modern life seems to ask us to live without illusions. Its arguments for doing so are very powerful, and we want to consent to them because we think a world in which things are seen for what they really are will be a world without hypocrisy or superstition. But we also suspect that life without illusions-life without lies, so to speak-would somehow not be human.

This is just the kind of stuff art is made on, and since art's own status as a manufacturer of illusions, a machine-made ghost, is one of the issues at stake, it is not surprising that twentieth-century artists should have become preoccupied

with questions of technique.

Modern art, like special effects movies, posits a world in which everything is possible—and possible because the skill of the artist makes it so. This is one of the reasons twentieth-century art seems to have tried out every technique available to it: it is not trying to escape from our lives. as many people have felt; it is only trying to stay with them. The purpose of this kind of art is not to show us how completely we can master our world, but to confirm the sense that no matter how rationalistic and disillusioned our understanding of it pretends to be, a certain oddness, a

## THE DRIVE-IN GAP

From the United Nations Statistical Yearbook, 1982. According to UNESCO, the following is a complete list of the world's drive-in movie theaters as of 1982.

United States	3,570	Malawi	2
Canada	295	Dominican	
Australia	293	Republic	2
Venezuela	27	Bolivia	1
West Germany	22	Cayman Islands	1
Argentina	9	Grenada	1
Mexico	8	Guyana	1
Yemen	8 5	Kuwait	1
France	4	Netherlands	1
Haiti	4	Jamaica	1
Pakistan	3	Papua	
Kenya	3	New Guinea	1
Bahamas	3	St. Vincent	1
New Caledonia	3	Singapore	1
Trinidad		Swaziland	1
& Tobago	3	Uganda	1
Austria	2	Tanzania	1
Barbados	2	Zaire	1
French Polynesia	2	Zambia	1

certain fuzziness persists which we think is valuable. Star Wars' "The Force be with you" is an effort to respond to its audience's sense of that fuzziness's importance; a different audience will prefer a different version of the ineffable.

[Short Story]

#### THE GIRL WHO TURNED INTO CIDER

This is the complete text of a story by the Argentine novelist Luisa Valenzuela, which appeared in the Fall/Winter 1983 issue of Open Places, a semiannual literary magazine published by Stephens College, in Columbia, Missouri. It was translated by Margaret Sayers Peden. The Lizard's Tail, Valenzuela's first novel to appear in the United States, was recently published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

Orge, Eduardo, Ernesto, Alfredo, Alberto, ooh, and so many more. I have twenty-seven sweethearts and one apple tree. And I want that to last forever: the red fruit. It makes it so easy. I call to a boy, I give him an apple and at the same time I ask him, do you want to be my sweetheart? If he says no, I take back the apple even if he's

already had a bite (I usually throw those in the trash). But if he says yes, oh, what happiness, right away I put down a new name on my list. I try whenever possible to have all different names: it's a good collection, I don't want to spoil it by repeating myself. I give them the apple and it makes them thirsty and then they can't get enough. Then they ask me for a proof of my love to seal the pact and I'm not one to say no.

It's the most wonderful feeling, little by little I feel everything inside me fermenting. It tickles. As time passes—and the boys—I am more and more aware of a sweet odor coming from inside me, the perfume of apples, and my apple tree keeps bearing its fruit and boys come now from far away to ask me for them. First they have to eat the apple—they know that—if not they're not my sweethearts. Then we roll around awhile in the high grass behind my house and each time I feel a little more liquid in their arms, effervescent and pale.

That's why I ordered a big barrel, in case one day I feel I want to withdraw and complete the process. Could I go on without them, without my sweethearts? And the second question, do I truly want to change so much? I would rather just go on giving out my apples, but that's the problem: you know what happens when you give, but you can't be sure what may happen when you get something in exchange.



From Barricada, the official newspaper of Nicaragua's Sandinista National Liberation Front.

[Official Photos]

#### POLITICAL ICONOGRAPHY

From Der Spiegel, the German newsweekly, December 12, 1983.



Mao Zedong, 1966

Deng Xiaoping, 1983

#### DARK HORSES

John O'Leary-O'Leary, a New Haven musician and songwriter, was the first announced candidate for president in 1984. Below is the transcript of an interview the candidate gave on the Alan Colmes Show, on radio station WPIX-FM in New York City. It appears in O'Leary's book, The Running Game, published by New York Zoetrope.

ALAN COLMES: Have people donated a lot of money to your campaign?

IOHN O'LEARY: So far we've had two fund-raisers. and we only lost forty dollars on the first one and broke even on the second one.

COLMES: Who else do you have working for you? Do you have a press agent?

O'LEARY: Why, are you looking for a job? COLMES: I'd like to be secretary of comedy. O'LEARY: Well, my rule of patronage is, "You scratch my back and I'll scratch my back." COLMES: Let's take a call. This is WPIX. Hello.

CALLER: I'd like to talk to John. COLMES: What issues are important to you?

CALLER: I'd say war. COLMES: What do you feel about war?

O'LEARY: I'm against it.

COLMES: What other issues are important to you? CALLER: Inflation.

O'LEARY: I'm definitely against inflation.

CALLER: Then what about unemployment? O'LEARY: I'm definitely against unemployment. CALLER: But what would you do about it? O'LEARY: I'd put people to work. COLMES: WPIX. Hello, you're on the air.

CALLER: I'd like to know your views on foreign policy.

O'LEARY: Could you be a little more vague? COLMES: What are your feelings about marriage and family?

O'LEARY: I think marriage is a wonderful thing. I think families are wonderful.

Edward Bennett Williams—Each January, the Alfalfa Club, a private club of business and political leaders in Washington, D.C., has a formal dinner at which a member is nominated for president of the United States. Edward Bennett Williams, the Washington lawyer, was nominated in 1983; below is his acceptance speech.

r. President, Mr. Vice President, Mr. Chief Justice, Mr. President of Alfalfa, delegates to this great Alfalfa convention-

Be of good cheer.

With two sentences I shall put apprehension to rout and dispel the concern etched upon the panorama of ruddy countenances across this great convention hall.

Unlike Calvin Coolidge, I choose to run.

Unlike William Tecumseh Sherman, I choose to serve.

I come before you from the great state of Maryland, rich in political tradition, to seek a four-year term. Our tradition has been that when a Maryland politician gets a four-year term he generally goes to Allenwood. But, alas, that was yesteryear. I pledge to you that in my term as president no Alfalfan will go to the penitentiary. But if, by some wild fortuity, one does, I'll get him out if it takes me all four years.

When news of my candidacy leaked, it was said that at last Alfalfa would nominate a candidate in the tradition of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Nixon.

I reject those comparisons.

Washington said, "I cannot tell a lie." Gentlemen of Alfalfa, your nominee does not bring that handicap to the presidency.

Jefferson said, "I have a total commitment to eternal principles." Gentlemen of Alfalfa, I abor eternal principles. Instead I embrace temporary principles above which I do not hesitate to rise—or beneath which I do not hesitate to crouch—as the occasion demands, or even suggests.

My political banner will be a windsock.

Abraham Lincoln said, "You cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

I deplore this defeatist attitude. It's this kind of negative thinking that has brought our party down to defeat for the past seventy years.

Richard Nixon in his most memorable declaration said. "I am not a crook."

Gentlemen of Alfalfa, I cannot and will not disassociate myself from that persecuted minority. I shall never forget that it was the law-breakers, not the lawmakers, who brought me from my humble beginnings to practice in Washington, where you can walk five miles in any direction without leaving the scene of a crime.

It will comfort you to know that I'm hard and tough. In the political arena you need a candidate who can take it.

Gentlemen of Alfalfa, I assure you I can take it. No matter who owns it, I can take it.

First, why do I want to be president? When Roger Mudd put that question to Teddy Kennedy in 1980, Teddy made a catastrophic mistake. He forgot the answer. Then he compounded his error by saying the question was unfair. He thought it should have been a multiple choice question. When I am asked why I want to be president, I shall give a direct and forthright answer: I think it will help my law practice.

I am happy to announce that I have picked both my running mate and my secretary of state. My vice presidential candidate is here at the convention—none other than the Number-one Alfalfan and the Number-one G-man, Judge William H. Webster, a living symbol of rightcoursess, of law and order.

When we take office our boys will never be fooled by any phony Arab sheiks. Bill will be there to sort out the undercover men from the real sheiks.



From Punch, the English satirical weekly.

For secretary of state, of course, I'll name another great Alfalfan, Henry A. Kissinger. Henry is a great man-a man of love and belief, a legend in his own mind. And he's a man of affairs.

The affair between Henry Kissinger and Henry Kissinger is one of the great love stories of

American history.

The next question is, Can I beat Ronald Reagan? He's plenty tough. He's tall, handsome, witty, articulate, convincing, and confusing.

But I can take him.

I learned from my life in sports, both in football and baseball, how important it is to study films of your upcoming opponent. You learn your opponent's weaknesses, strengths, and habits this way. And so I've already seen Bedtime for Bonzo twelve times. I even read the reviews. The Times's film critic wrote, and I quote: "It would have been a better picture if the rest of the cast had given a little support to the chimpanzee."

When they finished shooting Bedtime, Ron gave Bonzo a portable typewriter as a token of his appreciation. Bonzo pecked away for thirty years, and in 1980 out came an economic pro-

gram for the country.

Last year, the President solemnly proclaimed. and I quote, "I've had it up to my keister with leaks." With me there will be no leaks. I will remove all Xerox machines from government premises. I regard the Xerox machine as the enemy of freedom. In the past twenty years it has put more Americans in the penitentiary than the Department of Justice.

The President says that our national defense is weak, and that we must make it strong. Who better than I to deal with a weak defense. I've been dealing with weak defenses all my life, and I will bring this experience to the Pentagon.

On the great issue of a nuclear freeze—I know some of you are for it and some of you are against it. After the deepest study and fullest consideration of this perplexing moral issue. I want this

convention to know, so am I.

There, my fellow Alfalfans, are some of the conclusions on which I shall base my facts as we move on in this great campaign. Whatever fallacies there may be in my reasoning will be obscured by the floridity of my metaphors, and the electorate will be electrified. We shall get votes from the poor and contributions from the rich by promising to protect each from the other.

We shall march on to victory through the fields of Alfalfa into the sunset, and to paraphrase another great statesman of this century, if Alfalfa lasts for another thousand years, men will

still say, "This was its finest hour."

Let me close by saving, God bless us all, Alfalfa and its friends, hold us close, and give us the grace to keep loving each other and laughing together at ourselves.

#### BUDGETS

Solidarity (Gdansk)—The following is a breakdown of one year's expenditures of the Gdansk Regional Coordinating Commission of Solidarity. It appeared in the journal Workers Under Communism. Fall 1983.

Aid to the arrested, interned,	
hiding, or dismissed	\$23,795
Fines and court costs	\$6,341
Subsidies for vacations for children	
of interned or sentenced persons	\$609
Propaganda and publishing activities	\$27,465
Organizational expenditures	
(transportation, communications,	
rent, purchase of equipment)	\$13,310
Losses as a result of confiscation	\$3,048
TOTAL	\$74,568

Ioanna Carson (Bel Air)—The following is a breakdown of monthly expenses for Joanna Carson's Bel Air home, which was submitted to help establish her alimony claim in her divorce proceedings against Johnny Carson.

Salaries Payroll taxes Household cash General supplies Groceries Water Hardware Miscellaneous Repairs and Maintenance Utilities Telephone Cable TV Dry cleaning Electronic repairs	\$4,945 \$445 \$695 \$690 \$1,400 \$75 \$100 \$245 \$2,060 \$1,125 \$800 \$120 \$30 \$290

# SOME ORGANIZATIONS YOULL BE HEARING FROM THE URLY COMPANY THE STRAIGHT ORD CO. THE STRAIGHT ORD COMPANY THE WO COMPANY THE WOOD C

From the Denver Post.

# [How To] LYING TO THE LIE DETECTOR

From "Scientific Validity of Polygraph Testing," a memorandum issued by the congressional Office of Technology Assessment, November 1983. The study was commissioned by Congress after the Reagan Administration announced plans to expand the use of polygraph testing by federal agencies as a way to stop leaks. In a chapter on countermeasures, it provides, inadvertently, a guide to methods for thwarting lie detectors.

he research on polygraph countermeasures is summarized below by type.

PHYSICAL: Any physical activity which could affect physiological response is a potential problem for interpretation of a polygraph test record. There is no question that physical measures, from tensing muscles to biting the tongue, to squeezing toes, to shifting one's position can affect physiological response.

The evidence, while limited, is that deceptive subjects who use physical countermeasures and who can distinguish nonrelevant from relevant questions can increase their chances of avoiding detection.

DRUGS: Recent research indicates that the tranqualizer meprobamate (Miltown) permits subjects who are being deceptive to increase their ability to avoid detection in a polygraph exam.

The use of propranolol, a beta-blocking drug, resulted in a 32.2 percent inconclusive rate. Examiners could not tell which subject had used the drug.

There have also been reports of the use of various chemicals to confuse physiological recording. Placing antiperspirant powder, clear nail polish, or other agents on the balls of one's fingers may make EDRS [electrodermal responses, a measure of perspiration, which is one of the physiological changes detected by a polygraph] less reliable.

HYPNOSIS/BIOFEEDBACK: Hypnosis and biofeed-back were able to reduce detectability after training. In another study subjects who received extensive information about the nature of lie detection and practiced using countermeasures were detected significantly less than subjects without such training.

MENTAL: Another category of countermeasures involves those that get the subject to think differently about the test. Most polygraph examinations rely on the subject's motivation to avoid detection rather than on any response directly connected with "telling a lie." Simple cognitive countermeasures include patterns of thinking that suppress responses to control or irrelevant questions.

The procedure would be to try to dissociate oneself from the relevant questions and heighten response to control questions. Various means of such mental dissociation range from concentrating on an irrelevant object [to] convincing oneself that the question means something different than intended.

BELIEF IN "MACHINE": If the validity of polygraph testing is dependent on the belief by subjects in the efficacy of the procedure, then a possible countermeasure would involve training subjects to believe that the polygraph does not work.

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#### TO AIR INVIGORATOR



rive with the windows open and you collect exhaust fumes and soot. Drive closed up and air-conditioner or heater circulates limp atured air. Either way you breathe leaden air dulls the edge of concentration and comfort. naire, one of the leading manufacturers of ie air purifiers, has extended the concept to automobile. The auto ionizer reinvigorates air with a cascade of negative ions that scrub smoke, dust and pollution particles out of air leaving you refreshed and alert. The naire mounts easily on the car dash with ck release for stowage or transfer to another icle. Operates from cigarette lighter adapter w direct connection to fuse panel. Four outlet ts, virtually silent operation, solid-state cirtry, tough polycarbonate case. \$48.00 (\$4.95) 1025. It restores pleasure to being on the road.

#### FOOD FOR

Most of the convenience waxes you buy contain detergents and silicone-additives that dry out the wood instead of nourishing it. What's the alternative? Our choice is Williamsville Wax.

us ago by Virginia cabinetmakers. It is made beeswax and lemon oil, heat-blended with ier natural oils in a mixture that is actually sorbed into the wood, preventing both dryness d wax build-up. It can be used on any type of dq, any type of finish, on paneling or kitchen binets as well as fine furniture. (As a bonus, it also an excellent product for the care of ther.) Williamsville Wax is super for restoring maged, neglected or mistreated wood. We can nd two 8-oz. bottles — several months' supply the you use it sparingly — for \$12.00 (\$1.95) (736.

de according to a formula developed 200

#### BREATHING RETTER



Indoor air quality can get abysmally low — especially in offices, rooms where people are smoking, houses buttoned up tight for the winter, stuffy overheated city apartments. Here are two newly developed tools that do a bang-up job of improving indoor air - and along with it your comfort, your health and your mood. Tool #1 (shown above) takes out of the air all the things you don't want: dust, cigarette smoke, soot, pollen, animal dander, 99% of all particulate pollutants. The Bionaire 500 air cleaner scrubs 45 cubic feet of air per minute. the average room three times an hour. The unit includes switchable ion generator and fragrance dispenser. The model 500 air cleaner costs \$125.00 (\$9.95) #A822, A larger model 1000 is also available (3 speeds, 118 CFM cleaning capacity) for \$275.00 (\$12.95) #A823,

Both units are ULlisted, Tool #2 (below) puts back into the air the one thing you do want - moisture. Low household humidity correlates with a higher incidence of winter colds and respiratory infections. The Bionaire humidifier uses ultrasound to break water particles into a mist so fine it diffuses through a 1500 sq. ft. area. Operation is virtually silent, the unit holds one gallon of water, is easily filled at any sink and the cold steam is perfectly safe. It is also ultra-portable — measures only 14" x 6" x 9", weighs under 12 lbs, and can be situated almost anywhere. The ultrasonic humidifier costs \$149.00 (\$10.95) #A888, See how your houseplants thrive with these air improyers at work and you'll get some idea of the benefits humans are receiving.



#### 7-FINGERED BLIND CLEANER



It has taken a long time figuring out how to clean venetian blinds efficiently. Now a California designer has finally solved the problem convincingly with this blind cleaner that saves up to 80% of your cleaning time! This tool has 7 roller fingers, 4" long and covered with a synthetic lambswool that picks up and holds dust and dirt. Pull the trigger and the fingers spread enough to slip over the blind slats (6 mini-blind slats or 3 conventional slats). Release the trigger and the slats are held firmly between the cleaning rollers. Then move the cleaner back and forth along the blind, release and grip the next set of slats. When soiled, the rollers can be removed and washed. These revolutionary blind cleaning tools cost \$9.00 (\$1.95) #A787. Two for \$17.00 (\$1.95) #A7872.

#### DUST-MAGNETS"

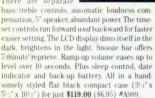
If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on lambswool dusters. On its own lambswool actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the wool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making these dusters just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. The standard 27" long duster costs \$7.00 (\$1.95) #4781; two mini-dusters cost \$8.00 (\$1.95) #4781; two mini-dusters cost \$8.00 (\$1.95) #4781; two mini-dusters cost \$8.00 (st.95) #4781; two mini-dusters cost \$8.00 (st.95) #4781; two \$16.00 (\$2.95) #4783. Buying the group saves you \$9.90, almost like getting one duster free!



### TOOLS FOR LIVING®

## MORNING

ooking for a civilized way to wake up? The Proton 320 turns up the volume on the day gradually, so you skip the typical radio alarm squawk. Does your bedmate get up at a different time? Forget fumbling around resetting. The Proton has independent dual alarms. But the real bonus comes once vou are awake. The Proton radio is a high-performance AM FM receiver with fidelity exceeding many livingroom sets. There are separate



#### TEA AT ITS BEST

The enjoyment of tea has many subtle dimensions. Begin with the brewing itself. Fresh cold water must be brought to a furious boil then poured immediately through the leaves to bring out the full flavor. Next, the tea must be allowed to steep properly, never longer than five minutes.



At this point the leaves are removed and the tea is ready for drinking. The museum teapot is the first we have seen that truly does justice to the tea. It is made of thin but strong glass (dishwasher proof) and its flowing lines make it a joy to handle. The leaves go into a removable glass cylinder in the center. When the tea is brewed, you simply lift out the cylinder (because the leaves stay in most teapots, the second cup is invariably too strong). This teapot does its job so well and beautifully, it has been placed in the Permanent Design Collection in the Museum of Modern Art. \$34.00 (83.95) #Al001.





#### **UL LIGHT BUTTON**



They are familiar household conveniences now, the little half-wave rectifier buttons that attach to the bottom of light bulbs and extend their life up to 90 times, sparing you the trouble of bulb changing for years at a stretch while you save a bundle in bulb replacement costs. But the patented Screwge Bulb Saver is one of the first to be UL-listed, meaning it has survived nearly two years of strenuous independent laboratory testing and been certified safe for home and commercial use. It provides security along with savings, safe enough even for high-temperature recessed fixtures. You'll notice that Screwge Bulb Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. We are offering 6 for \$13.00 (\$1.95) #A1052, 12 for \$21.00 (\$2.95) #A1053 and 24 for \$39.00 (\$3.95) #A1054. The manufacturer provides a 5-year warranty.



#### DEKING DAN

The wok has been Westernized, Until now popular Chinese cooking pan has been ported in its traditional round-bottom originally intended for use on a charcoal bra Its somewhat tippy position on the America stovetop has been secured only by the inele addition of the so-called stabilizer ring But Peking Pan is a true meeting of East and W combining the depth, sloping sides and stiff advantages of the conventional wok with a bottom and insulated Bakelite handle for 6 and convenient use on gas and electric state and cooktops. The pan was developed by Jo-Chen (who learned to cook in Peking, thus name), and is made to her usual high-qual specifications. The 12" pan is heavy-gauge bl steel (heavier than the ordinary wok for m even heat conduction), "shot blasted" to proa non-stick surface. The well-fitted high do cover is polished stainless steel. This is a uni adaptation - a thoroughly Western piece cookware, made to professional standards. signed for the cooking techniques of the E It is a creative, intelligent, helpful bit of creative. cultural communication that sells for \$39 (\$4.95) #A959.



#### COUNTING BY MINUTES



There are frequent occasions when we need to watch the time without watching to clock - cooking obviously, games sometime during exercises and beauty treatments co tainly, perhaps most commonly simply as reminder that there is something we need to in 5, 15, however many minutes. Our favori instrument for this purpose is a superaccura quartz timer so handy (214" x 214") you can dr it in your pocket and go work in the garde without forgetting what's on the stove. The diis graduated in 1-minute intervals, you can couseconds on the advancing ticks, and the eventuconclusion is a pleasantly insistent electron beeper alarm. The timer operates on a sing AA battery (not included), which provides power for 11/2-2 vrs normal use, 1-vr warranty, \$16.0 (\$2.95) #A1000.

#### TOOLS FOR LIVING®

#### OKLIGHT



Here's a tool that will brighten the life of any bookreader. It is a light that clips right on the book or magazine you are reading, flooding the open pages with a cool strong

ideal for reading. The light weighs just a bit 2 oz. and is attentively crafted with two el joints to put light just where you want it. booklight comes with a battery pack (bates not included) for use any time you're away electricity. Also includes an AC adapter 1 electricity. Also includes an AC adapter 95) #\1003



#### WELL-WROUGHT WIZARDRY



Ye tried White Wizard cleaner on a rug stain of several months' standing. The rug came clean. We tried it on the grass-stained knees of the kids' blue leans. They came clean. We tried it on a necktie gravy stain. It came clean. Now it is the first thing we reach for when confronted with a grease, oil, blood, ink, berry, fruit juice, lipstick, coffee, tea, smoke or pet stain. We have found White Wizard exceedingly mildmannered - odorless, neutral Ph, non-abrasive, biodegradable, compounded of 9 non-toxic quality chemicals. This product has been well-known in England for years, but is just now coming to the American consumer market. We can send 2 10-oz. tubs of White Wizard spot remover and all-purpose cleaner for \$12.00 (\$2.95) #A1008.

#### CANDLEPOWER

In an emergency, civilization still turns to the candle—the simplest form of lighting ever devised. These emergency candles come in a protective tin, matches already inside, and burn approximately 12 hours each. Stick one under the seat of every vehicle you own, in camping gear, around the house in case of power failures. We can send 6 emergency candles for \$17.00 (\$83.95) #A976



#### DANISH BOOKBAG

This oversize bag is an overwhelming success with photographers, artists, students, musicians, dancers, opera singers, nuns, poets, duck hunters, cyclists, plumbers, teachers, reporters and travelers. .. because it's a veritable labyrinth of roomy pockets. Made of waterproof canyas that



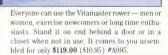
wears' like iron, the bookbag has an unusual zipper design that enables the bag to expand to double its normal width—to a full 8 inches. It also has two outer pockets in front and a large back pocket. An adjustable 2" wide strap makes the burden easier. Choose grey #4483, brown #A484, blue #A569, black #A564 or red #A568. \$59.00 (83.95).

ORDERING INSTRICTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompi delivery. The price of each tiem is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to did the irem price plus shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the total price of each item if you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article in us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per mour instruction.

#### IE ART OF DWING

The Vitamaster rower is a precision ness machine dened to give maxim results at home. wing is one of the activities capable toning, firming and iditioning your enbody while improvaerobic (heart/ ng) fitness. Unlike eveling or running. ving works all major d most minor muscle oups in your back. mach, arms, shoulrs and legs. The me is made of dur-

le yet lightweight (just 34 lbs.) 1½" & 1½" ded steel. The padded vinyl seat tracks fortlessly on sturdy nylon wheels. A single draulic tension device is center mounted and justable for light, medium or heavy rowing.



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## (Thesis) UNVEILING CHRIST'S SEXUALITY

From "The Sexuality of Christ in Renaissance Art and in Modern Oblivion," by Leo Steinberg, the art historian and critic. Steinberg's study originally appeared as the Summer 1983 issue of the journal October, published by the MIT Press. Pantheon Books will reissue it in March.

he Child's nakedness in Renaissance representations of the Epiphany is so commonplace that we tend to leave it unquestioned. But it is at least reasonable to wonder why a loving mother would expose her newborn's skin to the nipping air so soon after Christmas; or why the incarnate God should be unclothed while receiving the homage of the kings of the earth. St. Augustine had not yet visualized it that way. "He, weak in his infant limbs, wrapped in infant's swaddling clothes, was adored by the Magi," he wrote. And medieval artists quite properly kept the Child covered. It was the art of the fourteenth century that began to reverse the tradition, and by the fifteenth century, the Child's nudity at the levee had become de riqueur.

The thoroughness of the change is borne in on us when we realize open-eyed what Ghirlandaio is showing in his famous tondo of the Adoration (dated 1487) in the Uffizi. At the heart of a populous scene, the eldest Magus kneels before the Madonna and Child. The Virgin's right hand retains one infant knee, her other hand lifting his flimsy cover. And the old King reaches reverently to touch with two sanctified fingers



the loincloth which the boy holds aside in deliberate showing. The pictorial action, the portentous event, the epiphany, is the exposure to the worshiper of the Child's groin. This, according to Ghirlandaio, is what the Wise Men traveled to see. The revelation to the Magi, who knew beforehand that a God had been born, is the demonstration ad oculos that he was born "complete in all the parts of a man," And if we recall that the subject of the picture, the Feast of the Epiphany, falls six days after the Feast of the Circumcision, we may suspect a revelation, too, of the Child's prompt consent to self-sacrificein Lollio's words (1485) "while still in a tender state, wishing to dissolve our sin with his blood."...

Christ's manhood differs from that of all humankind in one crucial respect, which here as elsewhere involves the pudenda; he was without sin-not only without sins committed, but exempt from the genetically transmitted stain of original sin. Therefore, applied to Christ's body. the word "pudenda" (Italian: le vergogne; French: parties honteuses; German: Schamteile-"shameful parts") is a misnomer. For the word derives from the Latin pudere, to feel or cause shame. But shame entered the world as the wages of sin. Before their transgression, Adam and Eve. though naked, were unembarrassed; and were abashed in consequence of their lapse. But is it not the whole merit of Christ, the New Adam, to have regained for man his prelapsarian condition? How then could be who restores human nature to sinlessness be shamed by the sexual factor in his humanity? And is not this reason enough to render Christ's sexual member, even like the stigmata, an object of ostentatio?

Modesty, to be sure, recommends covered loins; and the ensuing conflict provides the tension, the high risk, against which our artists must operate. But we are faced with the evidence that serious Renaissance artists obeyed imperatives deeper than modesty-as Michelangelo did in 1514, when he undertook a commission to carve a Risen Christ for a Roman church. The utter nakedness of the statue was thought by many to be reprehensible. . . . But the nudity of Michelangelo's figure was neither a licentious conceit nor a thoughtless truckling to antique precedent. If Michelangelo denuded his Risen Christ, he must have sensed a rightness in his decision more compelling than inhibitions of modesty; must have seen that a loincloth would convict these genitalia of being "pudenda," thereby denying the very work of redemption that promised to free human nature from its Adamic contagion of shame.

Domenico Ghirlandaio, Adoration of the Magi, 1487, detail (the Uffizi, Florence).

#### [Exercises] FOR THE YOUNG WRITER

John Gardner devised these exercises for his creativewriting students. They appear in The Art of Fiction, recently published by Alfred A. Knopf.

he point of these technical exercises is this: Most apprentice writers underestimate the difficulty of becoming artists; they do not understand or believe that great writers are usually those who, like concert pianists, know many ways of doing everything they do. Knowledge is no substitute for genius; but genius supported by vast technique makes a literary master. Especially just now, when competition for publication is probably greater than ever before, it is helpful for a writer to know technique. The writer who has worked hard at these exercises will see, whenever he writes a story or novel, that he has various choices available at every point in his fiction, and he will be in a better position to choose the best-or invent something new.

For all these exercises, avoid the cheap, obvious, and corny. In other words, don't waste

time.

1. Write the paragraph that would appear in a piece of fiction just before the discovery of a body. You might perhaps describe the character's approach to the body he will find, or the location, or both. The purpose of the exercise is to develop the technique of at once attracting the reader toward the paragraph to follow, making him want to skip ahead, and holding him on this paragraph by virtue of its interest. Without the ability to write such foreplay paragraphs, one can never achieve real suspense.

2. Describe a landscape as seen by an old woman whose disgusting and detestable old husband has just died. Do not mention the husband

or death.

3. Describe a landscape as seen by a bird. Do not mention the bird.

4. Describe a building as seen by a man whose son has just been killed in a war. Do not mention the son, war, death, or the old man doing the seeing. Then describe the same building, in the same weather and at the same time of day, as seen by a happy lover. Do not mention love or the loved one.

5. Write the opening of a novel using the authorial-omniscient voice, making the authorial omniscience clear by going into the thoughts of one or more characters after establishing the voice. As subject, use either a trip or the arrival of a stranger (some disruption of order—the usual novel beginning).

6. Write a dialogue in which each of the two characters has a secret. Do not reveal the secret but make the reader intuit it. For example, the dialogue might be between a husband, who has just lost his job and hasn't worked up the courage to tell his wife, and his wife, who has a lover in the bedroom. Purpose: to give two characters individual ways of speaking, and to make dialogue crackle with feelings not directly expressed. Remember that in dialogue, as a general rule, every pause must somehow be shown, either by narration (for example, "she paused") or by some gesture or other break that shows the pause. And remember that gesture is a part of all real dialogue. Sometimes, for instance, we look away instead of answering.

7. Write a two-page (or longer) character sketch using objects, landscape, weather, etc., to intensify the reader's sense of what the character is like. Use no similes ("She was like . . ."). Purpose: to create a convincing character by using more than intellect, engaging both the con-

scious and unconscious mind.

8. Write a two-page (or longer) dramatic fragment (part of a story) using objects, landscape, weather, etc., to intensify two characters, as well as the relationship between them. Purpose: the same as in exercise 7, but now making the same scenic background, etc., serve more than one purpose. In a diner, for instance, one character may tend to look at certain objects inside the diner, the other may look at a different set of objects or may look out the window.

9. Without an instant's lapse of taste, describe a person (a) going to the bathroom, (b) vomit-

ing. (c) murdering a child.

10. Write, without irony, a character's moving defense of himself (herself).

#### [Clipping] SIGN OF THE TIMES

From the New York Times obituary for David Rounds, the Tony Award-winning actor who died on December 9.

r. Rounds was born in Bronxville, New York, on October 9, 1930, and graduated from Denison University. He is survived by his brother, Peter Rounds of Phoenix, and his companion, John Seidman.

## PRIVATE SECTOR INITIATIVES

The Call—Remarks made by President Reagan at a breakfast meeting with representatives from the private sector engaged in volunteer work, September 21, 1981.

have a distinct feeling, and have for a long time, that we have drifted, as a people, too far away from the voluntarism that so characterized our country for so many years. And we have, in a sense, abdicated and turned over to government things that used to be functions of the community.

The possibilities are limitless for what we can take over that government has been doing.

Heeding the Call (I)—From a press release issued December 25, 1983, titled "America's Cup Yacht to Train in Grenada: Courageous II Owner Says Move Will Fuel Grenadian Economy."

Preparing to win back the America's Cup for the United States, Courageous II will make its winter training berth for 1984–85 on the island of Grenada.

The announcement came tonight from Leonard M. Greene, owner of the American yacht that seeks to reclaim world twelve-meter supremacy for U.S. sailors.

"Courageous II's berthing will significantly strengthen the Grenadian economy," Greene

The Courageous II owner, in his capacity as president of the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies, a research foundation, recently proposed that the United States promote "Operation Showcase" in Grenada. "Our national objective should be to prove that free enterprise can bring real benefits to the economically disadvantaged of the world."

Heeding the Call (II)—From Soldier of Fortune, "The Journal of Professional Adventurers," September 1983.

team from Soldier of Fortune magazine was in El Salvador from 20 through 30 April 1983. Their activities included discussions with and

briefings by U.S. Military Group (Mil Group) personnel, training of selected elements of El Salvador's armed forces, and participation in combat operations.

John Early, Ralph Edens, Peder Lund, and Alexander McColl spent about twenty-four hours with the 1st Squadron (equivalent to a rifle company) of the FAS Airborne Battalion, which was conducting a combat operation in Cuscatlan Province.

John Donovan instructed Atlacatl Battalion troops on mines, booby traps, demolitions, and related subjects; "John Doe" conducted a sniper school for the Atlacatl Battalion.

From a letter to the editor of Soldier of Fortune magazine, January 1984, from John Schrauth of Dixon, Illinois.

am ecstatic about your idea for a private sector initiative in Central Ametica. I would like to think that, for the price of web gear, a cleaning kit, and a few belts of 7.62 mm, an individual could contribute to the security of all the Americas. I'm just an ordinary guy income-wise, but I've always got a few bucks to wax Red Gs.

# (Survey) CONGRESSIONAL SOURCES

The Media Analysis Project at George Washington University surveyed 192 congressional staff members in February 1983 to find out how many minutes they spend each day with the various news media. These findings originally appeared in the November 1983 issue of Washingtonian magazine.

Washington Post	31
CBS Evening News	13
New York Times	12
Wall Street Journal	11
NBC Nightly News	10
NBC Today	10
MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour	9
CBS Morning News	7
ABC World News Tonight	6
National Public Radio	5
ABC Good Morning America	4
Christian Science Monitor	3
USA Today	2
Washington Times	2

#### [Speech]

#### WAR PREPARERS **ANONYMOUS**

From a speech given by Kurt Vonnegut at the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and printed in The Nation, January 7.

hat has been America's most nurturing contribution to the culture of this planet so far? Many would say jazz. I, who love jazz, will say this instead: Alcoholics Anonymous.

I am not an alcoholic. If I were, I would go before the nearest AA meeting and say, "My name is Kurt Vonnegut. I am an alcoholic." God willing, that might be my first step down the long, hard road back to sobriety.

The AA scheme, which requires a confession like that, is the first to have any measurable success in dealing with the tendency of some human beings, perhaps 10 percent of any population, to become addicted to substances that give them brief spasms of pleasure but in the long term transmute their lives and the lives of those around them into ultimate ghastliness.

The AA scheme, which, again, can work only if the addicts regularly admit that this or that chemical is poisonous to them, is now proving its effectiveness with compulsive gamblers, who are not dependent on chemicals from a distillery or a pharmaceutical laboratory. This is no paradox. Gamblers, in effect, manufacture their own dangerous substances. God help them, they produce chemicals that elate them whenever they place a bet on simply anything.

If I were a compulsive gambler, which I am not, I would be well advised to stand up before the nearest meeting of Gamblers Anonymous and declare, "My name is Kurt Vonnegut. I am a compulsive gambler."

Whether I was standing before a meeting of Gamblers Anonymous or Alcoholics Anonymous, I would be encouraged to testify as to how the chemicals I had generated within myself or swallowed had alienated my friends and relatives, cost me jobs and houses, and deprived me of my last shred of self-respect.

I now wish to call attention to another form of addiction, which has not been previously identified. It is more like gambling than drinking, since the people afflicted are ravenous for situations that will cause their bodies to release exciting chemicals into their bloodstreams. I am persuaded that there are among us people who are tragically hooked on preparations for war.

Tell people with that disease that war is coming and we have to get ready for it, and for a few

minutes there they will be as happy as a drunk with his martini breakfast or a compulsive gambler with his paycheck bet on the Super Bowl.

Let us recognize how sick such people are. From now on, when a national leader, or even just a neighbor, starts talking about some new weapons system that is going to cost us a mere \$29 billion, we should speak up. We should say something on the order of, "Honest to God, I couldn't be sorrier for you if I'd seen you wash down a fistful of black beauties with a pint of Southern Comfort.'

I mean it. I am not joking. Compulsive preparers for World War III, in this country or any other, are as tragically and as repulsively addicted as any stockbroker passed out with his head in a toilet in the Port Authority bus terminal.

For an alcoholic to experience a little joy, he needs maybe three ounces of grain alcohol. Alcoholics, when they are close to hitting bottom. customarily can't hold much alcohol.

If we know a compulsive gambler who is dead broke, we can probably make him happy with a dollar to bet on who can spit farther than someone else.

For us to give a compulsive war-preparer a fleeting moment of happiness, we may have to buy him three Trident submarines and a hundred intercontinental ballistic missiles mounted on choo-choo trains.

If Western Civilization were a person—

If Western Civilization, which blankets the world now, as far as I can tell, were a person-

If Western Civilization, which surely now includes the Soviet Union and China and India and Pakistan and on and on, were a person-

If Western Civilization were a person, we would be directing it to the nearest meeting of War Preparers Anonymous. We would be telling it to stand up before the meeting and say, "My name is Western Civilization. I am a compulsive war-preparer. I have lost everything I ever cared about. I should have come here long ago. I first hit bottom in World War I."

Western Civilization cannot be represented by a single person, of course, but a single explanation for the catastrophic course it has followed during this bloody century is possible. We the people, because of our ignorance of the disease, have again and again entrusted power to people we did not know were sickies.

And let us not mock them now, any more than we would mock someone with syphilis or smallpox or leprosy or yaws or typhoid fever or any of the other diseases to which the flesh is heir. All we have to do is separate them from the levers of power, I think.

And then what?

Western Civilization's long, hard trip back to sobriety might begin.

## Can American business survive on a diet of instant gratification?

omputers spew out production reports and sales figures hourly. And managers eat them up.

Investors hunger for bigger dividends and faster earnings growth.

The nightly news feeds us today's hot economic story complete with all the freshest buzzwords.

No matter what the economy, much of American business continues to feast on short-term results. Expecting profits to be served up like fast-food burgers. And economic solutions dished out like instant pudding.

To satisfy this appetite for short-term rewards, managers find it tempting to reduce investments for the future. Investments in new plant and equipment, in research and development.

We're W.R.Grace & Co. We've been doing business in all parts of the world, in all kinds of economies for 130 years. Short term thinking has never been our way of doing business.

In the last 40 years, we've followed a strategy that has allowed us to diversify into growth industries. It's been a transition that has taken Grace from being primarily a Latin American trading and shipping concern to a



company with worldwide interests in chemicals, natural resources and specialized consumer services. A company with more than \$6 billion in sales.

All that didn't just happen. It was planned that way—by people dedicated to the long-term point of view.

We've always believed in giving the future its fair

share of today's resource Last year at Grace, inves ment in new plant and equipment was almost 5 times what it was 10 year ago. Research and deve opment expenditures were nearly 3 times what they were a decade ago.

Right now we believe a of us must work to correct a fundamental flaw in the way American business it operating. Short-term results cannot be allowed become our only criterior for success. Investors must be willing to relax some of the pressure on managers to produce immediate results. Manager must be given more security to make long-term investment decisions.

In turn, those in management must be prepared to make long-term commitments to invest in innovation—in new products and new technologies. And at the same time, to make long-range plans to restore our older industries to full strength.

American business cannot allow itself to overindulge in short-term rewards. Long-lasting results will take time to develop. But that's what makes them so gratifying.

GRACE
One step ahead
of a changing world.

## DOES AMERICA STILL EXIST?

o a foreigner the question

Resieged by would seem to verge on the preposterous. Besieged by American money and American products, if not by American guns, the older peoples of the earth accept the American reality at full value, wondering only if it will kill them or make them rich.

But to an American the question touches upon the national longing for the ineffable, for the proof of salvation waiting to be discovered over the next horizon or after the next election. America has always been as much a promise as a place, as much a matter of next week's expected miracle as this week's bankruptcy. The Republic was conceived as prelude to acts of infinite becoming, as a constitutional contract under which every citizen remained free to invent his own god, life, fortune, and destiny.

The multiplication of so many purposes has led to a good deal of confusion as to what, if anything, the dreamers of so many American dreams hold in common. Americans are forever asking the question in variant forms—"Where is the lost consensus?" "What is the national interest?" Even a federation of sardonic democrats requires a store of common value and a lexicon of public myth, but among a people dedicated to the ruthless pursuit of individual liberty, how is it possible to sustain belief in a political entity greater than the sum of its collective desire?

#### HAROLD LIVESAY was a paratrooper in the

82nd Airborne Division, a yardmaster for the Pennsylvania Railroad, a truck driver, and a bulldozer painter. He is now chairman of the history department at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. His latest book is American Made: Men Who Shaped the American Economy.

Still exist? America? Land of the buy-one-getone-free and home of the Atlanta Braves, America's team? Land of the permanent wave and the short-term solution, of individualism and the ad hoc committee? Still exist? You bet your ass it does, and if you don't think so, you better get up to speed, ramp up, and get on board. Does the Dream still live? Ask Harold Stassen. Ask the Border Patrol, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the admissions officers at schools of business, law, and engineering. Even a few women have started to believe it.

America is still largely a country of empty space. Space makes porous borders, which guarantee a continued flow of immigrant energies, no matter how much the government babbles about slamming the doors. Space underpins our belief in infinite possibilities, a belief that has always distinguished us from our European cultural cousins.

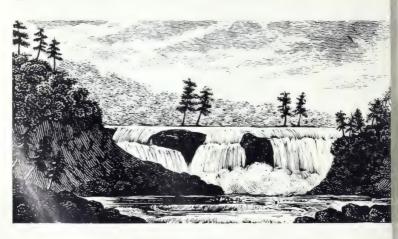
America still has pretensions to eternal youth. A friend of mine has written a book arguing that America has reached middle age, and that many of our problems are a result of that alleged fact. It seems to me that America is more like a spoiled child—impatient, quick to resort to violence, insistent on being the center of attention, determined to be captain or not play at all, hungry for applause for modest achievements, arrogant and

blustering, but prone to cry easily and riddle with self-doubt.

America is still an anti-intellectual society. We sequester our intellectuals in universities an pay little attention to them thereafter. And good thing, too, judging by what happens whe "intellectuals" get any power or exposure. Take professor who never controlled anything mor significant than his office hours or a graduat student or two, put him in charge, and what d you get? Surgical air strikes and defoliation. I they don't turn into terriers the way Rostow Kissinger, and Brzezinski did, they become la dogs like Schlesinger junior, the movie reviewe

Bad as politicians are, I trust them far mor than academics. I say this even though we have President so mediocre he makes my teeth hurt of turn off the TV because I don't want him in the same room with my kids; he's so bad he make Richard Nixon look like a liberal statesman and two stale political parties, one vainly searching for a program that isn't warmed-over Nev Dealism, the other apparently trying to recreat the America of Yore.

Americans have always been prone to bouts o self-criticism, finding their culture inferior, thei moral fiber frayed, their society mongrelized their faith feeble. The current hullabaloo abou the "disgraceful" state of American education 1 not the first time in the stocks for that whipping boy. American education certainly has its short comings, and some of them have tragic results—such as our attempt to solve the problems of Leb anon, when all the Americans who understand the languages of that country could meet unde an Indian blanket. But that isn't the kind of fail ure troubling the pundits who dither about a breakdown of the "basics."



"The kids can't read." Rubbish. They read as vell as they ever did. Considering the quality of pooks their elders write. I marvel that they get hrough so many pages of the stuff.

"The kids can't write." When could they ever vrite? The best of them write like angels, most of hem write better than ever, and the worst of

hem could never write.

"The kids can't do arithmetic." So what? You an buy a marvelous machine that does rithmetic, never makes a mistake, never gets ired, and costs \$1.98. "Oh, but they don't learn he process." Who the hell ever learned the process? People my age learned stuff like "borrow en" and "carry a one." As any mathematician vill tell you contemptuously, that ain't the procss at all. Stories about high schools turning out egions of thuggish, drug-crazed illiterates often recede accounts of how gangs of twelve-yearolds cracked the Pentagon's computer code.

"The kids don't care about the past." Maybe, out they aren't alone. Forty-two years after Pearl Harbor, a sneak attack by a non-Christian enmy caught the American military asleep on the

Christian sabbath morning.

Then there's TV, the latest devil's plaything. Well, there's always been something-the yellow press, comic books, demon rum, the pool able—and now it's TV. But you can't take that alarm seriously. Half of the self-styled intellectuals I know are closet soap-opera freaks, and more than half are menopausal pseudojocks who spend Sunday afternoons watching pituitary marvels smash one another. At least this singularly unattractive form of psychic self-gratification is less damaging than sending kids to fight useless wars.

America isn't a symphony: it's only rock-androll. But I like it, and it sure is funny. I know I'm not supposed to laugh in the face of the Bomb, but as Albert Alligator remarked years ago, "A man can't live his whole life in fear of ten seconds of boom and whango." The only sure-fire protection against Armageddon is total disarmament, which we should begin unilaterally if we can't get a multilateral agreement. But expecting Americans to accept that proposition beggars the imagination. So, while I ache at the thought of somebody dosing my little boy with radiation, I can't help but laugh at the lies and double talk from all sides, while hoping we mean it when we say we won't be first to use the Thing the second time.

Meanwhile, it's beautiful down here between the Blue Ridge and the Appalachians. The Baltimore Orioles are champions of the world; Ford still makes V-8s; my kids have grown up fine, gentle people and friends of mine, while my little kid is getting ready to walk; I've got cable TV and HBO, and Kroger's stays open twenty-four hours a day. I'm in hog heaven. Run, Jesse. Run.

#### PHILIP BERRIGAN is an ordained priest in the Roman Catholic Church, Co-chairman of the Catholic Peace Fellowship and the Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission, Berrigan participated in the Plowshares 8 action of September 1980, which involved the defacing of Mark-12A nuclear warheads.

oes America exist? Which America? The America that spent \$2.5 trillion on war and war preparations in the past forty years? The America of 26,000 nuclear warheads; the America of the first-strike policy (or diplomacy)? The America that intervenes illegally in El Salvador, Lebanon, Nicaragua, Grenada; the America that manipulates Israel as a proxy, an accomplice, and a victim in the Middle East, in Africa, and in Central America; the America that spies on its citizens, eroding civil liberties? The America of 1984, where war is peace, falsehood is truth, lawlessness is law, rebellion is Marxism, rearmament is defense, and the MX is a "peacekeeper"? Of course, that America exists: Western Europeans and Third Worlders know its blindness, waste, and truculence better than most of us in this country.

Such global imperialism, by necessity, has always had a military bedfellow. The United States was built on the Lockeian principles of liberty, democracy, equality, and peace. But after World War II, these gave way, with astonishing speed, to the military principles of authority, hierarchy, obedience, force, and war. War "worked," the government claimed; the military had "delivered the goods," and it remained our main hope for staving off the communist menace. In the name of "national security," Washington began to rule by secrets, and by 1971 the Pentagon admitted to having 1.020,000 cubic feet of classified documents, enough to create a stack higher than 2,000 Washington Monuments. One of those documents, a National Security Agency policy paper (NSC-68) released by Henry Kissinger in 1975, revealed the true foreign policy goals of the hidden government: rapid rearmament, disruption of peace groups, and escalation of anticommunist propaganda.

One could go on and on. This sordid process of betrayal is unprecedented in a democratic society. The hidden, militaristic government of the United States (some call it the nuclear-warfighting party) not only has led the onrush of terror in the world while treating the people like "sheep" (President Nixon called us that) fit to be lied to; it has made big business of war. It markets death as though it were dog food.

That America, whose diplomacy is economic exploitation and war, still exists. It poisons the earth and robs it of shrinking resources. It (and its Soviet mimic) has started the nuclear countdown on the human family. In the 1940s, Archibald MacLeish, poet and assistant secretary of state, wrote words that are hauntingly familiar: "As things are now going, the peace we will make, the peace we seem to be making, will be a peace of oil, a peace of gold, a peace of shipping, a peace in brief... without moral

purpose or human interest."

O much for one America; now to the other. Fortunately for all of us, it, too, exists, a testimony against the first and an indictment of it. Unlike the Brahmins of the first, its members—having been freed by deprivation, passionate truth, outrage at injustice, sacrifice, persecution, imprisonment, and risk of death—considered egoism, ambition, and greed as inhuman. It is the America of John Woolman, Sojourner Truth, Lucy Stone, William Lloyd Garrison, W.E.B. Du Bois, Mother Mary Jones, Harriet Tubman, Bill Haywood, Eugene Debs, Fiorello La Guardia, Thomas Merton, Martin Luther King Ir., Dorothy Day, and thousands of others.

This "cloud of witnesses" redeemed their times by giving the victims a voice, hands, and a defense against the slave masters, warmongers, robber barons, ideologues, venal politicians and judges. My brother Dan, a poet and member of this illustrious minority, calls these witnesses

"mystics with hands."

Certain common characteristics seemed to mark them: a humble origin and a living pledge to protect the humble; a Judeo-Christian vision of the sacredness of human life; a hatred of the deeds of charlatans and oligarchs and a love for them as persons; suspicion of the State; an insistence on the supremacy of divine law over human law; a commitment to nonviolent resistance; a faith that all of us can, with God's grace and a human community, transcend ourselves to become "those for others."

It is their spirit that the movement for justice and peace must embody and must offer to the world. The issue is not superpower rivalry or the maintenance of a status quo that threatens to bring down the world. The issue is the moral and physical survival of humanity, the building of a viable world in the shell of a dying one. The issue is either . . . or—nonviolence or extinction.

My faith in God is also my hope in the second America—a right and proper hope, or so it seems to me. Of all the people in the world, Americans are most responsible for the Bomb, for reviving wat as an institution, and for threatening nuclear war. Clearly, Americans must now take responsibility for the safety and security of the world and for leading a retreat from the nuclear brink. The people of this country will yet understand this, and will yet take the necessary nonviolent measures.

#### FORREST McDONALD is the author o

We the People: The Economic Origins of the Constitution, which challenged Charles Beard's far mous explanation of the Founding Fathers' motives McDonald teaches history at the University of Alabama, and has written fifteen other books, including biographies of Alexander Hamilton and Samuel Insull. He was Northeast co-chairman of Citizens for Goldwater in 1964.

hat American society is disjointed is generally recognized, though there is disagreemen whether this is a good thing or a bad thing. The consensus is doubtless against the increase ir mugging, rape, alienation, and urban decay, but that is about it. The other symptoms of mora confusion—the drug scene, gay lib, women's lib porn, me-ism, the decline of religiosity, the breakdown of the schools, the undermining of the nuclear family, the assault on traditional values—all have their public advocates or apologists. That, in fact, is the clearest sign that some thing fundamental is wrong, or at least that the country is undergoing a major transformation.

Our present discontents began with the Children's Crusade of the late 1960s and early 1970s. That crusade was not a response to the Vietnam War, or to the civil rights movement, or to the evils of capitalism, or to any other external stimulus. Rather, it was a case of cultural indigestion induced by the sheer numbers of young people in the population. All societies have barbarians in their midst in the form of adolescents; I use the term barbarian not in a pejorative sense but in the way the ancient Greeks employed it, to mean a stranger, an outsider, someone not enculturated into the dominant group. And all societies have various enculturating devices. But the number of people any society can process into adulthood depends on its child-rearing practices, its means of employing idle hands, its demographics, and other variables. Through most of American history, the country was capable of enculturating its barbarians.

Then came the baby boom. By the late 1950s, the first of the baby-boomers had reached puberty, and throughout the 1960s they constituted nearly 20 percent of the population. The force of their numbers was multiplied by the fact that their parents had thoroughly spoiled them and by the shift of population to the big cities, where family ties are less effective instruments of social control than they are in small towns. Another important factor was that far greater numbers than ever before were attending college.

Nor was that all. During the 1950s there was a vast new wave of immigrants, as it were: blacks entering the mainstream of American society for the first time. Part of this story, the part having

o do with court decisions and legislation and lass demonstrations, is well known. Less well nown, and possibly more important, was the nernal migration that took place from the mid-950s on. The modernization of Southern agriulture, symbolized as well as epitomized by the nechanical cotton picker, threw hundreds of housands of black tenant farmers and other rual blacks off the land; and, lured by the promise fjobs or welfare checks that seemed astronomial from the vantage point of the rural South, hey went north.

Many of the newcomers were among the dregs of Southern society; they lacked education, kills, and work experience. Moreover, decades of exploitation and subservience in backwater limes had ill prepared them for the pace, the lardness, the anonymity, and the cold of the urban Northeast. The heroin epidemic that wept Harlem in the late 1950s was but the first

ymptom of worse to come.

A showdown with the traditional social order was inevitable, and when it came it took the orm of an accusation that the traditional order was hypocritical. You say we have freedom of speech, the children said. Then are we not entiled to shout obscenities at the top of our lungs. anytime, anyplace? You say this is the land of he free? Then what about blacks (or women, or Chicanos, or Amerindians, or homosexuals)? You say this is the home of the brave? Are the napalming of Vietnamese, the theft of the Southwest from Mexico, the rape of the Indians what Americans mean by bravery? And so on. The charge was true, for hypocrisy is indispensable to civilized behavior; as George Orwell pointed out, it is only by pretending to be something better than beasts that we learn to comport ourselves as something better than beasts. But when the masses of young whites, who had known neither deprivation nor rules of behavior, and of young blacks, who had known nothing but deprivation and had been cast into a sea of alien rules, pointed the accusing finger, nobody knew how to respond.

The kinds of accusations being leveled challenged the "givens"—the largely nonrational assumptions, values, habits, rituals, symbols, and myths that hold the diverse elements of society together. But to bring them to the level of conscious inquiry is to destroy their efficacy.

Thus it was that the disintegration, or at least the fragmentation, of American society came about. The crucial question is, Can it be put back together again, pluralistic but whole, or is it a matter of Humpty Dumpty revisited? The closer I look, the more pessimistic I become; but as a historian, professionally committed to the broader view, I can see two reasons for cautious hopefulness.

One is that it has happened before, and we somehow pulled through. During the last third of the nineteenth century the fabric of American society was rent asunder by a technological revolution. The reintegration of the social order had two essential parts. One was a resurgence of puritanical fervor, a sort of nineteenth-century Moral Majority, which resulted in the enactment of a broad range of legislation that in effect declared traditional values to be the law of the land. The other was a rage for organization along professional, occupational, and service lines, which provided new group identities to replace those shattered by excessive, and excessively sudden, change. Neither of those solutions is feasible today, but others may emerge.

The other reason for hope is that, though civilizations have crumbled and will continue to crumble, human society is a wondrously resilient organism. And the United States of America, for all its shortcomings and failings and problems, is still rich in moral capital. We are as decent a people as ever was, and that just may see us

through.

#### The Golden Door

The 1980 census reported 14,079,906 foreignborn people in the United States. In 1910, during the heyday of the "New Immigration" from Southern and Eastern Europe, the comparable figure was 13,515,886. The immigrants of 1910 arrived from forty-five different countries, the largest group from Italy. By 1983, there were immigrants from 183 countries, the largest group from Mexico. The United States allowed 531,000 immigrants into the country in 1983, granted political asylum (in fiscal year 1982) to 2,479 refugees and refused political asylum to 7,319, and arrested 970,246 foreigners for illegally crossing the borders. In 1910 the United States admitted 1,041,570 immigrants. From 1907 through 1910, 111,738 aliens were naturalized: 157,938 aliens were naturalized in 1980.

The latest available reckoning indicates there are 121 self-proclaimed "ancestry groups" living in the United States and speaking 385 languages and dialects. Last year, 204 foreign-language newspapers were published in America. God (or gods) is (or are) worshiped in the United States in approximately 250 different (denomi-

national) ways.

#### MICHAEL HARRINGTON 18 ma-

tional co-chair of the Democratic Socialists of America. A professor of political science at Queens College in New York City, Harrington's most recent book is The Politics at God's Funeral.

Ou can tell a great deal about a country by observing its waiters. There is the obsequiousness of the London waiter, who thanks you every time he performs a service; there is the professionalism, and sometimes the arrogance, of the Paris waiter, for whom the job is often a lifelong métier; and there is the hysterical hustling of the waiter in the Plaka district of Athens, a city perched between the First and the Third Worlds. Finally, there is the take-it-or-leave-it independence of the American waiter, who announces in his every gesture that he is as good as his customer. America is, among other things, a way of carrying a tray of food.

This sense of equality is both our delusion and our glory. A vignette from 1972 illustrates the

paradox

A trade union friend of mine campaigned for George McGovern among New York City garment workers. The people he spoke to were predominantly female, black, Spanish-speaking, and relatively low-paid (and there is a coherence to those adjectives). McGovern had just proposed a substantial tax on estates of more than half a million dollars, at a time when half a million was real money. I assumed my friend was having a field day.

On the contrary. Every time he mentioned McGovern's proposal, some woman would jump up and angrily object: "You mean that if I have a half a million dollars, I can't leave it all to my kids?" She, and most of her sisters, were blinded by a fortune that all of them wanted and none of them would ever have. They were prisoners of a fantasy, not dreamers of the dream.

The American creed complacently overgeneralizes a half-truth in order to obscure a fuller, and quite subversive, truth. The half-truth is magnificent. We celebrate the worth and the dignity of every individual, and contemplate with a mixture of relief and pride the absence of feudal strains in our history. The fuller truth is un-American: America is a class society. Though an enormous advance over medieval caste structures, our class structure has a similar consequence, namely an unconscionable disparity of wealth and power.

All of this has been clear for more than a century. Why sound the alarm in 1984? Because the revolutionary technological changes now under way indisputably reveal the inadequacies of our social institutions. The archetypal American assembly line, with its obedient, atomistic work-

ers, is going, almost gone. We can no longer compete in the international marketplace with obsolete social and economic tools. We must learn to cooperate in order to compete; work-place hierarchies must be abandoned in favor of the ingenuity of teams.

True democracy must come to the workplace and to the ordering of our economy as a whole. Despite the myth of a free market, all capitalist economies are planned—and have been, to a greater or lesser degree, since at least World War I. When President Reagan rigged the tax system so people would "choose" savings over consumption, that was planning, even if accompanied by hymns to the Invisible Hand. Although his actions contradicted his words, the President was not being hypocritical. He, too, is a prisoner of the dream, and that sort of conduct is, alas, business as usual.

But it is more dangerous now than ever before. We face a choice between democratic planning on behalf of humane values and the kind of authoritarian, top-down, corporate-governmental planning we have had a taste of in the last few years. If the latter approach prevails, America will come to have the appearance of a Disney World Main Street, programmed by computerassisted design to yield maximum private profits, while hunger, poverty, and despair are hidden from public view.

another possibility, one that also has roots in the American dream.

The genius of capitalism, Marx wisely said, is not technological. But the bourgeoisie, he noted, unlocked the secret power of social labor by discovering that ten artisans working together under a single entrepreneur are more than ten times as productive as ten artisans working for themselves. I think it is time to unlock the secret of productivity in the underlying sense of communitarian equality in American culture—the secret that can be glimpsed in the behavior of a waiter.

We are in the midst of a worldwide economic, social, and industrial revolution, in which technology, currently under irresponsible corporate control, is transforming the world division of labor—and shattering the lives of individuals, communities, regions, and nations, including our own.

Social integration will come because it must come. If it arrives as a result of corporate guile and political masquerade, perhaps we will have betrayed and degraded our rich national myth, and turned it into a cheap facade. But if this radical challenge provokes a radical response, we may find a way for the dream to survive as a dream—and as a reality.

OBERT STONE participated in Operation

Deep Freeze III, a scientific expedition, with the U.S. Navy in 1958. A Vietnam War correspondent for the Manchester Guardian. Stone's books include A Flag for Sunrise and Dog Soldiers. He is currently working on a new novel. Summoner's Grace.

It's boring to put one country over another," my friend said sleepily. "Everyone says, 'The Americans are all sons of bitches.' I tell them. 'So are you. So are we all.'

She poured more schnapps over her peppermint tea and I watched her search my bland. aging face for the American son-of-a-bitch element. She was mildly drunk and so was I.

"Nor are you stupid," she declared. "And ev-

eryone says Americans are stupid."

"It's a truism," I said, "that in practical matters Americans are smart as whips. I mean, half of everything ever invented was invented in America.'

"This aptitude," my friend said, "seems not to

apply to you.'

Earlier in the evening we had experienced a bit of car trouble, which she had largely resolved.

"No," I said. "I'm a novelist."

She poured us both more schnapps. We were running very low on tea; the tea had degenerated to the barest gesture toward salubriousness and moderation.

"Yes," she declared, "but the novelists as well—one is led to believe—are adventurers, Indian fighters, commandos, no? They can all fix cars, no? Even the novelists."

"We are not responsible for your fantasies

about us. Especially I'm not."

"Also," she said. "They say Americans are vulgar."

"That's foolish," I said testily. "It's petty snobbery and it's banal."

Even as I spoke I saw her cornflower eyes widen in triumph.

"Now," she cried, "define vulgarity! Let's see if you can do it."

'Where," I demanded, "do you get off talking about vulgarity? You're supposed to be an anarchist.'

Too late—flushed with schnapps and Nordic bloodlust, she was not about to let me off. "I want to hear. This is for my education. I am all," she announced, "ears!"

"Vulgarity," I explained, assuming an educational mode, "is a word that has more to do with polemics than with the realities of human behavior." I took a deep breath and prepared to blow her out of the water. "For example, it was a favorite epithet of Trotsky's.

"Look," she cried. "See what we have here! I

am an anarchist, a woman, a working mother, and a proletarian. You-and I don't care if what you say is true, that you were raised in the gutter, grew up in the poorhouse, were beaten on the head by coppers—are a bourgeois. That is what you are now. A bourgeois with a boat and a country house." She stood up as though she were holding my severed head by the hair in her fist. "Yet I can define vulgarity and you cannot."

"I can define vulgarity perfectly well," I assured her. "I refuse to sit here and be priggish for the sake of priggishness and boring for the sake of boredom.1

She pouted for a moment, yawned, and sat down. We were both going under.

"Tell me this," she mumbled. "Tell me this, old pal. When you dream the American Dream we hear so much about, the good old American Dream that's going to wipe all us poor squareheads off the map-what's it like?'

What's it like, I thought, although my insight was fading with the northern lights. What an interesting question. Naturally, I had no intention of trying to answer, certainly not there or then. Lying awake, I drifted into a curious reverie.

Once, long ago, I was the radio operator in what we called a Peter Boat, one of the little vessels that supervised amphibious operations. As we pitched along among the LCV's, I watched our gunner drift into sleep, lulled by the heat, the rocking, the weight of his armor and weapons. Our alert coxswain was quick to catch him out.

"Where the hell you at, Sloper?" he snarled, kicking Sloper's ankle off the gunnel with an oilstained size twelve. Sloper, who had done time for this kind of thing, squinted at our petty officer with his Ouchita Snake Cult blue flannel eves. It was just a maneuver. The mock enemy were U.S. Marines on the south coast of Crete.

"Just dreamin' the American Dream, Boats."

He got off with a Captain's Mast.

Even twenty-odd years ago it was an old, bad joke. The American Dream—pious cant, huckster's prattle, refuge of scoundrels too numerous to mention. In the darkness of that boreal Hegelian country, in a room smelling of dope and Gauloises and cheap government liquor, my friend's question pursued me to wakefulness.

Were we not, we Americans, the secular equivalent of those the illiterate Mohammed called the People of the Book—in that our way of life was founded on a scripture, a text? To our Founders, readers of the Bible—or at least of the Edinburgh philosophers—we were not meant to be just another country. We were about something, or at least were meant to be. If we put that behind us, we will become a mere geographical expression, worshipers of the Golden Calf. Martin Luther King called us on it, almost two hundred years after the text was set down. He had a Dream.

An American Dream.

Across the room my friend lay, not contentious now but asleep. What remained of our Dream might indeed cause the extermination of this woman and her children; she was right enough about that.

And this hoary transatlantic dialogue that the two of us were born to—a windy exchange predating Emerson and Carlyle, suffered on over the soup through the era of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adams, perfected by Mr. James, who was capable of conducting a transatlantic misapprehension all by himself—was still in progress, now amid cannabis fumes and white booze, no longer

so polite or elegant in the lengthening shadow of Absolute War.

ow piquant it was, I thought, that our conversation should concern itself with "vulgarity," a conversation between two hard-living, low-born scriveners. Then it occurred to me that though I would yield to no one in idiot patriotism, though I had sworn an oath never to curry favor abroad by disassociating myself from the United States, if I were compelled to name that aspect of herself my country had most effectively and successfully exported, I should have to say—her vulgarity. And were I questioned about which elements I thought made up the Z's of our current American Dream, I should have to enumerate them as follows:

1. The Wizard of Oz

2. Uncle Sam

3. God

4. The Future, or as it was formerly referred to, Tomorrow

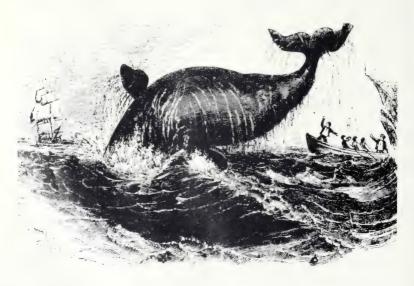
5. Whales

First—the Wizard. L. Frank Baum, renderer of Oz, was among the wisest of our fantasts—and for all his eccentricities, an astute observer of American reality at a critical time in the country's history. He was, more or less, a contemporary of Twain, Finley Peter Dunne, and the Anti-Imperialist League. A contemporary, as well, of Bryan, Vanderbilt, Gould; McKinley, Mahan, and Mark Hanna.

"Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain." The stale effluvia that has tainted American air, from Baum's day to our own, whenever the bell-toned, friendly voice of our relentlessly mediocre leadership has delivered itself of self-serving prevarication, isn't anything vile—why, no! It's sweetness and companion light, the sa-

vor of rectitude and virtue.

As for Uncle Sam, Old Stretch, the Yankee skeptic—where might we be without him? It was Sam who proved that a citizen could rise from chiseling war profiteer to National Symbol, and if that's not an American dream, what is? The rise of Uncle Sam was to be a function of the Yellow Press, whose mission it was to concoct a trash nationalism. America's dream was to be transmuted into THE AMERICAN DREAM, along with such artifacts of petty chauvinism as THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE and ONE HUN-



DRED PERCENT AMERICANISM.

Then, with all due respect, neither last nor least—there's God. We are, of course, tortuously scrupulous in avoiding any acts that might be construed as homage at the public expense—they seem to drive some people stone ape. However, in some general tashion, we give the impression of regularly requesting and expecting his blessing. He's the Creator referred to in our Declaration of Independence and the Entity to whom our unchurched hero Lincoln made occasional reference. Once we thought of him as marching along beside us, trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath were stored. Lately we're not so sure who's out there on the flank or whose grapes we're walking on.

There's one thing about him, though, that makes him particularly important; so important that in the face of its awesomeness we risk overstepping the hallowed division of church and state. His name's on the money—and that, by iiminy, buys him a piece of the Dream!

We come now to the Future, which may be dispensed with briskly since it doesn't seem to be working out as well as we'd hoped. Rather, it keeps ever more receding, just as F. Scott Fitzgerald described. At one time it was very hig, American Dreamwise, appearing regularly in the Sunday supplements as a network of sleek monorails that snaked their way among bright, turreted art-deco towers. It was an immaculate urban landscape inhabited by tiny figures, white by persuasion. Futuristically garbed, they made their way along the ramps and tubular walkways, each apparently en route to discharge some vital, remunerative, but not particularly strenuous responsibility.

The Future's future in the American Dream is a bit tenuous now. Some of us can remember its heyday, and may recall the melancholy spectacle of its degeneration into sorry little numbers like Mickey Mouse in the postwar world. There's a good deal of it lying around in the neighborhood of Shea Stadium, where it may be glimpsed by visitors to New York on their way to or from the major airports. Most of the rest is owned by Walt

Disney Productions or the federal government or is tied up in antitrust suits.

Ve come at length to whales. The slogan Save the Whales is often worn on a button or displayed as a bumper sticker by young blond people with big teeth who carry their kids around in backpacks. I have no quarrel with their sentiment, but it is not on their account that I feel compelled to include whales among the totems of the Dream.

Rather, it's a single whale, a freak albino from the last century, who's responsible. In the structure of the American Dream, each facet of the Dream must confront Antagonist. For example, God, in his day, had Emily Dickinson, whose thrashing surrender under his unmeasurable weight even she mistook for love. During Emily's lifetime, there was raised up among us a prophet (as our American Dream preachers might put it) who told the story of a mighty white whale.

Although the whale's color is rendered as white, he stands, in the story, for all those people whose color was Other. He stands for all that was natural, wild, unowned, unsubdued, and ultimately un-American. For many, those properties mark him as Evil. For others, they mark him as Good. That is the way it is in our Dream; it's one or it's the other.

In the story of the whale, an American man or, as some say, American Man—pursued the unsubduable to their mutual undoing. There are almost as many interpreters of this story as there are people who finish reading it. For myself, that night, I decided it, too, was part of the Dream.

The next morning I resolved that one day I would try to write a few words about what had come to be known, more than half scornfully, as the "American Dream," about what was conceived before native hucksterism and the exigencies of propaganda vulgarized it into hypocrisy and blather. I never quite succeeded.

For all our moralizing, whether delivered by Webster-thunderers or Reagan-pals, we have never been the people or the nation we pretended to be. The shyster, the grafter, and the plug-ugly have always held their measure of power here, and they always will. God doesn't manifest himself in history; men do. Nor is this God's country but ours, and thus the responsibility for its ordering.

If we choose to awake and see ourselves in our own baseness, we might well be a more agreeable nation and the world might be a safer place. On the other hand, the opposite might be true.

Should we abandon the Dream, perhaps we'd breathe easier. We'd cease to be a People of the Book. There'd be no more cant about a New Order of Ages. Yet nothing is free, not even disillusionment. And it is just possible, as a result, that we might find our place in history as the betrayers of the noblest vision of civil order and probity that this imperfect world, and the cautious optimism of Western man, will ever be capable of producing.

ROBERT NISBET

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ated mind than Woodrow Wilson's ever led nation. His religion, like America's, began s Calvinism but was transformed into Americanism.

But the high points of belief often mark the tart of a decline; and the beginning of religious-ultural decline became vivid in the 1920s, in he spreading disaffection of intellectuals. Revionism regarding the Great War, contempt for usiness, cynicism about the idols and feast days of Americanism, and sneering at conventional acrality—these and other attitudes became ommonplace in the world of ideas.

The Great Depression contributed to the deelopment of an adversary mentality among inellectuals. Even more important than the specacle of economic catastrophe, however, was the pread of the religions that had been spawned by Marx and Freud. These two alien religions had ubstantially the same effects on American culure. Ideas of national unity and individual freelom, and respect for family, property, and hurch, were thrown into history's lumber room w intellectuals.

The discipline of history suffered, and coninues to suffer, from the spread of this adversary nentality. It is not the history of the American lation that is likely to be taught in the schools, but the history of packaged parts of the nation, each bearing the stamp of some disaffected and almorous minority. Instead of leading to the question, What can we do for our country? such sistory-teaching leads to the question, What can our country do for its multiplicity of suffering sheep—women, ethnic groups, the aged, and so en?

There is another question in the air now. Many ask, What should government do about our diminished civil religion and our disintegrated sense of community? Unfortunately, a condition imposed by historical forces cannot easily be reversed by government edicts. Moreover, anything the national government sought to do in the name of restoration of virtue would surely compound our ills. There has been an almost perfect correlation since World War I between the relentless growth of statism in America and the decline of our civil religion. The effect of the national government on family, neighborhood, and community has been so harmful, for the most part, that it would be better if the government simply declared war on these and other intermediate groups. Our defeated enemies often come out very well. The one thing we cannot tolerate much longer is the present charade, in which government, in the name of virtue and with a pious face, continues to undermine society.

#### LOUIS L'AMOUR has written eighty-eight

books about life on the American frontier, all of which are in print. He was the first novelist awarded a special congressional medal for his lifework, in 1983. The Walking Drum, his eighty-ninth novel, will be published by Bantam this year; it concerns a son's search for his father in twelfth-century Europe and Asia.

f course America exists. If one is to examine the question, however, one needs perspective. Our problem is that each minute, each hour, each day the crime, the corruption, and the mistakes of our country are dinned into our ears by the media. To comprehend what has happened and what is happening we must stand back and take the long look.

America has been viewed as the land of opportunity. Formerly, the opportunities lay on the frontier. Although they no longer await us on unsettled land, they are here. Nowhere is talent more quickly recognized and nowhere is the opportunity for advancement less restricted. It could be better, of course, yet the field is wide. The number of Nobel Prizes won by Americans is proof of that.

Americans love to view with alarm. We like our enemies to seem larger and more dangerous than they are, and we like our other problems the same way. Nonetheless, any study of America and its history will show that despite all our viewing with alarm, we always believe we can cope.

A country without problems would be a country without goals, and if the Russians did not exist, we would have to invent them. Yet the problem they represent has never been met with our best thinking, our best planning. Communism is suggested as the enemy, but the Russians were a hundred years ago what they are today. Stalin did not invent Siberia. It is a Russian characteristic to be suspicious, just as it is an American characteristic to view with alarm. The foreign policies of tsarist Russia were no different from the foreign policies of Russia today. Those things a nation needs or fears remain the same regardless of changes in government. In planning for peace and security we must face this

Crime today is no worse than it was fifty or one hundred years ago. Despite the fact that poverty is always with us, more Americans live well today and have a better chance to be educated than at any time in history. Medical treatment, while far too expensive, is better than ever before. Books, once hard to find and eagerly sought after, are available in every drugstore, every market, every airport.

We are a nation that is growing, a nation that

has reached but the first of many plateaus in our long climb to what we shall become. We have paused now to look about, to take stock, and to gird our loins for what lies ahead.

A century ago, the Western plains were overrun with buffalo, and many a tear has been shed over their passing; but where they grazed we now raise grain to feed a large part of the world, and where those buffalo ran there are now more than a hundred universities, medical schools, and laboratories.

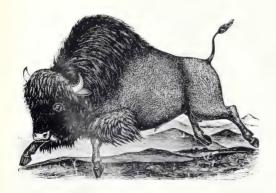
We have but recently put a man on the moon. We have sent a spacecraft beyond the limits of the solar system, and in so doing have opened the pathway to the stars. It is out there that our future lies.

We are a people born to the frontier, and it has not passed away. Our move into space has opened the greatest frontier of all, the frontier that has no end. Yet there are other frontiers, for they exist wherever there is a horizon that has not been crossed—in medicine, in physics, in all the other sciences, and in every field of research where men and women are trying to find the answers. Fortunately, each answer brings a new problem, a new frontier.

Our future lies in space, as does the future of our world. We opened a continent, built it to greatness, and now are ready for the next step, the frontier that is without end.

As I wrote last year in *The Lonesome Gods*, "If man is to vanish from the earth let him vanish in the moment of creation, when he is creating something new, opening the path to a tomorrow he may never see. It is man's nature to reach out, to grasp for the tangible on the way to the intangible."

Yes, America exists, and it has only begun.



#### DAVID KELLEY teaches philosophy at Vassar Col-

lege. The Evidence of the Senses, his new book, argues that sense perception is a valid basis for human knowledge. Kelley's articles and essays on politics and economics have appeared in several magazines and newspapers.

f a nation is defined by its public purpose, the goal it sets for itself *as* a nation, then the idea of America can be put in a sentence. Our public purpose is that we shall be a nation of private purposes.

That is the essence of the classical liberal philosophy that created our political institutions, as Karl Marx, ironically, first recognized. The liberals of the Enlightenment, he complained, subordinated public life to private, the citizen to the natural man. Precisely. The argument of the Declaration of Independence is that government exists to protect the individual's pursuit of his own happiness. The role of the state is merely to provide the framework of liberty.

Americans have fought with a common will to preserve that framework; and some plead wistfully, "If only we could pull together for a common cause in peacetime as well." But we have no common cause in peacetime. Collective action is not our normal condition.

The traits Americans are known for—independence, optimism, self-confidence, common sense—have always been expressed most fully outside the political realm, in business, invention, exploration, the arts. Except in times of crisis, our heroes have not been public men. Our social genius does its work beyond the perimeter of the state, weaving the dense fabric of private associations that amazed Tocqueville.

In the nineteenth century, however, the primacy of private life came under increasing attack from American intellectuals, who were busy importing every species of European collectivism. By the turn of the century, chiefly through the writings of Herbert Croly and John Dewey, these ideas began to alter our political institutions.

In *The Promise of American Life*, Croly argued that the goals Americans had been pursuing as individuals—especially economic progress and "moral and social amelioration"—should be adopted as collective goals and pursued under government direction. The individual, he said, should see himself as a means to public ends. Dewey maintained that principles are not absolutes; they are temporary and flexible guides to action that should never prevent us from experimenting with new ways of seeking "desirable" results. The agent of experimentation, for Dewey, was government; the individual rights embodied in the Constitution were the principles he attacked most often and most harshly.

The ideas of these men, and the movements hey led, underwrote the New Deal, which expanded the power of the state in two directions: he government began to regulate the economy and to redistribute income. Expenditures for soial welfare, at all levels of government, have ncreased from 4.2 percent of the gross national product in 1930 to about 18 percent today. Transfer payments to individuals have quadrupled, in real dollars, since 1963, and only 15 to 20 percent of them go to the poor. The largest programs—Social Security, education, Medirare, unemployment and disability compensaion—serve mainly members of the middle class. nost of whom are now clients of the state.

Clearly, we are not the nation we were. But have we become a different nation? Have we replaced our original purpose with another, more expansive one? I do not think we have. Our political rhetoric is full of references to national needs and purposes, goals for Americans, commitments for the eighties, but the references are empty. In fact, our countless regulatory and redistribution programs do not represent any unifying collective aim. They are merely ways for some individuals to coerce others in pursuit of their private ends. Regulatory law makes frequent obeisance to "the public interest," but the term is actually a license to stifle competition. The staggering growth in social-welfare expenditures, meanwhile, has eroded the independence of the middle class and allowed a third of the populace to live off taxes paid by those still working in the private economy.

In short, we do not have a new public purpose, only a lunatic version of the old one. We are still a nation of private ends. The state has become a vast engine for transferring means coercively, a crooked referee in a negative-sum game.

There may be no way back. I do not underestimate the power of the interests now vested in the spoils of government. But neither do I underestimate the power of ideas, and I think the idea of America is stirring somewhere in the depths. The popular movement that produced the tax revolt and the landslide election of Ronald Reagan has some of the same moral spirit as the rebellion of the Americans against Great Britain-against a government that, as the Declaration put it, "has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harrass our People, and eat out their substance."

Of course, the middle classes are less eager to cut their benefits than their taxes. Even so, there are signs of moral discomfort with the status quo. Social Security, like unemployment compensation and Medicare, was supposed to be insurance, not welfare; and its beneficiaries still insist, in defiance of the facts, that they are only receiving what they paid in. The strength of their grip on that rationalization suggests that belief in self-

can have a substantive collective purpose only if enough to live as a single household, or if one group has the power to impose its will on the rest. never have. And unless there is a change in the

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#### What is an American?

What then is the American, this new man? . . . He is an American, who, leaving behind him all new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has they inhabit. The American ought therefore to on the basis of nature, self-interest; can it want a stronger allurement? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant without any part being claimed, either by a deswho acts upon new principles; he must therefore

#### ERIC HOFFER worked as a migrant laborer, a gold

prospector, and a longshoreman. Truth Imagined, a posthumous autobiographical memoir, was published last year. The essay below is from The Ordeal of Change, 1952; reprinted by permission of Harper & Row.

There is in us a tendency to judge a race, a nation, or an organization by its least worthy members. The tendency is manifestly perverse and unfair; yet it has some justification. For the quality and destiny of a nation are determined to a considerable extent by the nature and potentialities of its inferior elements. The inert mass of a nation is in its middle section. The industrious, decent, well-to-do, and satisfied middle classes—whether in cities or on the land—are worked upon and shaped by minorities at both extremes: the best and the worst.

The superior individual, whether in politics, business, industry, science, literature, or religion, undoubtedly plays a major role in the shaping of a nation. But so do the individuals at the other extreme: the poor, the outcasts, the misfits, and those who are in the grip of some overpowering passion. The importance of these inferior elements as formative factors lies in the readiness with which they are swaved in any direction. This peculiarity is due to their inclination to take risks ("not giving a damn") and their propensity for united action. They crave to merge their drab, wasted lives into something grand and complete. Thus they are the first and most fervent adherents of new religions, political upheavals, patriotic hysteria, gangs, and mass rushes to new lands.

And the quality of a nation—its innermost worth—is made manifest by its dregs as they rise to the top: by how brave they are, how humane, how orderly, how skilled, how generous, how independent or servile; by the bounds they will not transgress in their dealings with a man's soul, with truth, and with honor.

The average American of today bristles with indignation when he is told that this country was built, largely, by hordes of undesirables from Europe. Yet, far from being derogatory, this statement, if true, should be a cause for rejoicing, should fortify our pride in the stock from which we have sprung.

This vast continent with its towns, farms, factories, dams, aqueducts, docks, railroads, highways, powerhouses, schools, and parks is the handiwork of common folk from the Old World, where for centuries men of their kind had been beasts of burden, the projecty of their masters—kings, nobles, and priests—and with no will and no aspirations of their own. When on rare occasions one of the lowly had reached the top in

Europe he had kept the pattern intact and, if anything, tightened the screws. The stuffy little corporal from Corsica harnessed the lusty forces released by the French Revolution to a gilded state coach, and could think of nothing grander than mixing his blood with that of the Hapsburg masters and establishing a new dynasty. In our day a bricklayer in Italy, a house painter in Germany, and a shoemaker's son in Russia have made themselves masters of their nations; and what they did was to re-establish and reinforce the old pattern.

Only here, in America, were the common folk of the Old World given a chance to show what they could do on their own, without a master to push and order them about. History contrived an earthshaking joke when it lifted by the nape of the neck lowly peasants, shop-keepers, laborers, paupers, jailbirds, and drunks from the midst of Europe, dumped them on a vast, virgin continent, and said: "Go to it; it's yours!"

And the lowly were not awed by the magnitude of the task. A hunger for action, pent up for centuries, found an outlet. They went to it with ax, pick, shovel, plow, and rifle; on foot, on horse, in wagons, and on flatboats. They went to it praying, howling, singing, brawling, drinking, and fighting. Make way for the people! This is how I read the statement that this country was built by hordes of undesirables from the Old World.

Small wonder that we in this country have a deeply ingrained faith in human regeneration. We believe that, given a chance, even the degraded and the apparently worthless are capable of constructive work and great deeds. It is a faith founded on experience, not on some idealistic theory. And no matter what some anthropologists, sociologists, and geneticists may tell us, we shall go on believing that man, unlike other forms of life, is not a captive of his past—of his heredity and habits—but is possessed of infinite plasticity, and his potentialities for good and for evil are never wholly exhausted.

ICHARD RODRIGUEZ won the Ants-

field-Wolf Award in Race Relations for his first book. Hunger of Memory. A lecturer on educational issues and a contributor to several newspapers and magazines, Rodriguez is currently writing a book on Mexico and California.

For the children of immigrant parents the knowledge comes easier. America exists everywhere in the city—on billboards, frankly in the smell of French fries and popcorn. It exists in the pace: traffic lights, the assertions of neon, the mysterious bong-bong-bong through the atriums of department stores. America exists as the voice of the crowd, a menacing sound—the high nasal accent of American English.

When I was a boy in Sacramento (California, the fifties), people would ask me, "Where you from?" I was born in this country, but I knew the question meant to decipher my darkness, my

looks.

My mother once instructed me to say, "I am an American of Mexican descent." By the time I was nine or ten, I wanted to say, but dared not

reply, "I am an American."

Immigrants come to America and, against hostility or mere loneliness, they recreate a homeland in the parlor, tacking up postcards or calendars of some impossible blue—lake or sea or sky. Children of immigrant parents are supposed to perch on a hyphen between two countries. Relatives assume the achievement as much as anyone. Relatives are, in any case, surprised when the child begins losing old ways. One day at the family picnic the boy wanders away from their spiced food and faceless stories to watch other boys play baseball in the distance.

There is sorrow in the American memory, guilty sorrow for having left something behind—Portugal, China, Norway. The American story is the story of immigrant children and of their children—children no longer able to speak to grandparents. The memory of exile becomes inarticulate as it passes from generation to generation, along with wedding rings and pocket watches—like some mute stone in a wad of old lace. Europe. Asia. Eden.

But, it needs to be said, if this is a country where one stops being Vietnamese or Italian, this is a country where one begins to be an America. America exists as a culture and a grin, a faith and a shrug. It is clasped in a handshake,

called by a first name.

As much as the country is joined in a common culture, however, Americans are reluctant to celebrate the process of assimilation. We pledge allegiance to diversity. America was born Protestant and bred Puritan, and the notion of community we share is derived from a seventeenth-

century faith. Presidents and the pages of ninth-grade civics readers yet proclaim the orthodoxy: We are gathered together—but as individuals, with separate pasts, distinct destinies. Our society is as paradoxical as a Puritan congregation: We stand together, alone.

Americans have traditionally defined themselves by what they refused to include. As often, however, Americans have struggled, turned in good conscience at last to assert the great Protestant virtue of tolerance. Despite outbreaks of nativist frenzy, America has remained an immigrant country, open and true to itself.

Against pious emblems of rural America—soda fountain, Elks hall, Protestant church, and now shopping mall—stands the cold-hearted city, crowded with races and ambitions, curious laughter, much that is odd. Nevertheless, it is the city that has most truly represented America. In the city, however, the millions of singular lives have had no richer notion of wholeness to describe them than the idea of pluralism.

"Where you from?" the American asks the immigrant child. "Mexico," the boy learns to say.

Mexico, the country of my blood ancestors, offers formal contrast to the American achievement. If the United States was formed by Protestant individualism, Mexico was shaped by a medieval Catholic dream of one world. The Spanish journeyed to Mexico to plunder, and they may have gone, in God's name, with an arrogance peculiar to those who intend to convert. But through the conversion, the Indian converted the Spaniard. A new race was born, the mestizo, wedding European to Indian. José Vasconcelos, the Mexican philosopher, has celebrated this New World creation, proclaiming it the "cosmic race."

Centuries later, in a San Francisco restaurant, a Mexican-American lawyer of my acquaintance says, in English, over salade niçoise, that he does not intend to assimilate into gringo society. His claim is echoed by a chorus of others (Italian-Americans, Greeks, Asians) in this era of ethnic pride. The melting pot has been retired, clanking, into the museum of quaint disgrace, alongside Aunt Jemima and the Katzenjammer Kids. But resistance to assimilation is characteristically American. It only makes clear how inevitable the process of assimilation actually is.

For generations, this has been the pattern. Immigrant parents have sent their children to school (simply, they thought) to acquire the "skills" to survive in the city. The child returned home with a voice his parents barely recognized or understood, couldn't trust, and didn't like.

In Eastern cities—Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore—class after class gathered immigrant children to women (usually women) who stood in front of rooms full of children, changing children. So also for me in the 1950s. Irish-Catholic nuns. California. The old story. The hyphen tipped to the right, away from Mexico and toward a confusing but true American identity.

I speak now in the chromium American accent of my grammar school classmates—Billy Reckers, Mike Bradley, Carol Schmidt, Kathy O'Grady. . . . I believe I became like my classmates, became German, Polish, and (like my teachers) Irish. And because assimilation is always reciprocal, my classmates got something of me. (I mean sad eyes; belief in the Indian Virgin; a taste for sugar skulls on the Feast of the Dead.) In the blending, we became what our parents could never have been, and we carried America one revolution further.

"Does America still exist?" Americans have been asking the question for so long that to ask it again only proves our continuous link. But perhaps the question deserves to be asked with urgency-now. Since the black civil rights movement of the 1960s, our tenuous notion of a shared public life has deteriorated notably.

The struggle of black men and women did not eradicate racism, but it became the great moment in the life of America's conscience. Water hoses, bulldogs, blood—the images, rendered black, white, rectangular, passed into living rooms.

It is hard to look at a photograph of a crowd taken, say, in 1890 or in 1930 and not notice the absence of blacks. (It becomes an impertinence to wonder if America still exists.)

In the sixties, other groups of Americans learned to champion their rights by analogy to

E Pluribus Unum

I felt then like Sancho Panza in a land of Don Quixotes. Here was the anarchist Thoreau condemning his backsliding neighbors by reference to the Westward errand; here, the solitary singer Walt Whitman, claiming to be the American Way; here, the civil rights leader Martin Luther King, descendant of slaves, denouncing segregation as a violation of the American dream; here, an endless debate about national identity, full of rage and faith, Jeffersonians claiming that they, and not the priggish heirs of Calvin, really represented the errand, conservative politicians hunting out socialists as conspirators against the dream, left-wing polemics proving that capitalism was a betrayal of the country's sacred origins. -Professor Sacvan Bercovitch, a Canadian immigrant, in The American Jeremiad, 1978

the black civil rights movement. But the heroic vision faded. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. has spoken with Pauline eloquence of a nation tha would unite Christian and Jew, old and young rich and poor. Within a decade, the struggles of the 1960s were reduced to a bureaucratic competition for little more than pieces of a representational pie. The quest for a portion of powe became an end in itself. The metaphor for the American city of the 1970s was a committee one black, one woman, one person unde thirty...

If the small town had sinned against Americ by too neatly defining who could be an American, the city's sin was a romantic secession. On noticed the romanticism in the antiwar move ment—certain demonstrators who demon strated a lack of tact or desire to persuade and seemed content to play secular protestants. On noticed the romanticism in the competition among members of "minority groups" to clain the status of Primary Victim. To Americans un confident of their common identity, minority standing became a way of asserting individuality Middle-class Americans—men and womer clearly not the primary victims of social oppres sion—brandished their suffering with exuber ance.

The dream of a single society probably died with *The Ed Sullivan Show*. The reality of America persists. Teenagers pass through big-city high schools banded in racial groups, their collar turned up to a uniform shrug. But then the graduate to jobs at the phone company or it banks, where they end up working alongside people unlike themselves. Typists and teller walk out together at lunchtime.

It is easier for us as Americans to believe the obvious fact of our separateness—easier to imag ine the black and white Americas prophesied by the Kerner report (broken glass, street fires)than to recognize the reality of a city street a lunchtime. Americans are wedded by proximity to a common culture. The panhandler at one corner is related to the pamphleteer at the nex who is related to the banker who is kin to the Chinese old man wearing an MIT sweatshirt. Ir any true national history, Thomas Jefferson be gets Martin Luther King Jr. who begets the Gray Panthers. It is because we lack a vision of our selves entire—the city street is crowded and we are each preoccupied with finding our own way home—that we lack an appropriate hymn.

Under my window now passes a little white girl softly rehearsing to herself a Motown obbligato.

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### AN ISLAND BETRAYED

Grenada's revolution never got beyond slogans and texts. Amid the heat and torpor, language and intentions blurred By V.S. Naipaul

went to Grenada seventeen days after the American invasion, and three or four days after the airport had been opened again to civilian traffic. The real fighting had stopped long before. The 700 or so Cubans on the island had been rounded up and repatriated, with their twenty-five dead. The PRA, the 1,200-strong People's Revolutionary Army, the army of the Grenadian revolution, had disintegrated. The main body had surrendered; the remnants were being tracked down.

The American Psy-Ops people—Psychological Operations, a section of the First Special Operations Command—Psy-Ops had already (as their colonel was to say two days later) "transitioned into civil affairs." They were now preparing posters. One of these posters, roughly printed in black and white in five different typefaces, was like something from a western film: Former PRA Members Your corrupt Leaders have surrendered, knowing resistance is USELESS....

The airport was noisy with helicopters of a sinister black color. All around there were armed marines in heavy combat clothes; trucks and jeeps in camouflage paint, some with machine guns; tents and camouflage netting. A humorous hand had drawn a rough black line through the Cubana airline logo over a door of the terminal building, and had scrawled below the logo: 2nd Battalion 82nd Airborne.

After the Grenadian immigration formalities there was—in this legally ambiguous situation—a check by U.S. marines, who, already, had a printed list of names. Then a few steps away, at the customs counter, there was civilian authority again—and the tall black Grenadian

V.S. Naipand was born in Trinukul, about IN miles south of Grenuka. He has unitten extensively about the Cambrain. A new book, Finding the Center, is to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the fall. customs man was wearing a shirt of the palest blue patterned faintly with the name GUCCI.

A few hundred yards from the airport it was as if some television footage was being restaged: at the side of the road, wet after rain, marines with guns were walking a spread-out file of five or six black men, stripped down to underpants. One of the men wore Rastafarian dreadlocks. Matted hair, nudity, and a wild appearance were parts of the Rastafarian style; but now, in captivity, this man looked especially degraded. The men were PRA suspects. They had almost certainly been informed on by Grenadians: to nearly all Grenadians the revolution and the Revolutionary Army had become hateful. The prisoners—but legally they were only people "detained"—were being walked to the airport. From there one of the black helicopters would take them over the forested hills of the island to the main American encampment on the southwestern coast. A detention center had been set up there for the interrogation and screening of suspected persons. American correspondents, ferreting away for their daily or twice-daily stories, had just discovered this center. Or, as it was to be called during press briefings, "this facility."

The road over the hills was narrow and winding, with many blind corners. At least two of the big Cuban trucks that the Americans had taken over had crashed. Ferns and the big fronds of the wild banana grew in sprays out of the volcanic cliff faces. The red poinsettia, the Christmas flower of these parts, was in bloom, and the common hibiscus; and the Bleeding Heart vine, a weed, had laid drifts of pink blossom on hedges and electric poles.

The houses were small, on stilts or low concrete pillars, and with pitched corrugated-iron roofs. The older houses were of wood, and some were in the French Caribbean style, with fretted

Near the capital, St. George's, the slogan boards of the revolution became more numerous. Some of the slogans were about "broduction. The word could never have had its proclaimed meaning. It must always have stood for the power of

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gables and fanlights and jalousies. What looked like bush around the houses were patches of cultivation: cocoa, with the purple pods growing directly out of the black trunks and branches of the small trees; grapefruit, avocado, and mango; the big-leaved breadfruit and tropical chestnut; plantain and banana, nutmeg. There were no big estates. This was a Caribbean peasant countryside.

In scattered houses along the road, and in jeeps and trucks in dirt lanes off the road, there were marines, taking their ease but watchful. At a junction there was a roadblock.

Lennox, the taxi driver, said, "I was wondering. I did hear they was stopping and searching today." He spoke calmly; he had learned to live with big events.

The marine didn't wave us down. He dropped to a half crouch and pushed his clenched left fist at our car. Theater. And it seemed that all the children of the little village were standing by to watch. One marine was black, one was Chinese, one looked Hispanic. Questions were asked while luggage was searched and the car was searched. A transistor radio on the roadside was turned on very loud, until a marine asked a boy to turn it down.

And it was only when we were on our way again that I made a whole of the dislocating experience, and understood that the radio had been turned on by the boy, that music had soon given way to Spanish speech, and that it was my reaction to the Spanish language that was being assessed by the Hispanic-looking marine who had asked trivial, disconnected questions. Psy-

Ops, Special Operations. All these search procedures had been well rehearsed. In Grenada the Americans were still looking for Cubans.

The road began to go down through the wet ferny, forest reserve area to the west coast. Emblems of the revolution—a red disk on a whit field—appeared on walls and fences. Near th capital, St. George's, the slogan boards of th revolution became more numerous. They hanot been defaced. Some of the slogans wer about "production." In the peasant setting is seemed a very big word, a strange word. It coulnever have had its proclaimed meaning; it must always have stood for the power of those who ruled.

In Grenada—133 square miles, 110,00 people—the revolution was as much an in position—as theatrical and out of scal—as the American military presence.

ost Grenadians were glad when the Ney Jewel Movement took power in a coup in Marci 1979. The island had been ruled for too long b Eric Gairy. Gairy, a man of simple origins, ha organized a big strike in 1951. Starting in thi way, as a redeemer of the black poor, he soo won political power, and held on to it. In powe he became stylish. He had money; he was ele gant; he wore white suits; it was said that ever white women fell for him. The poor country fol in the little houses of Grenada understood. The felt that Gairy's triumphs were a black man's tri umphs and therefore also their own, and the loved him; they voted him into office agair.



nd again. It was Gairy who took Grenada to idependence.

But over the years Gairy-like some other nall-island Caribbean folk leaders of his type ad developed into a feared and somewhat ecentric Negro shepherd-king. At international atherings he talked about UFOs; at home there as a large gang that dealt with opponents. In re postcolonial Caribbean, Gairy increasingly ecame an embarrassment, hateful to the chilren of the very people to whom he had once ven hope.

The New Jewel Movement, founded in 1972, presented the first educated generation in irenada. Its leader was a handsome young man ho had completed his education in England. he overthrow of Gairy by this movement of the oung and educated was doubly popular. And ne New Jewel Movement used this popularity to ffer Grenada-without elections, ever-the volution. It was a full socialist revolution. luba became Grenada's ally; imperialism beame Grenada's enemy.

The slogan writers of the party called the revoition the "revo" or "de revo.

Is only now I seeing how dis Revo good for de poor an ah dam sorry it didn't come before.

eople's speech, phonetic spelling-the party sed them to make the more difficult parts of its octrine and practice acceptable: to make the nany rallies and "solidarity" marches appear fore folksy; and to make all the imported appaitus of socialist rule and patronage—the orgaizing committee of the party, the political bueau, the central committee, the many "mass" rganizations, the army, and the militia—to nake all of this appear carnival-like and Grenaian and black, "de revo."

The apparatus was absurd. But the power was eal. And for the four and a half years of its rule he party kept Grenada under "heavy manners." he words. Jamaican street slang, were adopted y the revolution, and became part of its stock of erious jokey words. "Manners," "respect" for he revolution and its leaders, were required com everyone. There could therefore be no lections, no opposition newspaper: the people's vill was as simple as that. "To manners" became revolutionary verb. To "manners" a "counter" vas to teach a counterrevolutionary a lesson; to tarass him, to dismiss him from his job, to imrison him without charge or trial. Hundreds vere imprisoned at one time or another. Trials vere a form of "bourgeois legality." The "revo" reeded only people's law, "heavy manners"; and he very words could turn the loss of law into just subject for calypso. To impose manners, an rmy was created—and that meant employment of a sort with the party.

Cuba provided the arms for the army. And it was Cuba that—to the alarm of both the United States and some Caribbean territories—began to build the big two-mile airport at Point Salines.

At least 200 "internationalist" workers, socialists, were brought in to help administer the revolution. Half of them were from Europe and America, half from West Indian territories. Strangers to Grenada, exigent guests at the other man's revolutionary feast, these visitors were anxious for the socialist mimicry to be as complete, as pure, as possible. Hence, in the Grenada of the revolution, the obsession with forms, organization, structures, committees. Grenada even had a Writers' Federation. Almost at the end of the revolution, a West Indian visitor from the United States spotted an omission. In Grenada, he said, he had found no house of culture; socialist countries had houses of culture. So in Grenada they began to work on a House of Culture.

As the mimicry was perfected, so the excitement grew among the faithful in many countries: and the Grenadian revolution had a good press abroad. Little Grenada, agricultural, backward, and black, had not only had the revolution; it had also had an eruption of all the correct socialist forms. The mimicry was like proof of the naturalness and rightness of the cause.

Then the revolution went sour. Its success in the socialist world had been too great, too sudden. There was some dissension at the top, in the central committee, some call for the sharing of power. There was a feeling that the leader had become too taken with his foreign fame, his visits abroad, and that the revolution at home had begun to drift.

The leader prevaricated. He agreed that he was being petit bourgeois in some ways, but he really didn't want to step down. He had made the revolution, after all; the people were loyal to him. So, finally, the "manners" that had been applied to hundreds of others were applied to the leader himself. He was placed under house arrest by some of his colleagues on the central committee.

The people didn't like it. After a week a crowd stormed the house and the leader was released. There was confusion; a civil war was in the offing. The leader and his supporters went to the army post at Fort George (at that time named Fort Rupert, after the leader's father) and talked over the soldiers there. The Revolutionary Military Council, rulers of Grenada since the crisis. sent armored cars to the fort. There was firing; the unarmed crowd stampeded and an unknown number of people were killed-anywhere from seventeen to one hundred; and the leader, three former ministers, and two labor leaders were executed. A twenty-four-hour curfew was placed on

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the island, and for almost a week the people of Grenada lived in terror of the People's Revolutionary Army. Then the Americans invaded, and manners heavier than Grenada had known were applied to everybody.

The Americans found no revolution. That had vanished in the preceding week of terror. The Americans, serving their own cause, invading Grenada according to a plan prepared at least two years before, found themselves welcomed as liberators. The invaded island, more full of noises than Caliban's island, was full of incorporate the determine feedling.

formers; the detention facility at Point Salines was guickly peopled.

he West Indian sugar colonies were richer than the American colonies in the eighteenth century. The ships that came to take the slave-grown sugar to Europe sometimes brought bricks and clay roof tiles as ballast. These tiles and bricks give an eighteenth-century feel to corners of old St. George's, a little town built on the steep slope of the horseshoe-shaped hill that encloses the inner harbor.

At harbor level was the main street of this toy town: fire brigade, cigarette factory, airline office, restaurant, main post office. At the top of the hill—easily seen, taken in in one roving look—were the official buildings that had been touched by the recent drama. On the southwestern promontory was the green-toofed fort where the leader and others had been shot. Across the bay was the red-roofed house where the leader had been held under house arrest. Not far from that was the civilian prison where members of the Revolutionary Military Council and other former members of the central committee were now held.

On the northern end of the hill, the top of the horseshoe, was the very grand house that was the governor general's residence. It had a wide veranda, stone-flagged where not tiled; a reception room with tall doors; a high timber ceiling, elaborately molded; gilt mirrors and craftsman-made furniture. There, some days later, the governor general, a black man, formerly a schoolmaster, the man who now incarnated what was left of the authority of the state of Grenada, witnessed the swearing-in of the members of his new advisory council. The men swore allegiance to Queen Elizabeth II and kissed the Bible.

Legal authority in Grenada still derived its forms from the British Empire. But the most important witnesses that day—apart from the correspondents and the television teams—were Major General Jack Farris, slender, white-haired, in uniform, commander of the American forces, and the man in a blue suit who was the defacto American ambassador, the civilian arm of General Farris's de facto authority.

In a glass case in the rough little museum in the center of town was Britain's gift to Grenad at the time of independence nine years before: silver coffee service and twenty-four Wedgwood bone china coffee cups, all laid out on undye hessian. The New Jewel Movement had resister that independence. Its members had feared Gairy's excesses in an independent Grenada. The leader of the movement and others had beei badly beaten by Gairy's men during a time of protest. And in another glass case in the museum were souvenirs of that occasion: the leader' bloodstained sports shirt, the stone that had cracked the leader's head and left him with double vision.

Violence had indeed come to independen Grenada. Ten years later, the leader had bee executed by the army he had created. And thi time there were no souvenirs. The leader's bod still had not been found.

It was the rainy season in the eastern Caribbean. At dawn the rain clouds rose as fast a smoke above the eastern hill of St. George's The sky darkened; the rain poured, feeding th vegetation in the empty rubbled spaces betwee the eighteenth-century buildings; the sk cleared again. In the late afternoons the golde light, trapped within the curving hill and reflecting off the bay, made all the buildings a ros color against the dark vegetation and the milk blue eastern sky.

Black helicopters crossed the view, as the had done all day. They hovered for minutes ove the civilian prison.

"That's the military," an American corre spondent said. "Haven't you been wit them before? They like activity."

here was, amazingly, an American "inter nationalist" worker still on the island. Her nam was Michele Gibbs; she was from Chicago. Sh had been "invited" by the American military t leave Grenada; and she intended to go. She n longer had a cause in Grenada.

She was an attractive brown woman in he late thirties, slender, with a small bust, and wit unshaved armpits—oddly aggressive, those may of hair, hard not to look at. Her political caus had been given her at birth, she said: both he parents—her mother a Russian Jew, her father black man from Texas—had been communists

The revolutionary black state of Grenada ha been a kind of paradise for Michele for thre years. She felt she had come home, and she ha hoped to live there forever. She had found a apartment on the lower floor of a restored ol house on a favored cliffside spot, just below th prime minister's office. Bougainvillea shaded he sea-facing front room and her little circular te race from the afternoon sun. In these cond

ons, which must have appeared idyllic to somene from Chicago, Michele had served the brenadian revolution, helping with education, oing her revolutionary paintings, and writing ad publishing her revolutionary poems (handritten and photoset).

de forest move de land watch de folk talk. de cat mew de dog bark de revo start.

Now, more than three weeks after the disastr, she was still a little dazed. People were "morly in shock," she said; they felt they had been betrayed by their own." And, speaking of the imerican invasion, she said that people were relieved that the situation was taken out of their ands." All she wanted for herself now was to go far, far away."

The communism that had been given to her as cause had committed her to an almost mystical ersonal search. In Grenada she had found what ne wanted and needed to find; and though mong her poems there were some poems of reuke to someone who appeared to have run out n the revolution, it was not really surprising nat Michele's poems about Grenada were abract, little more than party slogan-making. Her oems about black life in Detroit were more permal, more concrete, unexpectedly tough, nany of the barbs turned inward. The cause in rmerica had been a kind of pain: it was possible ere and there to detect something like weariess with the life of struggle in America. One of Aichele's longer poems was autobiographical.

So livid were police to see we three: Ted, black Paula, white and me together and at liberty.

fichele had written this poem in Grenada after he had heard that her mother, at the age of eventy-two, had been shot and killed in the Jnited States by a street thief, who might have been black—though the poem didn't say.

The irony of this death was like the irony of he destruction of Michele's cause in Grenada. And perhaps her life was full of ironies because of let way of looking or her way of not looking. Her Grenada was private; and her position in Grenada wasn't what she thought it had been. She hadn't been taken seriously by all the revolutionaries. She had too American a sense of the elf; with her poems and her paintings and her general manner she had seemed too self-promotions. She—like other American international-sts—had been thought of as "having a holiday"

in the revolution, people with American causes, people more concerned with protest than with the use of power.

After I left Grenada I met a West Indian woman internationalist from another territory who thought that Michele might even have been a CIA agent. The West Indian woman had also felt at one time that her own job might have been taken away from her and—as a result of machinations by Michele's patrons in the revolution—given to Michele.

The revolutionary life—which Michele had painted as an idyll—sounded a little cutthroat. The leaders and the privileged helpers had a vision of a purified people correctly led and living cooperatively together. But at the top and just below the top there had always been, dissension, the clash of personalities, the play of human passion that the administrators of the socialist uto-

pia would have liked to deny to the

people

here was a purely Grenadian story. It was the story of a retarded island community hijacked by people slightly more educated into the forms of a grandiose revolution. Separate from this, superimposed on it, there was an American story—the story of the U.S. military in Grenada. And it was on this that the American correspondents concentrated.

They hadn't liked what they had seen of the detention facility at Point Salines. When they came back to the hotel they spoke of eight-feet-square cells set down on the ground, with PVC covers and four-feet-high entrance flaps. It worried the correspondents that the army people should have been so pleased with the facility and anxious to show it off. Perhaps the facility had been designed beforehand? Perhaps the invasion of Grenada was just an exercise for the invasion of Nicaragua?

The humanitarian concern of the correspondents was genuine, but mixed up with it were newsmen's professional instincts. Grenada was a small part of a larger American story; and distrust of the military was a necessary part of the equipment of the good correspondent. In Grenada this distrust was great. American correspondents felt they had been shut out of the invasion, and they took it personally.

"It's an adversary relationship," a photographer said. And in a small but irritating way the military were still winning. They were moving in from their field tents and taking over the working hotels day by day. They dug up the beaches to fill sandbags; they put sandbags and a new kind of barbed wire on the lawns; they parked trucks with machine guns among the coconut trees. Correspondents who had been treated by hotel staff as guests in the morning might find them-

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The cross-streets on the hill above the harbor were old West Indian streets, socially mixed. Master and slave had once lived side by side; and slum could still be only a house-yard from gentility

selves challenged for a password in the evening by a nervous sentry. (There were women among the marines. The fact was sometimes revealed only by a feminine call, in the night, of "Halt!")

The Grenada Beach Hotel, formerly the Holiday Inn, was the U.S. military headquarters. Some of the rooms in one wing had been bombed during the fighting; but the American bombing had everywhere been wonderfully precise, and the hotel was in working order. The Psy-Ops briefing was held in the open dining room, next to the garden, where the barbed wire, new and shiny, as yet unrusted by the sea air, was barely uniformed as the soldiers, were laying the tables for lunch.

The man from the Miami Herald wanted to know about the Psy-Ops poster with a photograph of the commander of the People's Revolutionary Army. "It shows him naked, sitting only in a bath towel, with a marine behind him. Don't you think that's demeaning?"

The colonel said, making a new point with every sentence: "He had what was available when we got there. Maybe they were checking his clothes. Maybe he was taking a shower or something. He chose not to have the sheet over his shoulders. It showed he wasn't injured. The soldier was there in the picture to show that he was in captivity."

It was a full reply. But the American correspondents' main interest was the Special Operations Command. It was apparently new to them. They wanted to know where it was based, and what it did, and how it was organized.

"Who is the commander?"

"Brigadier General Promotable Lutz. L-u-t-z<sup>1</sup>
Dutifully, like first-year university studen who want to take down everything, the corr spondents scribbled. Then someone had a doub

"Promotable. Is that his name?"

"It means that in a few days he will be a maj general." The colonel smiled. "Sorry about th piece of army jargon."

So perhaps, properly punctuated, the cormander was Brigadier General (Major Genera promotable) Lutz.

The main briefing of the morning was in S George's itself, in a small, old-style residenti house on one of the cross-streets on the his above the harbor. It was an old West Indian ci street, socially mixed. Master and slave had on lived side by side; and slum-verandale wooden shacks, close together—could still only a yard or house-lot away from gentility. Tl house (with a tablet of local modern sculpture the entrance, and a local canvas in the hall) ha been adapted to the modest Grenadian needs the University of the West Indies, and had no been readapted as a press center. Handwritte notices pinned above doors said "Telex," "Co ference Room," On a green board in one roo were chalked the casualty tables: KIA, WI (Killed in Action, Wounded in Action): U.S. 18 and 113; Cuban, 42 and 57; Grenadian, and 280.

The conference was held in the lecture theat built against the back wall of the house. The was little new to talk about. Most of the que tions were about the detention facility and the casualty figures. There was a dispute about the



mber of the dead: checks with the local moraries had given higher figures. Some of the rrespondents became aggressive. The military okesmen, one black, one white, remained ol. From time to time the black spokesman id, "Do you want me to take that?" Or, "All that, I'll take that." "Take" was apparently a chnical word: it meant to check up on.

University library staff stood and watched in the windows of the original house. The ndows opened directly onto the lecture-theerstage; and the watchers were like figures on a long in an Elizabethan theater, or like West dian middle-class folk looking on from a reectable distance at a backyard squabble.

The dispute about the number of the dead was ally a dispute about army misinformation, part the continuing dispute in Grenada between e American military and the American press. ofessional pride was engaged on both sides. 1e awful fact of death was like another story, d Grenada itself just a background.

The bad blood between the correspondents of the military came to a climax two days later, ten the correspondent of a famous American waspaper, behaving at a nighttime marine adblock as he might have behaved at a morn-

ing briefing, found himself hand-

he important detainees were in the civilian ison in St. George's. The lesser folk—suscted members of the People's Revolutionary rmy—were in the detention facility at Point dines, a few winding miles to the southwest, st bays and scrubland.

This was where the big Cuban-built airport is. It had become the center of the main Ameran camp, the complete military settlement hair-conditioned hospital tents of a new demethat the rapid deployment force had set up the help of its computerized inventory (and ould take away again in eighteen hours).

To arrive there after the forests and hills and isting roads of the rest of Grenada was like ming out into the open, and into another kind country: a despoiled flatness of concrete and arred earth, with the two-mile-long Cuban nway making a broad level stripe to the horin. There was much heavy Cuban equipment out. Barbed wire ran beside the runway. The offinished concrete hangars were among the ggest buildings in Grenada; and, three weeks ter the invasion, Americans and local men ere still filling and stacking sandbags outside e hangars. Garbage trucks were busy. Above, always, the helicopters clattered.

The detention area, some distance from the nway and near a burning rubbish dump (even the rubbish looked new), was ringed by coils of

barbed wire and guarded by marines. The PVC-covered cells, eight feet square (as we had been told), were like tall boxes. They were set flat on the ground, in rows. The effect was one of desolation. But the American correspondents' talk of mongoose cages seemed exaggerated.

Some of the detainees were to be released that afternoon. That was what we had come to see. We had to wait. From time to time it rained. An army lorry with a local crew came and dumped fresh rubbish on the burning rubbish dump. In the compound a marine (possibly a woman—a victory for another kind of American cause) trained a machine gun on the area where the released detainees were to be mustered.

An old civilian car appeared. The marines at the barrier leveled their guns. The car stopped, parked carefully. A black family group got out: a self-effacing man, a shapeless, subdued girl in trousers, and a thinner, blacker girl in bright colors and with white-and-red plastic earrings, the color and the material effective against her black skin.

She was pure venom, the black girl, one of the real "biting ants" of the slums. She said, talking to us and yet acknowledging none of us, "Dey wire us up. Wire up de road. Wire up de beaches. Everyt ing wire up now."

Her brother was inside. She had been allowed in once, to see him; she didn't know whether he was to be released that afternoon. But he was: she saw him in the group lining up outside the huts, and she forgot us.

From a distance, the jeans and shirts and straw hats (and the small American flag that one of the detainees held in his hand) gave a carnival air to the men about to be released. But closer to—when the buses briefly stopped outside the camp area, and we were permitted to look in and talk to the men—the faces were disturbing: the faces of men of the Revolutionary Army, still in a group, still acting one for the other; no longer just the rough faces of the street, but the faces of simple men who, in the smallness of Grenada, had known power. I was not American. The eyes that held mine still transmitted power and conviction.

Gairy had ruled with the help of the Mongoose Gang, the Green Beasts. The New Jewel Movement had ruled with the help of its army. For a small island, Grenada was amazingly varied, in racial types, accents, manners, levels of education. And perhaps the murderous, secret-society politics of Grenada had been made in part by the geography of the small island, by the constriction of the hills and forests and small villages, where people couldn't easily grow and where the past was close. Gairy had been more than a labor leader: he had tapped the African religious feeling of his supporters. And perhaps

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Gairy had ruled with the help of the Mongoose Gang. The New Jewel Movement had ruled with the help of its army. What was common to both was a vision of sudden racial redembtion

in that curious name, Jewel (Joint Endeavor for Welfare, Education, and Liberation), there was some Grenadian countermagic against the Green Beasts. What was common to both movements in this black Hansel-and-Gretel world was the vision offered—by Gairy to a primitive people, by Jewel to a people slightly more educated—of sudden racial redemption.

Jeorge Louison, a founding member of Jewel, had been a minister in the People's Revolutionary Government and a member of the central committee until things began to break up. He had often been criticized in the central committee for being petit bourgeois; and right at the end he had been imprisoned by the Revolutionary Military Council for trying to get the people to make trouble. After the invasion he had been detained for a day by the Americans at Point Salines. Then, unexpectedly, the Americans had come for him again. This time—he regarded it as pure psychological harassment—they had kept him only eight hours. It was after this release that we met.

He was a man of thirty-two, a man from the country, pure black, not big. He was the son of a builder and he was by profession a teacher. He lived on the west coast, in a village that came after a stretch of land that looked uncultivated. His house was on a rocky lane that led off the main coast road and up a valley, beside a racing river. The valley was dark, hidden from the late afternoon sun. The concrete house, though ambitious in the setting, was simple, with an outside staircase to the top floor.

Night fell, all at once. The electricity failed; we talked in the plain downstairs front room by candlelight.

There was no stylishness about Louison. He had preserved the earnestness and simplicity of his background. The name of Louison was known in the area: his father's uncle went to a secondary school in 1900 and was one of the first black men in Grenada to receive a proper education. Louison's father was born in 1918. Starting as a village carpenter and mason, he had taken a correspondence course and become a trained builder. With this urge to self-improvement, Louison's father took an interest in the Negro causes of the time. He liked the back-to-Africa views of Marcus Garvey; there was a picture of Garvey in the house.

But didn't Garvey defraud black people of the money they had given to the cause? Wasn't that a blow to Louison's father?

Louison said, "Here in this village people think it was a manipulation by anti-Garvey elements plus the U.S. government. And Garvey represented more than the race question. He

represented the anticolonial fight."

After Garvey, there was the Grenadian politician Theophilus Albert Marryshow, whereached the idea of a West Indian federation "Marryshow ended a pauper," Louison said. Arthere was Grantley Adams of the Barbados L bour Party.

"Later my father ran a small shop right on th spot, where this house is. It was an area for di cussion. In the late fifties he made an attempt start adult education in the village." This we the time of Gairy. Louison's father supporte Gairy in the beginning, but broke with him a 1960. "Gairy's main base was among the agricultural laborers, and he never did anything to lithe standard. Gairy never attempted to unde stand the process of societal development."

"Would your father have thought like that? Louison didn't answer directly. He said, "E 1969–70 I would have come to that conclusion.

By that time, at the age of eighteen, Georg Louison was deep in politics. He had starte young, with youth work, "politics in humanita rian forms." Then the Black Power movement 1970 claimed him and the rest of his generation He didn't go abroad to study; he remained a sirr ple teacher; he didn't think of marrying. "To th day I am not married. Many people in the Ne Jewel Movement were like me. For us it becam almost a mission in the early seventies." Blac power was more than its name. "Black power i terms of the race question lasted two years i Grenada. There was a small but dramatic ever in early 1973. We were going to send people t the Sixth Pan-African Congress. A month be fore the congress took place we heard that Gair was going." Gairy's point was that he, Gairy, wa black, and that he had already created blac power in Grenada. And that in a way was true "That made us realize that black power wasn't question of blackness. It was a question of poli tics and overall ideas."

And all the time, the process of self-improvement continuing, Louison and his colleagues is the New Jewel Movement were studying. Study he idea of study, was important to these earnes young men; and their studies appeared to havbeen mainly political. "Up to two months ago would study collectively. The widest range of things. Initially we studied pretty widely, but it the past six or seven years we studied mainly socialist material."

In 1973 and 1974, just before and after inde pendence, there were bitter fights with Gairy men. In 1973 the leader of the movement was dreadfully wounded—in the museum there was his bloodied shirt—and in early 1974 the leac er's father was killed. The New Jewel Movementhanged. "In 1973 we were a populist movement. By late 1974 we decided it was vital for use the state of the stat

have a definite idea." And it was at this time at they made the break with the "humanitarn politics" of the past. Study had led them to cialism; thereafter socialism circumscribed eir study. "We wanted to bypass the tremenus evils of capitalist development. We recogzed we had to look at many countries. Cuba, robvious reasons—twenty years in that procs. We also looked to Yemen, Laos."

"Aren't those places quite different from

"We wanted to look at places outside the

amework of capitalist development and imperiist handouts. We also had to look at countries at had an experience of colonialism."

Louison couldn't fully explain how they had ade this big, final jump—he presented it as a ct, something obvious. But his political develment was reasonably clear. For all the cenry, in that village, there had been Louisons ho had been worked on in various ways by the ea of black redemption. Simple people had ade that idea of redemption a simple idea; the mple idea had created men like Gairy, who ept people down in order always to present him-If as their savior. Socialism absorbed the racial lea, purified it, did away with the corruptions therent in it. Socialism, doing away with the icial issue, left men free to be men. And all nat socialism required was study and faithful ractice, the giving to Grenada of the correct

But socialism, like other faiths, had its purists and fanatics. "As somebody said, the revolution

has blown up in our faces. We destroyed the revolution ourselves." The men in the central committee who, for the sake of revolutionary purity, had pressed for collective leadership and had put the leader under house arrest and had sent the army against the masses—those men were "mad." The course they were following was idealist, voluntarist, had no scientific grounding and no grounding with the people."

"Voluntarist? Doing things willfully?"
"By voluntarist I mean self-serving."

Even after the disaster, the socialism he had studied gave Louison the words to explain everything. His house had been looted. People had turned against the revolution, but he still grieved for the revolution. "I'm in a state of deep, deep rethinking." But politically he could remain only where his study had taken him. He couldn't go back to "humanitarian politics," the racial simplicities of Grenada without socialism. He couldn't forget the world vision he had

been granted; he couldn't make himself small again.

Dig Revolution, Small Country—that was the name of a Cuban film about the Grenadian revolution. But for the four and a half years of its rule, the People's Revolutionary Government did little.

They built the big airport at Point Salines with Cuban help. They established an army, a militia. They constantly fought counterrevolution, discovering at one stage a gang of twenty-six. They extended patronage to their supporters

Socialism as practiced by the New Jewel Movement absorbed the older idea of black redemption. purified it, did away with the corrubtions inherent in it. All that socialism required was study and faithful practice of the correct forms



The leaders of New Jewel had created the abbaratus of revolution, but they didn't know what to do with it. They began to feel the apparatus was at fault. They called in more specialists from Russia and Cuha

through various new, unproductive state organizations. They called in 200 foreign internationalist workers. They painted slogans. That was where the money went-on forms, party bureaucracy, security, show, the display of power.

The life of the island was distorted; people lived in dread of "manners." But at the very top. in the central committee—as was revealed after the invasion, when the minutes of its meetings became available—there was ineptitude and confusion.

Little was done for agriculture in an agricultural island, though there were slogan boards about "production" and though there was much idle land in Grenada, confiscated by the Gairy regime and then more or less abandoned. Doctrine got in the way of action: to encourage the most efficient farmers would be to encourage class ideas in the countryside, and the ultimate goal was cooperative farming. Socialist doctrine was at odds with the nature of the people in other ways. Deprived youth, for instance, didn't really want to work on the land, though they were happy to plant marijuana. And there was the problem—as raised at one central committee meeting in carefully classless language-of the "non-nice type youth, the grassroots youth," with whom nothing at all could be done.

Big new words were found for old attitudes: Grenadian workers, it was discovered, were riddled with "economism"—they just wanted money, and saw no "conceptual link" between that and work. There was at times in the meetings of the central committee the atmosphere of the classroom: linguistic skill, a new way with words, seeming to be an end in itself.

Attendance at "mass" rallies dropped off. In the central committee the same issues were discussed again and again, and little seemed to change. Once it even happened that certain important slogans were not painted; the excuse given was that there was no paint. Central committee members were often tired at meetings, unprepared; at one meeting some members actually fell asleep. There were sessions of criticism and self-criticism; this socialist rite seemed to give much pleasure.

They had created the apparatus of a revolution, but they didn't know what to do with it. Socialism should have come with the apparatus, but it hadn't. They began to feel that the apparatus was at fault. So-further distorting the life of the community-they called in more socialist specialists from Russia and Cuba; and quite late, almost at the end, they thought they would get more teachers from the advanced socialist countries to help with their own party organization.

They accused one another of being petit bourgeois. They developed another doubt; and this-muffled, coming out in scattered phrases at different times—was like a reawakening of & racial anxiety. Perhaps, after all, there was incompatibility between the people of Grenza and the high ideals of socialism. Perhaps the rill socialists, the people from the great world of side, thought of them as "jokers."

It was this wish to be considered serious, the wish to fit people to theory, that led them in extraordinary ways. There was a problem wi the Rastafarians. In Gairy's time the Rastafa ians had seemed to be on the side of the revol tion-anti-Gairy and rejecters of the capital system. But when the revolution came the Ra tas had continued to be themselves. The refused to work or to send their children school: they went about dirry and naked: th smoked marijuana and thought it legitimate steal when pressed by need.

This kind of black behavior was shaming the revolution. It was decided that there we Rastafarians who were counterrevolutionarie "counter Rastas"; and some were picked u There were proposals for putting Rastas in cam "with a rigid programme and pacifying music There were other proposals for prosecuting "lur pen" Rastas in the courts and sending them prison farms. Criminal Rastas who couldn't convicted in the courts were to be put in hidde detention camps, and the militia was to provide "well-paid armed guards under supervision party persons." So, bizarrely, revolutional pride, merging into an unexpressed racial prid led some people of the central committee to con template the idea of the concentration camp.

It was this kind of attitude, this wish for pure dispassionate, classless revolutionary action that led to the final, sudden madness: the place ing of the leader under arrest, the sending of th army against the crowd, the execution of th leader and other ministers (all members of th central committee). The Revolutionary Militar Council thought they had done the right thing They were shocked by the unfriendly response of Fidel Castro, who refused to offer any hel against an American attack. According to handwritten note found afterward, the Revolu tionary Military Council thought the Cuban had taken "a personal and not a class ap proach to events in Grenada." The Grenadian revolution, proving itself, destroyed

sy-Ops were sending a team of marines on hearts-and-minds mission to a country area.

A CBS television crew was going with them and I got a ride in the CBS minibus. The CBS producer had a cameraman, a woman sound re corder, a reporter (of deep, authoritative voice) a local driver, a local guide. At the end of the day a script would be telexed to New York. If New York liked the script, the producer had a heliconter to take his film to Point Salines and an airplane to get from there to Barbados, to edit his film into a 100-second report.

There were so many sides to American endeavor, so many separate ambitions feeding off one another. Grenada, again, became back-

ground.

The mercy mission was half an exercise. The supplies the marines were taking were mainly Cuban leftovers: condensed milk, some of the tins bad. And, though there were to be visits to the sick, there were not many medicines.

We went to a village called Munich, and stopped beside a grocery shop. It was green and wet and hilly all around. The board above the grocery door gave the name of the owner, Calliste, and said that he was the agent for a St. George's firm who were "specialists in embalming and shipping." The shop smelled of salt fish and oil and spices. A big, calm, middle-aged brown woman with glasses was behind the counter. She was Mrs. Calliste.

A brown man said to her: "You see, if all-you behave yourself, you all right. If you live right, police don't come for you. You behave bad, and they come to help all-you put things in order." Then, hurriedly, as though he felt he had said too much, he got in his van and drove away.

A small young man, bare-chested and with the beginnings of Rastafarian locks, came across the road. He talked about marijuana, and then, thinking I was one of the American team, he offered his services as a tracker. He was only playing bad; he was half respectable, working a little family plot up in the hills and suffering with other farmers from low nutmeg prices, bad transport, and no storage facilities for perishable produce. The Callistes were the biggest people in the area, he said: they had lots of nutmeg trees. In a two-story house up the road there was another rich man; he ran a dance hall on the lower floor of his house, and he also had a bus. "He have mo' cash. Dey"—and the young man reverentially rolled his eyes and tilted his head toward Mrs. Calliste, confident and calm behind her counter-"dev have more wort'."

Mrs. Calliste went to a back room. It began to rain and the chicken dung outside the shop was partly washed away. A barefoot black woman, shiny faced, with dusty, uncombed hair, missing front teeth, and a dirty gray-blue dress, came in through the rain. She said to the girl helper, "Ask Mistress Calliste if she have clart for pocket.'

"Clart?" an old man said. "Clart? You have to start talking Yankee now. You have to say 'cloth.' "

"Yes, we have to talk Yankee now."

The girl came back. "Mistress Calliste say she

don't have cloth for pocket."

"No cloth for a foreign pocket?" Foreign pocket, a foreign packet, a parcel to be posted overseas. "Ain't she have some shop cloth there?"

But the cloth on the shelf was a little too fine. "All right," the barefoot woman said, abandoning pride. "Gimme a flour sack." She pointed to the glass case. "Let me see that pack of biscuits. I don't want to buy it, eh. I just want to look at it." She held the pack in her hand. "What? T'ree-fifty for dis?" As though she hadn't known. In her feckless poor-woman's way she would have loved to throw away money on the dainty biscuits, but even at fifty cents they would have been too dear for her. All she could do was to make this little display, embarrassing the people in the shop who were sheltering from the rain, village people to whom her poverty would have been well known.

Mrs. Calliste stood again at her counter. A black marine, appearing suddenly, said roughly to her, "You own the shop?"

His accent was difficult, and he hadn't introduced himself or said good morning. She didn't know how to react.

"Where's the owner?"

"He not home," Mrs. Calliste said, speaking

"When's he coming back?"

"About four." Mrs. Calliste looked worried. "I'll be gone then."

The barefoot woman took charge. She said to the marine. "You can talk to her. She is Mistress

But the marine had no special message. He wanted to say only what the Psy-Ops drill required him to say at this stage. He said, "We're going to play some music and make announcements. It's going to be loud and there'll be a crowd." And he was gone.

But there was no crowd then. That came an hour or so later, after the Psy-Ops team, guided by a local nurse and followed by the CBS crew. had made health visits to various houses.

The rocky dirt road down from the shop was slippery after rain.

"De sight bad," an old man said. "Ah, but de sight bad." He had heard about the health visits and he had put on his good clothes. He picked his way down the red road behind me, thinking I was one of the team. But there was no one to help with his eyes. And there were no drugs for the old woman whose nerves had fraved. She too, and her room, had been made ready for the

"She had a nervous breakdown," her builder nephew said, "and she went to hospital. So far this year she have four reoccurrences. She live in that house up the hill, and I brought her down

There were many sides to American endeavor, so many ambitions feeding off one another. Psy-Ops were sending a team of marines on a hearts-and-minds mission A CBS team was going with them. Grenada. again, became background

The revolution depended on language. At one level it used big, blurring words; at another, it missued the language of the people. Here the very idea of study had been used to keep simple men simble

with me, nuh, when she get bad. She does itch here and she does itch there, and she got those pains in her back all the time."

The old lady, half crazed with pain, raised her arms. "I got these nerves. I got this pain."

But there were no drugs for her. The Psy-Ops doctor was distressed; he said he would come to her the next day.

The Psy-Ops men had trained in North Carolina. Grenada was their first venture among a foreign population. The population was friendly. There were no minds to win here. Psy-Ops had run into real need, real dependence; and the men, trained for a more macho role, didn't have the means to cope.

The loudspeaker on the jeep played a curious (perhaps "pacifying") kind of reggae, an extra drumming in the noisy tropical rain. The recorded announcements, half threatening, half benevolent, were repeated. Word about the visit spread to other villages. And soon, outside Mrs. Calliste's shop, there were any number of people, men and women, wanting to have their "pressure" tested.

The CBS team had filmed a lot, tramping about in the rain. The cameraman had slipped and damaged his elbow (but saved his camera). The film work, if it did make the evening news, would have been the bigger American endeavor of the day. If it didn't make the evening news, it would have been less than the Psy-Ops exercise.

On the way back to St. George's we passed three schoolgirls in white blouses and navy blue skirts. One of them shouted, "White ——people!" It wasn't a greeting. It was descriptive, the equivalent of a whistle, hovering between friendly satire and aggression, something from a very old

Grenada, an acknowledgment of racial distance.

sy-Ops hadn't thought it necessary to deface or remove the slogans of the revolution—except on the short street up the hill to Fort George. That was where the killings by the People's Revolutionary Army had taken place.

The events of that day had already passed into legend. Details varied—nearly everyone claimed to be an eyewitness or a participant—but there was an essential tale. When the leader had been released from house arrest by the crowd, he was weak. He hadn't eaten for three days, either out of a fear of being poisoned or because Cuban doctors had injected him with a dehydrating drug. He had been found naked, strapped to a bed. He couldn't walk. The people had taken him in a car to the fort. The soldiers there had come over to his side: his mother had sent sandwiches and orange juice for him. Then the Revolutionary Military Council had sent the armored cars. It was an incomplete story. But it

was the legend now, the story of a Grenadi

The fort overlooked the entrance to the inn harbor. On the battlements were nineteent century cannon. The army barracks—poliheadquarters before the People's Revolutiona Army had been created—were in a sturdy of colonial building, in the Italianate style of the Public Works Department. The America bombing had been precise and light: four hold close together in the green corrugated-iron to the Toon one side of the courtyard was the prison setion, rusting barbed wire stretched over the littly yard into which the three small concrete ce opened.

"Manners" had been imposed on counterrev lutionaries in that prison. Some of the prisone had been Rastafarians; up to twenty had bee held in that small space. Official red-stencils slogans—DISCIPLINE IS A MUST BE DISCIPLINE NOW and WE WILL DIE RATHER THAN BELOW PUPPETS OF U.S. IMPERIALISM—were still mixe with confused or stoned Rastafarian protest FOR WHAT IS A MAN OWN IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD AND LOUSE THE LOST OF H SOULD.

All about the battlements was litter: fla tened, discarded Revolutionary Army uniform boots, padded boxes that had contained Russia weapons (the inventory on the lids in English much paper, much writing. This army had stuied. It had studied politics; it had studied a paticular antiaircraft weapon and done many sin ple written exercises. The barracks inside hamore paper: innumerable written exercise many communist magazines.

The revolution depended on language. At or level it used big, blurring words; at another, misused the language of the people. Here the very idea of study—a good idea, associated in the minds of most Grenadians with self-improvement—had been used to keep simple men simple and obedient.

"My God, they've turned the guns on the people!" These are among the last recorded words the leader of the revolution. A photograph take at the time of the shooting shows the armore cars, the army lorries, people running, and the slogan board—later painted over—at the foot the fort hill: POLITICS DISCIPLINE COMBA, READINESS EQUALS VICTORY.

The revolution was a revolution of words. The words had appeared as an illumination, a shor cut to dignity, to newly educated men who ha nothing in the community to measure them selves against and who, finally, valued little 1 their own community. But the words were min icry. They were too big; they didn't fit; they remained words. The revolution blew away; an what was left in Grenada was a murder story.

### THE RISE OF THE VERBAL CLASS

Intellectuals have come in from the cold By Joseph Epstein

is not a question I ask myself every few hours, but it is not a stupid question, either. It is, in fact, a natural one. I recall, as a young boy, asking my parents if we were rich. "Rich, no," my father replied. "I would say that we are comfortable." I didn't find that a very satisfactory answer. Lo, twenty-odd years later, one of my sons asked me what our social class was. "Well," I replied, "I believe we are somewhere in the middle." I suspect that he found that no more satisfactory than I had found my own father's answer. "Dad," this same son asked, sometime in the early 1970s, "do all liberals drive Volvos?" Here I was able to give more satisfaction. "Not necessarily," I said, "but all people who drive Volvos are liberals." Which then seemed to be the case, but which still doesn't answer the question: Socially speaking, where am I?

Money does not provide the decisive clue to my social standing. As the man in the old Jewish joke says, "I make a nice living," but then so do any number of plumbers, dentists, and NFL linebackers. Unless I badly misread things, money, even very great piles of it, does not nowadays determine social class—as once upon a time it could. Lovely stuff, money; it can bring a person so many things—fine clothes, complicated food, a good address, elegant cars, the best schools, and, if none of these things makes one happy, a psychotherapist to sit with four or five hours a week to figure out what is still missing. Lovely stuff, money, as I say, but socially not quite the right stuff.

Lineage—that is, distinguished forebears—helps, though here, too, less than it once did. It seems as if, in America at any rate, not many families can sustain social standing over more than a few generations. In this country, a family will just begin to make some headway down the field when, before you know it, someone will drop the social ball through suicide (du Pont, Guggenheim), or running off with the chauffeur (Ford), or driving off a bridge (Kennedy). No, when it comes to social standing, you just can't count on lineage.

What about religion? My wife is an Episcopalian. One once received social points for this, but less and less as the years have gone by, since the Episcopal Church has become a very fancy political institution, bringing the Lord into all sorts of liberationist movements. I am myself, as a black sergeant of mine at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri once referred to it, of the Hebrew extraction, and socially this has been a very complicated question. After centuries of pariahdom, Jews, sometime in the 1950s, became some-

Joseph Epstein is the editor of the American Scholar. His books include Ambition and, most recently, The Middle of My Tether, a collection of "familiar essays."

Still scratching around for status, I note that I am in Who's Who in America, but I suspect that a third of all Americans must be, too. My our entry thing of a socially hot item. I recall reading an essay by Robert Graves which he wrote about the fashionableness of being Jewish among intelectuals in Europe, what with Marx, Freud, Einstein, and nearly every oth leading intellectual figure being a Jew. Graves noted that suddenly Europe intellectuals began searching their genealogy for signs of Jewish forebears, conducting such a search himself, Graves discovered in his own past a loiline of Anglo-Irish Protestant rectors, deans, and bishops, "than whin nothing in the world could be more govesque."

For a time, then, it looked as if being Jewish might be a serious social ass Among American novelists, musicians, painters, social scientists, and hig flying journalists, a preponderant number appeared to be Jews. Could it that, Zion not yet personally attained, a Jewish gent such as myself countentheless feel socially at ease? One might have thought so. But th "one" doesn't get my mail. Here is the first paragraph of a response to recent essay of mine from a gentleman from Houston. Texas:

Dear Mr. Epstein:

"The Education of an Anti-Capitalist" is an interesting article; at least, I fou it so. As the result of reading it, I understand better why Jews are disliked in nea all countries of the world. A thoughtful evaluation of your writing leads to understanding of reasons underlying the holocaust and it is easy to conclude tha is regretful Hitler's decimation of the Jews did not reach 100%.

Perhaps I had better not count on being Jewish for my social standing. Still scratching around for status, I note that I am in Who's Who America, but I suspect that at least a third of all Americans must be in one another of the Who's Who volumes. My own entry, near as I can recall it, rather thin. I mention the names of my wife and children. I say where I we to school. I tick off my various jobs and the titles of my books. I am not a P Beta Kappa. I belong to no professional associations. An acquaintance Washington once offered to put me up for membership in the Cosmos Clu whose members include people in government, journalists, and others wl do intellectual work; yet I get to Washington only two or three times a yea and the status and convenience of being a member did not, in my vie outweigh the expense. If I lived in New York, I might attempt to wangle membership in the Century Club, which has a fine library and pretty got food as well as a great many members of whom I have written harsh criticis

and who, consequently, could be relied upon to leave me lone. But I don't live in New York. Still, I feel that my Who Who entry could use a bit of beefing up.

ake my university: the University of Chicago (A.B. '59). It was fine place to go to school, but I sense that it cuts no social ice. Socially, hasn't the cachet of Harvard, Princeton, or Yale; or even for that matter Amherst, Williams, or Dartmouth. I have a son who is about to gradua from Stanford, which is a school that has some social cachet, but I feel st too young to live off the status of my children. No, I am a University Chicago man, with all this does and does not imply. One of the things doesn't imply is strong social connections. What it does seem to imply certain intellectual seriousness, possibly brilliance, but brilliance usual combined with eccentricity, even neuroticism. Not much status here.

I am a university teacher, which seems to carry some status, though of fuzzy kind. I teach at Northwestern, a respectable place—one that is ju outside the rim of those socially useful schools, Harvard, Yale, Princetor and Stanford. But as someone who came to teaching late, and without Ph.D., I teach without a resounding title. I am called a lecturer, that vague of all university teaching titles, and I have the feeling that my job must make more of a social dent if I were, say, the Bud and Bunny Budenber Distinguished Service Professor. But then a fellow can't have everything

I do carry a single title, however. Since 1975 I have been the editor of the American Scholar, the quarterly published by Phi Beta Kappa. It has given no

mething like a social handle. Even now I find myself slightly disconcerted be introduced by this title. "I believe you know Joseph Epstein, who is the iter of the American Scholar?" Or better: "Do you know the editor of the merican Scholar, Joseph Epstein?"—a not altogether comfortable case, I we frequently felt, of putting first things first. Having such a title is all the ore problematic for me because the first off-color joke I remember hearing a boy was about a man named Murphy of the Office of Price Administran, who, upon asking sexual favors of women, always assured them that it as all right, since after all he was Murphy of the OPA. I won't repeat the ke here, except to say that in the fullness of time, on a park bench, he met y with Johnson of the FBI, and embarrassment followed. So much, then, r Epstein of the American Scholar.

No, such status as I have, or am likely to have, derives from my occupaon. What is this occupation? Here things get a bit blurry. I write, I teach, I
lit. But I have no—as they say nowadays—"field." I have mastered no
scipline—am not an economist, a political scientist, or a historian. I know
certain amount about literature, past and present, but only in the way that
fairly well-educated person of another century might. I am no specialist in
lizabethan England, no scholar of the eighteenth century, no professional
itic of poetry. Not, I hasten to add, that this has stopped me from writing
out whatever has interested me over the years, and, what is more, manag10 to get a lot of it published. What I am, it turns out, is one of the world's

greatest living experts—of nothing in particular. Another word for one of the world's greatest living experts of nothing

in particular is an "intellectual."

hat, then, is the status of intellectuals in contemporary American fe? An anecdote is perhaps to the point. Some six or seven years ago, I was formed by mail that I had been appointed to the Visiting Committee to ne Division of the Social Sciences at the University of Chicago, Being an umnus of that institution, I was pleased at the appointment. The duties ivolved going to two or three meetings a year, at which faculty members of ne or another of the academic departments in the social sciences explained hat was going on in their disciplines. Other Visiting Committeemen inluded Robert Silvers, the editor of the New York Review of Books, Joseph raft, the columnist, and a number of wealthy alumni. Robert Silvers never nowed up; Joseph Kraft did on one occasion. The days spent at the univerty were pleasant enough; we listened to several lectures, interrupted by a ice lunch, and took part in small discussion groups. It soon became clear nat the purpose of the Visiting Committee was fund-raising. But what was -an alumnus who gave the University of Chicago a mere \$300 a yearoing there? I once put the question to Saul Bellow. "What do you think ou're doing there?" he said. "These rich guys have to have someone to talk

Talking to the rich is not, I should have thought, one of the major funcions of intellectuals. Yet this, in our day, is increasingly one of the things intellectuals tend to do; and they seem to do it frequently enough to cause me to think further about their status. What is more, intellectuals, by so alking, can become fairly rich themselves. On the lecture circuit intellectuils are greatly in demand, and some of the more glitteringly famous among hem talk to the rich for whopping big fees. William F. Buckley Jr. and John kenneth Galbraith are said to earn in excess of \$5,000 for a single speaking graggement; Henry Kissinger has been known to charge \$15,000. Less fanous figures work for less fabulous, though still far from negligible, sums. Intellectuals are invited to address the members of corporations; some among them even serve on corporate boards of directors. The point is that intellectuals are in demand, and many are quite ready to satisfy that demand. The demand itself is a sign of how their status has risen.

This is an interesting and rather new phenomenon. In 1963 the historian Richard Hofstadter published his book Anti-intellectualism in American Life,

Talking to the rich is mcreasingly one of the things intellectuals tend to do. By so talking, they can become fairly rich themselves



Part of the difficulty in defining an intellectual has to do with the often large gap between his pretensions and his conduct. To hear him tell it, he does not take sides, and he is

whose general line of argument was that the United States was not a hospitble country for the life of the mind. In his first paragraph, Hofstadter wro

Although this book deals mainly with certain aspects of the remoter Americans, it was conceived in response to the political and intellectual conditions the 1950's. During that decade the term anti-intellectualism, only rarely he before, became a familiar part of our national vocabulary of self-recrimination at intramural abuse. In the past, American intellectuals were often discouraged rembittered by the national disrespect for mind, but it is hard to recall a time what large numbers of people outside the intellectual community shared their conce or when self-criticism on this count took on the character of a nation-wide moment.

The political and intellectual conditions of the 1950s that Richard H stadter refers to were, chiefly, the depredations that Senator Joseph N Carthy had made on left-wing intellectuals caught up in radical activities and the defeat, twice, of Adlai Stevenson as a presidential candidate of Dwight David Eisenhower. In Stevenson's phrase, the New Dealers had been replaced by the car dealers. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., a strong Stevens supporter who would later re-emerge as the chief court panegyrist for the rather disappointing Kennedy Administration, chipped in by announcing "Anti-intellectualism has long been the anti-Semitism of the businessma... The intellectual... is on the run today in American society."

If the intellectual is on the run today, it tends to be at an airport to catch plane to take him to a conference or a lecture engagement or to pick upgrant from one of the private foundations or government endowmen Intellectuals are fairly regularly on television and radio; they crop up as t subject of gossipy articles in *People* and in the *New York Times* and *Washingta* Post cultural pages. Gore Vidal and Norman Mailer are celebrity figure Irving Kristol has been on the cover of *Esquire*, Susan Sontag on that *Vanity Fair*. Although not so glamorous as movie stars or so notable as sor

athletes, intellectuals today nonetheless have, in the pub eye, a certain glamour and notoriety that Richard Hofsta ter and a great many other intellectuals never envisionec

before attempting to account for how this came about, it wou be best to define what an intellectual is. This is not so easily done, for the may be more definitions of an intellectual than there have been actuintellectuals. The first distinction that needs to be made is that between intellectuals and other people who work primarily with their minds. The Russians used to refer to the latter—engineers, administrators, journalistsate intelligentsia. Not every member of the intelligentsia is an intellectual, although some might be; nor is every intellectual a member of the intelligentsia, although, again, some might be. What chiefly distinguish the intellectual is his interest in general ideas.

Part of the difficulty in defining the intellectual has to do with the ofte large gap between his pretensions and his conduct. Describing him by wh: Max Weber called an ideal type, let me begin by saying that the intellectu not only does the work of the mind but is interested in works of the mind ar of that particular portion of the mind that is creative, contemplative, ar critical. The intellectual, when he is interested in practical things, is chief interested in their theoretical aspects; he is interested, that is to say, i making connections between the theoretical and the practical. Speculation is his mental oxygen. Ideally, the intellectual is committed to rationality an the disinterested search for truth; he is happiest when demythologizing. I hear him, the intellectual, tell it, he does not take sides, is above petty an large interests, is the spokesman for ideals, is universalist in his concern and is therefore in a profound sense classless. Socrates, perhaps the first tru intellectual, said that the unexamined life is not worth living; the moder intellectual goes him one better by holding that no part of life ought to g unexamined. Such, I believe, is how the intellectual defines himself.

It was in France, around the time of the Dreyfus affair, that the work



tellectual" seems to have first become popular. It was used pejoratively to cribe Zola, Clemenceau, and other literary men, journalists, professors, 1 scientists who rallied to Dreyfus's side. Of course, intellectuals existed ore a word entered the language to describe them. On occasion they were nected to power. Edward Shils, in an impressive essay entitled "The ellectuals and the Powers," notes: "Equal in antiquity to the role of the bly educated in state administration is the role of the intellectual as sonal agent, counselor, tutor, or friend to the sovereign. Plato's experice in Syracuse, Aristotle's relation with Alexander, Alcuin's with Charleone. Hobbes and Charles II prior to the Restoration, Milton and omwell, Lord Keynes and the Treasury, and the 'Brain Trust' under Presint F. D. Roosevelt, represent only a few of numerous instances in ancient d modern states, oriental and occidental, in which intellectuals have en drawn into the entourage of rulers, their advice and aid sought, and Fir approval valued." Professor Shils goes on to list some of those rulers and tesmen who, by temperament and mental activity, themselves qualified genuine intellectuals: Aśoka, Marcus Aurelius, Akhnaton; Disraeli, adstone, Guizot; Woodrow Wilson, Nehru, Thomas Masaryk

It is useful to be reminded of the connections of intellectuals to power, not speak of intellectuals in power, because most people, intellectuals chief tong them, tend to think of intellectuals outside of power, opposed to wer, indeed alienated from it and even spurned or persecuted by it. The timate intellectual, in this regard as well as others, is probably Voltaire. Yet en Voltaire does not quite fit the mold of an intellectual in perpetual position to the powers that be. True enough, Voltaire had to exile himself to y—for speaking, in the current formulation, truth to power. But then one calls Voltaire's fawning behavior, his not very attractive sucking up to ederick the Great. A man of all intellectual work—poet, dramatist, novist, essayist, historian—Voltaire was, by turns, brilliant yet not very pro-

found, courageous yet snobbish, contemptuous of power yet everlastingly hungry to share in it. In all respects, Voltaire was not so different from the intellectuals of our own day.

n the UnitedStatesespecially one is inclined to think of intellectuals as stside the mainstream of national life. Perhaps because most Americans link of themselves as self-made men and women, dealing with the practiil, distrusting the abstract, intellectuals have tended to think themselves sregarded and disparaged and alienated from American life. One thinks of me of the key writers and intellectuals of the nineteenth century-Selville and Henry James, Mark Twain and Henry Adams—who each in is own way felt the United States inhospitable to the life of art and of the hind. Many lesser figures felt themselves passed over by the great world of usiness and politics. From the last decades of the nineteenth century arough the early decades of the twentieth, American intellectuals looked to urope for their ideal of the intellectual life, and many among them volunarily exiled themselves to France, England, Italy. True, some men and omen of intellectual tastes rose to power, but most of this country's elite gures, in politics, in industry, in social life, had little need for intellectuals, nd intellectuals, in their turn, felt little other than alienated from them. A umber of the Founding Fathers—Jefferson, Madison, Adams, Hamilton ualified as intellectuals, but following the election of Andrew Jackson, ntellectuals found a great deal to condemn in capitalism and in their counry's culture, both of which, for the most part, excluded them.

The turning point in the relations between American intellectuals and heir country came with the Great Depression of the 1930s. For one thing, he Depression convincingly discredited the dominant business and political littles. For another, with the election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, intelectuals, for the first time in the nation's history, were brought into government in a major way through Roosevelt's so-called Brain Trust, an informal

It is useful to be reminded about intellectuals in power. Most people think of them as opposed to power, alienated, spurned, or persecuted by it It was the antinomian intellectuals who emerged during the Vietnam protests. They didn't speak truth to power, they opposed it

personal cabinet that often surpassed the actual cabinet in influence.

World War II created additional uses for intellectuals. One thinks of staffigures as Robert Oppenheimer on the Manhattan Project and George Kenan at the State Department and John Kenneth Galbraith at the Office Price Administration. After the war, intellectuals became increasing prominent in the Democratic Party. They were regularly called from addenic life to serve on this or that presidential commission or council. You intellectuals clerked for Supreme Court justices and headed important or gressional staffs. Intellectuals such as Henry Kissinger and Daniel Path Moynihan served various administrations. Social science intellectuals we frequently called before congressional committees for their opinions on vaous pieces of legislation. Intellectuals—Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Richa Goodwin, W. W. Rostow, Carl Kaysen—seemed to be at the very center, the Kennedy Administration; and indeed, it is probably owing to the presence and their public relations efforts that that administration contint to get a fairly good press to this day.

The prestige of intellectuals was given a substantial boost by the exp. sion of higher education in the decades after World War II. For the first ti in the history of the nation, vast numbers of the American young went some sort of college. While the quality of the education they received can argued about, this at least meant that a large sector of Americans had so acquaintance with intellectual things, and that a part of this large sector Americans was allowed to view an intellectual or two in the flesh. What wore, a greater and greater number of jobs came to call for some intellect training. As Professor Shils writes: "The United States became to an unpredented extent an 'intellectual-based' country. It was a major change for society which intellectuals had asserted was the society most uncongenial."

the life of the spirit of any great society known in history."

Not, it must be said, that this increased integration into American li made all intellectuals happy. Many of those who were so integrated we scientific or social science intellectuals. Literary and humanistic intellec als, even though they may have found comfortable niches in universiti still felt themselves out in the cold. Many of them—along with some scietific and social science intellectuals—identified themselves with the annomian intellectual tradition. This tradition, whose adherents come out artistic bohemianism and socialist and utopian politics, holds that the int lectual functions best in opposition to power. This, at any rate, was the viv taught at the better American universities. (The argument on behalf of the tradition is espoused in Lewis Coser's book Men of Ideas.) It was the intelletuals who identified themselves with antinomianism who emerged strongly during the protests against the Vietnam War. During those year this intellectual tradition came to seem the central, almost the only, int lectual tradition. One can see it in operation at its zenith during the palm? days of the New York Review of Books—from, say, 1966 through 1972; that from the Berkeley Free Speech Movement to the disclosur

of Watergate—when intellectuals not so much spoke tru to power as told power, straightaway, to stick it in its ear of one were writing a history of American intellectuals, one could, in trarrow focus such a history would impose, view the Vietnam War as contest between those intellectuals who had aligned themselves with pow and those who had aligned themselves against it: the Paul Goodmans vers the Eugene Rostows, the Noam Chomskys versus the McGeorge Bund, the Irving Howes versus the John P. Roches. One side of this history—at rather a one-sided history it is—can be found in David Halberstam's *The B* and the Brightest, a book that was an enormous popular success and remais the reigning view of the participation of intellectuals in the Vietnam W. Those who lived through those days will have no trouble recalling that mo of the prestige, and all of the publicity, was on the side of the intellectual aligned against power in any and all forms. Until fairly recently, in fact, to

dirion of these intellectuals appeared to have swept the boards.

Another term for this tradition—the phrase is Lionel Trilling's—is the versary culture. For a lengthy spell, the intellectuals of the adversary iture rode high. As one among them, I know I felt I did. To be in opposing to the life around one can be very exhilarating. One criticized one's untry—its culture, its politics, its daily life—because one loved it; and cause one loved it, one wanted it to be so much better. Or so one promed. In fact, it wasn't too bad as it was, at least for me. I was able to teach out the alienation of writers from society and be paid quite decently for ing so—rather better, I suspect, than many of the writers themselves. I sable to castigate American life, and to do so in only the best American igazines, magazines supported by such bourgeois capitalist institutions as siness and advertising and private foundations. Such objective contradicns, as Marxists term them, were not permitted to stand in the way. (For my intellectuals they still aren't permitted to stand in the way.) It was all her delightful—one of those rare cases of being able to crush your cake deat it, too.

Socially, the apogee of the adversary culture may have been that evening 1970 when the Leonard Bernsteins threw their little fund-raising party for Black Panthers. What had begun as intellectual adversary ideas had racted, in one expensive apartment, fashionable figures from culture, bigne media, and Society. The apogee also turned out to be the nadir, hower, for the Bernsteins had made the fatal mistake of allowing the journalist m Wolfe past their door, and the magazine article Wolfe wrote about the try, "Radical Chic," showed the phenomenon of the adversary culture ne social in all its goofy comic contradictions. In the history of intellectuin America alluded to earlier, that evening at the Bernsteins, and Tom offe's account of it, ought to provide a swing moment. Further Vietnam offers were yet to come, as was Watergate, and the presuppositions of the versary culture were to remain embedded in journalism and in much iversity teaching—where they remain to this day—yet the adversary traion, though it would be a long time before anyone knew it, had started to e its force.

Not only were there the pleasures of conformity to be enjoyed among low intellectuals, but the general intellectual line of the day soon became hionable in the wider world. A line of ideas once shared only by a coterie writers for small-circulation magazines suddenly burst upon the world and owed up everywhere: in the pages of the New York Times and Washington st, in the films of such directors as Robert Altman, in the mouths of such irs of broadcast journalism as Walter Cronkite, Geraldo Rivera, and Dan ther. The universities took these ideas up with gusto. They seeped into vernment. All in the most vulgarized form, of course, but who wished to picky? The fact was that the intellectual program—or, rather, the proam of the intellectuals—was catching on, indeed, catching fire. Radical vinions had become received opinions; coterie wisdom had become the nventional wisdom. Academic pigeonhole mailboxes across the land led up with copies of the New York Review of Books. Gore Vidal got big 1ghs on talk shows for mocking his countrymen and their philistine ways. ilitzers and other prizes went to those who wrote most harshly about naand institutions and character. The Social Register was all but replaced by e names affixed to certain intellectual petitions. Easily the most "in" ople were those who received and refused invitations to attend social nctions at the White House. The prestige of intellectuals had never been

Idon't wish to impute bad faith to most intellectuals; I don't even want to ggest that they didn't really believe what they professed to believe. But at it is ame time I think it would be a mistake to ignore the social pressures on iem. From the mid-1960s on into the mid-1970s there was a unity of belief ad opinion among intellectuals that was quite extraordinary. It is a considable social comfort to go among people with whom one feels oneself in

I don't want to impute bad faith to most of those intellectuals. They all tended to be independent thinkers—collectively



What I have been describing is an intellectual political conversion. It begins when one gives up the idea that the world's number-one enemy is one's own country



In literary and intellectual life, it often happens that nothing quite s ceeds like failure and nothing quite fails like success. To take up the first like of this proposition, consider the high reputations of those writers in our time who died young, their work incomplete, their promise unfulfilled: F. Sol Fitzgerald, Nathanael West, James Agee. As for the second half of I proposition, consider the impressive inroads that the chief ideas of intelltuals have made into American life. In an attenuated but quite real for many of them showed up in the conduct of the administration of Jim Carter: the tender regard for minorities that issued in affirmative action programs; the notion that the United States had no right to pursue interests in foreign policy but ought only to stand as a moral beacon to world, policing it on behalf of human rights; the notion that American society was suffering a great malaise. It was not that Jimmy Carter was darling of the intellectuals—no president, given the intellectuals' dispotion to oppose power, really could be (though John F. Kennedy call

close)—but that Jimmy Carter's administration was live off the debased capital of intellectual ideas, and with s even pathetic, consequences.

ne damp California morning, as I concluded a talk bet the City Club of San Diego—there I am again, speaking to the rich—I asked why my own ideas had begun to change. (I was there to talk about book I had just written on the subject of ambition.) I answered that I though they had changed because I viewed the world as having changed. Amer might still be a powerful nation, I said, but it seemed to me increasing alone in the world. A large stretch of the globe was either communistre under communist control; the Third World had, through its corrupt and clownish leaders and its antidemocratic left- and right-wing government. forfeited further right to the hope that intellectuals once placed in it;a Europe our allies seemed either rickety (England) or absolutely untroworthy (France). To place the burden of one's criticism on one's own coutry, as intellectuals habitually do, seemed to me under the circumstances it merely dopey but suicidal. At home, all that had been done over the put twenty years to improve the situation of blacks and other minorities—elal rate welfare programs, affirmative action quotas, one or another kindle consciousness raising—had conduced to exacerbate racial relations to point where there is more bitterness now among the races than I have known in my lifetime. Besides, I had a confession to make: once I dropped the be that America was the foremost menace in the world, once I slipped free from the notion that further "programs" (more of the same, without any radial change in perspective or orientation) would alleviate domestic problems! discovered that the United States, for all its faults, for all that still needed be made better, was nonetheless a most impressive country—and I could to think of any other I should rather be living in. Now here is a startly confession for an intellectual to make: I like it here.

What I have been describing is, of course, an intellectual political conv sion of sorts to—sticking the journalistic label on it—neoconservatis. This conversion begins when one gives up the idea that the world's numb one enemy is one's own country, that, as Anthony Lewis has put it, "te United States is the most dangerous and destructive power in the world. 'It proceeds to questioning the soundness of the ideals at the core of the antique



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mun intellectual tracition which in turn leads to the steine called assout. The term is an old Stallinist term, redolent of talk of class struggle. He is so if they inting out that Irong Kistional, intellectual house a fleed the antimomian tradition, has written in an easy entitled. The Earth intitude less than a class struggle. The simple truth. Kistionates with the professional classes [that is, people who regard themselves as intellectuals] are engaged in a class struggle with the business community for status at power."

Do intellectuals feel themselves denied status and excluded from power they do, they certainly aren't about to own up to it. They are in the contion of those artists who, Freud said, give up the pursuit of ame, money, at the love of beautiful women for their art—through which they hope to wfame, money, and the love of beautiful women. So with contempor intellectuals, who appear to give up all interest in power and status on beh of their vision of an ideal society, which turns out to be a society that waccord them power and status. Thus intellectuals are invariably drawn, it to say seduced, by governments in which other intellectuals appear have—at least at the outset—power and status: the early Soviet and R Chinese governments, the Castro government, most recently the Nica-

Zuiti government. In which are writer in the New Times Magazine not long ago straight-facedly reported, the are already fifty poetry workshops.

hat is the status of intellectuals in the United States at present should say that it is exceedingly high, judging by the attention intellectual receive in the media, by the manifold ways in which they have been able permeate the culture, by the respect in which they are held by the mideleases. It was Lord Keynes who remarked that ideas always win out interests, and proof of this can, I believe, be found in the current ascendary of intellectuals in America.

The irony is that at the same time that the intellectual community achieved ascendancy, it is being ripped up from within by internal 2 operations as any intellectual dispute 1, for one, have ever known. "It is a self-imposed assignment of neo-conservatives." Irving Kristol has with the explain to the American people why they are right, and to the instituals why they are wrong. "That is a pretty fair statement of the case a also a pretty good explanation of the rancor in the current debate 1 one likes to be told he is wrong, and no one less than an intellectual.

United States is spoken of as an information society—and information various sorts, is what intellectuals specialize in. Whose information of from what point of view—these are questions at the heart of the rest intellectual dispute. Glory, money, and, yes, power are at stake. That tanks stand or fall in prestige according to who rules the country, and milectuals who have the inside track are in a position to influence the natural that rule. As of the moment, the demand for intellectual goods and serecontinues. Even a fairly obscure fellow such as myself is often invite, a appear on television, or deliver a commencement address, or talk to creat another putatively influential group.

Which leaves me where I began, with the question of my own status ridden young man who has only recently learned that the family we derives from a grandfather who sold guns and whiskey to the Indians. It case, to ridy up the analogy, eliminate the grandfather and for guns whiskey and Indians substitute ideas and politics and Americans. Here then, with relatively high social status, something one is supposed pleased with, and a frown upon my face. Only, as a man once said

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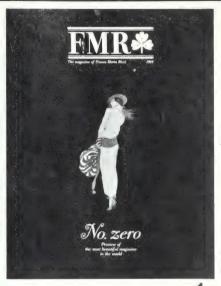
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An Account of Mores as will

Mrs. K has been taken to the emergency room of a renowned hospital on Manhattan's Upper East Side. The doctors "work her up." More than \$200 worth of blood tests are ordered ("emer rm lab," "lab serology out"), \$232 worth of X-rays taken, \$97.50 worth of drugs administered. I never saw Mrs. K\_\_\_\_\_, she wasn't in my hospital, I don't know her medical history. But I am a doctor, and can reconstruct from her hospital bill what is going on, more or less. She is sick, very sick.

Mrs. K\_\_\_\_ has been moved to the Intensive Care Unit ("room ICU"). It costs \$500 a day to stay in the ICU, base rate. California has the highest average ICU rates in the country: \$632 a day. In Mississippi, the average is \$265. ICUs were developed in the 1960s. They provide technological life-support systems and allow for extraordinary patient monitoring. An inhalation blood-gas monitor ("inhal blood gas mont") is being used to keep a close check on the amount of oxygen in Mrs. K\_\_\_\_''s blood. Without the attention she is receiving in the ICU, Mrs. K\_\_\_\_ might already be dead.

Mrs. K has been running a high fever. The doctors have sent cultures of her blood, urine, and sputum to the lab to find out why. She is put on gentamicin ("lab gentamycin troug"), a powerful antibiotic. Such strong drugs can have toxic side effects. Gentamicin kills bacteria, but can also cause kidney failure.

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09/26	X-RAY CHEST-BED	1501128	74.00 31.20	74.00	
09/26	PHARMACY .	2601000 2601000	31-20	31.20	
09/26	PHARMACY	2601000	3.70 13.50 39.00	13.50	
09/26	PHARMACY	2601000	16.50	16-50	
09/26	PHAR IV SCLUTIONS PHAR IV SOLUTIONS	2601003 2601003	13-50	13.50	
09/26	PHARMACY LEVIN ANDERSON-ADULT	2601000	2.25	2.25	1
	LEALU BUREKZON-MEGEL	E 105005	9.00	4400	

# CATH OF MRS. K\_\_\_

ey, by David Hellerstein, M.D.

a RCOM 1CU		500.00	500.00		
	1401111	17.00	11.00 17.00		
	1402099	15.00	15-00		
7 LAS ACT PAR THROM	1402101	17-00 27.00	27-00		
	1401111	31.00	31.00		
7 1 44 CNEW 27	1401800	10.00	10.00		
T LAS FECES CULT		40.0C	40.00		
7 LAM FECES CULT 7 CARDIN COUTINE EXG 7 BLD BK ANTIBOY SCRN 7 BLD BK ADMIN FEE 7 BLD BK GROUP RM	1601001	61.00	61.00		
7 BLO BK ADMIN FEE	1701004	69.00	23.00		
7 BLC BK GROUP RH	1701002	28.00	28.00 46.00		
* N-RAY CHEST-REC	1501128	46.00 74.00	74.30		
7 PHAR IV SCLUTIONS 7 PHAR IV SCLUTIONS	2601003	37.50	37.50		
7 PHAR IV SCLUTIONS	2601003	26.00	26.00		1
7 PHAR IV SOLUTIONS	2601003	13.50	13.50		It
7 PHAR IV SCLUTIONS 7 PHARMACY	2601000	40.50	40.50		th
7 PHARMACY	2601000	11-00	11-00		
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		39-00	39.00		to
	2601000	3.70	3.70 2.50		('
"7 PACK CE 250 PROC FEE	.701013	46.00		46.00	
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17 INHAL RESPIRATOR 17 ROM ICU 15 CPER OP RM 150 18 IAR DOT BLOCK	2102015	119.00	119.00		
T ROOM ICU	1001005	500.00	500.00		TE
TA LAR DOC BLOOD	140 (02)	1A.00 27.00	16-00		01
"B LAB GENTAMYCIN TROUG	1401112	27.00 15.00	27.00		tl
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TO LAB CIFF TO LAB AUTO BLOOD CT TO LAB AUTC BLOOD CT TO LAB PROTH DETER TO LAB FIBRIA CUAN	1402101	17.00	17.00		\$
19 LAB FIBRIN CUAN	1404007	40.00	40.00		
29 LAB ACT PAR THROM 28 LAB CHEM-20 29 LAB CHEM-20	1404001	27-00 31-00	27.00		
	1401104	31.00	31.00		
	1401111	27.00	31.00		
OR LAB COM	1401019	27-00	27.00		
28 LAB THE CULT	1405014	42.00	42.00		
8 LAB THE CULT	1405014	42.00	42.00		
PR LAB INNUNCOIFF	1401034	80.00	80-00 66-00		
TO LAG GROT CLCC	1401049	53.00	53.00		
18 LAB RIN CULT	1405003	37.00 37.00	37.00		
28 CARDIO REUTINE EKG 28 PLD 8K GROUP RH 28 BL2 BK X MATCH	1801001	61.00	61.00		
28 PLD BK GROUP RH	1701002	28.00 46.00	28.00		
28 BLG BK ANTIBOY SCRN	1701004	23.00	23.00		
28 BLG BK ANTIBOY SCRN 28 X-RAY CHEST-BED 28 X-RAY CHEST-BED	1501128	74.00	74-00		
74 PHARMACY 28 PHARMACY	2601000	40.50	40.50		
28 PHAR IV SCLUTIONS	2601000	11.00	13.50		
26 PHAR IV SOLUTIONS	2601003	50.00	50.00		
	2601000	3-70	3.70		
28 PHARMACY	2601000	9.00	9.00		
PHARMACY	2601000	13.50	13.50		
28 ANEST AMEST DRUGS 28 INHAL RESPIRATOR 28 OPER OP RM SUPPLY	2102015	119.00	119.00		
28 SUCT MACHINE-CONT	2704015	22-00	199.00		
28 CIAL SCIA 1-5-CASE	2709040	24 - 00	24-00		
28 INHAL BLOOD GAS MONT 28 ROCH LOU	2101034	354.00 500.00	354.00 500.00		
29 LAB CHEM-8	1401111	31.00 31.00	31.0C		
29 LAR CHEM-9	1401111	31.00 31.00	31.00		
29 LAS AUTO BLODD CT	1402101	17+00	17-00		
SA THE STAR SWIMILE	1402099	15.00	15-00		
		17.00	17.00		
29 LAB AUTO BLOOD CT	1402101	17.00	17.00		
20 LAB DIFF	1402099	15.00	15.00		
29 LAB GENTAMYCIN TROUG	1401112	27.00	27.00		
29 LAR CHEM-S	1401111	31.00	31.00		
29 LAB CHEM-8	1401111	31.00	31-00		
29 LAB FUNGUS 29 LAB FACTERICLOGY CUT	1401111	31.00	31.00		
	1405800	35.00	35.00		
29 LAS EVA & PARASITES 29 LAS SMCCELL BLOCK 29 LAS FIBRIN QUAN	1405018	53.00	31.00 53.00		
29 LAB SMCCELL BLOCK 29 LAB FIBRIN CUAN	1404007	40.00	40.00		
29 LAB PROTH DETER 29 LAB CCAS FIBRIN SPLT 29 LAB ACT PAR THROM	1404013	17.00	17.30		D -1.11
29 LAB ACT PAR THROM	1404001	27.00	27.00		David H
29 LAS AUTC BLOOD CT 29 LAS FROZEN SECT	1402101	17.00	17-00		training i
29 LAS RIN CULT	1405003	37.00	37.00		cine for
729 BLO BK COLD AGG 729 BLO BK ADMIN FEE	1701007	23.00	18.00 23.00		other pul

It is Mrs. K......'s fifth day at the hospital, and she is slipping closer to death: her lungs begin to fail. She is put on a respirator ("inhal respirator"), which costs \$119 a day to rent and requires a special technician to operate. A hospital can buy the machine for about \$15,000.

Mrs. K\_\_\_\_'s first week in Intensive Care ends in a flourish of blood tests. She has five Chem-8s ("lab chem-8")tests that measure the levels of sodium, potassium, and six other chemicals in her blood. The hospital charges Mrs. \_\_\_ \$31 for each Chem-8. Most independent labs charge about half as much; some hospitals charge up to \$60. The New England Journal of Medicine has said: "The clinical laboratory [is] a convenient profit center that can be used to support unrelated deficit-producing hospital operations." The Annals of Internal Medicine estimates that the number of clinical lab tests being done is rising 15 percent a year.

David Hellerstein is currently finishing residency training in New York City. He has written on medicine for Esquire, North American Review, and other publications.

Mrs. K\_\_\_\_ has started peritoneal dialysis ("dial-perid kit 87110"). Her kidneys are failing. She is still hooked up to the respirator. She is being kept alive by what Lewis Thomas calls "halfway technologies"-"halfway" because kidney dialysis machines and respirators can support organ systems for long periods of time, but can't cure the underlying disease. Some doctors are beginning to question this practice. A recent study at the George Washington University Medical Center concluded: "Substantial medical resources are now being used in aggressive but frequently futile attempts to avoid death.'

Mrs. K\_\_\_\_\_ has been put in a vest restraint. Restraints are used in Intensive Care to keep patients from thrashing about or pulling their tubes out. Many ICU patients develop what is called "ICU psychosis." They become disoriented, begin hallucinating. The condition is brought on by lack of sleep, toxic drugs, the noise of the ICU staff and machines, and pain.

Mrs. K has been on the respirator for six days. It is breathing for her. But there has been a problem. The tube running from the machine into her mouth and down her throat was not bringing enough oxygen to her lungs. She needed a tracheotomy ("trach care set"). The tube from the respirator is now attached directly to her trachea, through a hole cut into her neck.

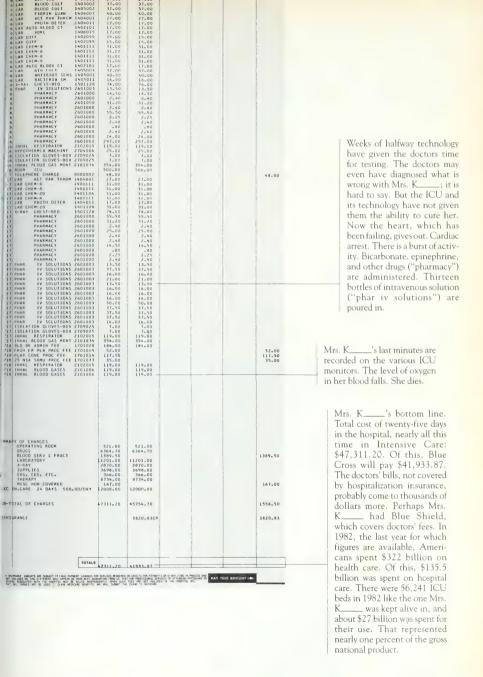
9/29	SPECIMEN MUCUS TRAP	2709085	3.00	3.00
9/29	INHAL SLEGG GAS MONT	2101034	3500	354.00
9/29	INHAL BLOOD GAS MONT INHAL BLOOD GAS MONT INHAL BLOOD GAS MONT	2101034	354.00	354.00
9/29	ROOM ICU	210.034	304-00	304-00
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9/30	LAS RTN CULT	1405003	37.00	31400
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9/30	PHARMACY	2601000	3.00	3.70
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0 32	PHAR IN SELECTIONS	252,363	13.55	13.55
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0/03	LAS COAS FIRRIS SPLT	1404013	44.00	44.00
3/03	LAS ACT PAR THROW	1404001	27.00	27.20
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34	LAS AUTO BLOOD CT	1402101	17.00	17.00			
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34	X-RAY CHEST-BED	1701028 1501128 2601003	69.00 74.00	69.00 74.00 16.00	}	1	
04	PHAR IV SOLUTIONS : PHAR IV SOLUTIONS : PHAR IV SOLUTIONS :	2601003	11.00	11-00		i i	
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04 04	ROUM ICU LAB AUTO BLOOD CT	2101034	500,00	354.00 500.00 17.00			
05 05	ROUM ICU LAB AUTO BLOOD CT LAB JIFF LAB ACT PAR THROM LAB CHEM-20 LAR CHEM-8 LAB CHEM-20 LAR CORTISOL LAR CORTISOL LAR CORTISOL	1402099	17.00 15.00	17.00 15.00 17.00 27.00			
05 05	LAB CHEM-20	1404001	17-00 27-00 31-00				
05	LAB CHEM-20	1401104	31.00 31.00 21.00	31.00 31.00 27.00	e i		
115	LAB RIN CULT	1405003	37.00	27.00 27.00 37.00			
05	LAB ACT PAR THRUM : LAB PROTH DETER BLD BK ADMIN FEE	1404001 1404011 1701028	27.00 17.00 46.00	27.00 17.00 46.00			This charge—for a blood prod-
05	X-RAY CHEST-BED	1501128	74.00 112.00 23.50	74.00 112.00 23.50			uct ("5 NSA 250MU proc
05 05 05	PHAR IV SOLUTIONS . PHARMACY PHARMACY	2601003 2601000 2601000	23.50 2.40 31.20	23=50 2=40 31=20		1	fee")—is not covered by Mrs.
05	PHARMACY	2601000	55.50 2.40 50.00	55.50 2.40			K''s Blue Cross policy.
05	PHAR IV SOLUTIONS :	2601003	96.00	96.00		1	The policy also does not cover
05 05	5 NSA 250MU PROC FEE I 25 NSA 50MU PROC FEE I	2601000 1701074 1701077	15.00 35.00 35.00	15-00		35.00 · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	the cost of fresh blood plasma
	DIALYSIS CART INHAL BLOOD GAS MONT : ROOM ICU		70.00 354.00 500.00	70.00 354.00 500.00		33100	("frsh fr pla proc fee"). These
05			500.00 31.00 27.00 17.00	31.00			charges have been mounting.
06	LAB PROTH DETER	1404001 1404011 1402099	17.00 15.00 17.00	17.00			Mrs. K is bleeding internally.
06		1402101 1401111 1401104		15-00 17-00 31-00			nany.
106	LAB BLOOD CULT	1405002	31.00 37.00 37.00	31.00 37.00 37.00			
106	LAS PROTH DETER 1	1404011	17.00 27.00	37.00 17.00 27.00			
106	X-RAY CHEST-BED	1701028 1501128 1501128	23.00 74.00 74.00	23-00 74-00 74-00			
106	PHARMACY PHARMACY	2601003	26.00 2.40 55.50	26.00 2.40 55.50 31.20			
706	PHARMACY	2601000 2601000	31.20	55.50 31.20		1	Mrs. K has been in In-
106	PHAR IV SOLUTIONS : PHAR IV SOLUTIONS :	2601003	99.00 249.60 13.50	99.00 249.60 13.50 37.50		1	tensive Care for two weeks.
106	PHARMACY	2601003 2601000	37.50 2.40 35.00	37.50	1		She is still running a very high
106	INFUSION PUMP DIAL SOLN 1.5-CASE HYPOTHERMIA MACHINE	2705027	30+00 24-00	30.00		35.00	fever. The doctors are still test- ing. Mrs. K has been
106	HYPOTHERMIA MACHINE ROOM ICU	2704006	500.00	24.00 25.00 500.00			placed on a special blanket; it is
/07	LAS DECTH DETER	1404001 1404011 1402101	17-00	27,00			hooked up to a machine that
/07	LAB DIFF LAB CHEM-8	1402099	17.00 15.00 31.00	17.00 15.00 31.00			functions like a refrigerator
/07		1401111 1401104 1401111	31.00 31.00 31.00	31.00 31.00 31.00 31.00			("hypothermia machine").
107	LAB CHEM-B	1401104	31.00	31.00	1		The machine cools the blan-
/08	PHAR IV SOLUTIONS	2601000 2601000 2601003	55-50 31-20 18-50	31.00 55.50 31.20 18.50			ket, and the blanket helps
1/08	PHARMACY	2601000	5.00 5.00	5.00 5.00			lower Mrs. K's body tem- perature. Should her tempera-
1/08	PHARMACY	2601000 2601000 2102015	5.00 62.00 119.00	5.00 62.00 119.00			ture rise too high, she may suf-
1/08	ISOLATION GLOVES-BOX	2102015 2109025 2709040	7.00	7-00			fer permanent brain damage.
	INHAL BLOOD GAS MONT : ROOM ICU LAB ACT PAR THROM :	2101034	354.00 500.00 27.00	354+00 500+00 27+00			, .
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Mrs. K\_\_\_\_ has undergone a gated blood-pool study ("nuc med sec/pool sty"). The doctors have "tagged" her red blood cells with a radioactive isotope. Using a camera that picks up the isotope, the doctors can watch the passage of blood through her heart. In this way, they see firsthand whether the ventricles are functioning properlywhether enough blood is getting pumped, enough oxygen is being sent through the body. First her lungs, then her kidneys. Now Mrs. K\_\_\_ heart seems to be going.

Mrs. K\_\_\_\_\_'s fourth week in the hospital begins with a spinal tap. Using a long needle, a doctor drains fluid from her spinal cord. The fluid is sent to the lab for about a dozen tests ("lab sp fl cell ct"). A spinal tap is performed when a patient has what are cailed "neurological signs." Partial paralysis is one such sign, loss of consciousness another. When doctors order a spinal tap, they suspect brain disease.

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LAB CHEM-8	1401111	31.00	31-00
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LAB SP FL GLUC	1401056	27.00	27.00
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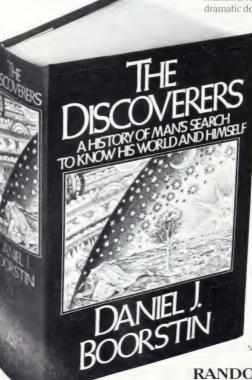
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# THE WHEREFORES OF HOW-TO

Pascal, BASIC, call up a literary tradition By Hugh Kenner

Among the books discussed in this essay:

The New Oxford Annotated Bible with Apocrypha, Expanded Edition. 1,936 pages. Oxford University Press, \$24.95. BASIC and the Personal Computer, by Thomas Dwyer and Margot Critchfield, 438 pages, Addison Wesley, \$15.55. Oh! Pascal!, by Doug Cooper and Michael Clancy, 476 pages. Norton, \$18.95.

Pascal, by David Heiserman, 350 pages, Tab Books, \$9.95. Word Processing on the KayPro, by Peter McWilliams. 223 pages. Prelude Press, \$9.95. Moby-Dick, by Herman Melville. 825 pages. Modern Library, \$10.95. Life on the Mississippi, by Mark Twain. 312 pages. Bantam, \$1.95.

The Waste Land and Other Poems, by T. S. Eliot. 88 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$2.95.

he first how-to Almighty God dictated, giving Noah both the ark's dimensions and its materials. He specified cabins, and a lower and an upper deck, and the size of the windows, and the need for a door, and he stressed that the boat should be waterproofed within and without with pitch. That was a little less than 2,000 years after he'd created Adam, having earlier warmed up his skills by fabricating a universe. So Noah's instructions came from a credentialed artisan. Sure enough, the ark floated.

The Fabulous Artificer did not let up; among his creations was a literary genre. By Chapters 25 to 30 of Exodus, he's prescribing that Israelite craftsmen make such items as a table of acacia wood, two cubits by one, gilded with pure gold and with a gold-rimmed edge. He even specifies the number and placement of the rings through which to pass the poles they'll use to carry it. And the scale of his dictations grows ever larger. By the end of the Bible, Chapter 21 of Revelation, he is all the way to city planning, still strong on numbers: twelve gates, an enclosure 12,000 furlongs square, a 144-cubit wall . . .

And lo, millenniums later, Jerry Pournelle,

Hugh Kenner teaches at Johns Hopkins University. His latest book is A Colder Eye: The Modern Irish Writers. whose ear seems nailed to the ground, passing on (in Byte magazine, December 1983, p. 526\*) what his publisher friends are saying: that "computer books"—the latest subspecies of how-to-"are the most popular nonfiction line in the industry."

As I'm sure they are. The bookstores I walk into are adding extra tables for computer howtos, moreover moving them up toward the entrance. The books are mostly paperback, and costly: \$15.95, \$19.95. Some are about the machine you've bought or are thinking of buying: Apple, Atari, Commodore, Sinclair, Zenith. Some deal with systems and languages: UNIX, BASIC, Pascal, C. COBOL, even the dinosaur FORTRAN. Some are just hand-holders. What will computers do to you? What might one do for you? And there's so much overlap, so much duplication, that most of them are, by any strict standard, unnecessary.

Some are splendid, some miserably produced and proofread. An oldie but goodie (first printing, 1978) is Thomas Dwyer and Margot Critch-

"Yes, that's page 526 of a single issue, whose final page is numbered 656. Last year two computer journals, Byte and PC World, both surpassed what had been the fattest single issue of a consumer magazine in history, the 610page September 1981 Vogue.

Might the book of combuter how-to be escape reading? An aid to getting more varied pleasures from one's computer than simply using it affords? field's BASIC and the Personal Computer; for fun with BASIC I don't know of a better place to start. For a Pascal equivalent try Doug Cooper and Michael Clancy's Oh! Pascal!, and be sure to check the index under "Hansen, Patti.

The kind of book to shun is one like David Heiserman's Pascal, which illustrates most of the ways a random purchase can frustrate. Its generic faults include (1) being for a specific machine the TRS-80—but not saving so; (2) assuming Dark Age hardware (cassette, not disk drive); (3) confining itself to a dialect—Tiny Pascal that won't let you do much: (4) having been proofread by a purblind alligator, which matters when you painstakingly copy programs that won't run because of dropped semicolons.

Machine specificity can be especially insidious. Many books, for instance, presuppose an Apple, which is OK when they say so on the cover, but can infuriate the non-Apple owner when they don't. He's apt to part with his money before learning that half the examples won't

quite work as written.

On the other hand, some books that flaunt a brand name are doing little more than beckoning to a market. Peter McWilliams's Word Processing on the KayPro has surprisingly little to say about the KayPro computer, and I've flipped through a self-styled guide for IBM users that turns out to be chiefly one more BASIC primer.

Chaos, muddled. A few obvious things I'll say quickly. Yes, there are computer books because people are afraid of computers. Yes, there are computer books because the manuals that come with computers are of famous impenetrability. There are even computer books because the proliferating courses in "computer literacy" are not infrequently taught by self-taught souls who need help as much as their pupils do. And yes, many books take care to define their aims and

are literate and helpful. I'll not conceal that I've written one myself.

could extend that list and so could you, and still we'd be talking about the surface of the phenomenon. We'd be explaining the sales of computer books as if they were bought just for their usefulness, like screwdrivers and hammers. What we'd not be explaining is what strikes the most casual eye: their near senseless proliferation. For they multiply like Harlequin Romances: not two or three guides to the BASIC language, for instance, but more like twenty, and a new one every few weeks. And no more than the writer of a Harlequin Romance does the writer of this week's BASIC primer feel required to say why yet one more is needed. Is there an insatiable appetite out there? A market for a new screwdriver every week, if it has a new-colored handle?

One editor at a publishing house I've tall! with thinks there is, Computer books, she to me, seem not to compete with one anothern the normal way of the marketplace. If the books on the Pascal language are available. clearest and most comprehensive doesn't dre away the other two. Thousands of people buy three. That explains why publishers galore jur fearlessly into computer books. By the rules prudence in the publishing jungle, entrench competition is eved with paranoid caution. In not so with computer how-to.

And here we are on to something. For w gers written and sold in the computer mar may resemble the Harlequin Romance in yet other respect. Might the book of computer ho to be . . . escape reading? An aid to getting mee varied pleasures from one's computer than siply using it affords? Like James Bond's blond. escape books vary but slightly. Each is for tubling once and discarding. Likewise, surely reall those buyers of three or five Pascal books studying that austere language in depth. WH many of them do is repeatedly caress the idea? Pascal, a language for which they have, like no practical use at all."

None of this seems at all unlikely if you refle on a parallel phenomenon, the cookbook. T number of cookbooks Americans buy defis computation. Many are inherently worthless and the very best aren't necessarily bought to used. A woman I know reads Gourmet magazin monthly, cover to cover; she'd never think, slsays, of cooking anything from it. Too difficult

How-to, therefore, as escape? Back now Genesis. American history is largely the story what Americans have done with the Bible, which, as I've noted, the how-to genre is trac able. A how-to literature of ships and houses w a necessity on the new continent, where peop were starting afresh without communal skills draw on. Subsequently, American literature ge entwined like no other in how-to, and it's unsu prising, once we perceive the pattern, that jurhow-to should lately have become a genre st generis, the indigenous American literature escape.

I'll run that all by more slowly. In the Britis Isles, how-to books commenced to flourish 1 the eighteenth century, with the slow breakup the apprentice system. Lore formerly passed o

<sup>\*</sup>People who use small computers to get a job done—wor processing, bookkeeping—don't "program" them or use programming language. They buy preuritten software debugged by experts. At home, programming is primarily recreation, more taxing than Scrabble and a tad mor rewarding, since the results last. Books that make you think you must learn to program are relics of dark-uge technology, before the floppy disk made canned thinking transportable.

now looked up by increasingly polymathic repreneurs. Joyce in Ulysses preserves a rming instance: an Irish carpenter in 1822 bought a Short yet Plain Elements of Geome-(London, 1711), the better, we guess, to dee the fit of stairways into stairwells, of gables o frames. (That book was already 111 years : books lasted then.)

've a still older one at hand. My great-grandper Peter Williams in Wales, and after him his Hugh Williams in Canada, made a living h the aid of a book. "Pedr Gwilym," reads er's signature inside the cover, "1840"; and has written his name in English as well: "Peter lliams." Other notations revert to his native Ish. Was he uneasy with English? I don't w. The book demands little English of its r, its lore being almost wholly numerical. It a presilicon artisan's calculator, sized three hes by eight to fit a long, deep overall pock-The Williamses, father and son, were masons d carpenters; their crafts entailed much

In the 181 years since a London binder gathed its acid-free pages between calfskin boards. e book has weathered thousands of consultains. Today its condition is remarkable, consid-.ng. Its half-title reads "Mr. Hoppus's Mearer, Greatly Enlarged and IMPROVED." The

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the Pound. . .

The date is 1803, the edition is the foureenth, and the preface addresses itself briskly to those who are unacquainted with the intolerible Mistakes and numerous Imperfections" of rival books, two in particular: Darling's Carpenter's Rule made easy and Keay's Practical Measurer. Darling is passed over quickly. Not so Keay, who was either "ignorant" (if he believed his own system) or "dishonest" (if he didn't), and eighteen pages of preface leave dimwitted or disingenuous Isaac Keay hardly fit to be washed. Keay was a menace. Any innocent who let Keay monitor his dealings always paid too much, by up to 50

Fourteen editions by 1803! And rivals to be fended off! Today Simon & Schuster would be saving, by golly a market. (A market of "Gentlemen and Artificers"? We could speculate about

those categories.) But back to my grandfather. When Hugh Williams crossed the Atlantic in the mid-nineteenth century, carrying a book of how-to, he joined a North American tradition: people doing things they'd never done before, guided by printed instructions. Cabins were no longer built by men whose lifework was building cabins. On the frontier you built a cabin, once. Likewise you did many other things just once. It was Herr Gutenberg's invention that made that possible: printed instructions, adapted to "The Meanest Capacity." And from being a New World necessity, how-to quickly became a New World art form. Books to feed the imagination took for their models the books people had needed for survival.

What is Moby-Dick, stripped to its armature, but "Whales and How to Hunt Them"? And Mark Twain: what is his Life on the Mississippi? It is a how-to for neophyte river pilots: not all that they'll need to know, since the shifting river must teach them, but how to confront all that they'll need to know. And Hemingway: How to Catch Trout, How to Fight Bulls. (And Eliot's "Waste Land": How to Read the Poets.)

But we shall never be riverboat pilots, most of us, nor bullfighters. No matter. Most of us aren't London pickpockets either, yet we'll happily read Oliver Twist (which has some fine how-to passages). Writing was invented to record things that couldn't easily be remembered: things like Mr. Hoppus's tables of figures. Later, when it had begun to record narratives (as in the Iliad), you could retrace with its aid how something was done, step by step: how a ship was beached, a boar slain. The greatest how-to book in history is Robinson Crusoe, but the English let the genre lapse. Or we might say that their novelists became preoccupied with the how-to of social maneuvering. It fell to American imaginations to maintain the great tradition of Jeho-

vah and Homer.

horeau, in Walden, tells you in exquisite detail how he built his cabin, right down to the cost of the nails. He doesn't expect you'll go out and build a like cabin. You're to gain your satisfaction from following his narrative. The father of W.B. Yeats read Walden to him, and Yeats later generWhat is Moby-Dick. stripped to its armature, but Whele and How to Hunt Them"? And Life on the is a how-to for neophyte river

In its late days,
The Whole
Earth
Catalogue
became escape
literature and
no mistake. Its
half-million or
so buyers sat in
split-level
comfort,
reading entries
about tools to
split logs

ated a famous fantasy about retiring to a lake isle,

. . . and a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:

Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee . . .

That dream, and not hammer-and-nail technology, is where Thoreau's instructions lead. Imagine Yeats of the pince-nez lifting a hammer, or a trowel!

And what of The Whole Earth Catalogue, whose founder, Stewart Brand, is now appropriately busy at a Whole Software Catalogue? It began as a floppy resource-book for the 1960s counterculture, printed on newsprint and published out of a warehouse in Northern California. It told you about good saws and axes, about books on natural childbirth, about where to get the know-how to build wooden geodesic domes: all needful lore for a commune of dropouts.

And lo, a Major Publisher (Random House) took it over; and it grew to many hundreds of pages and went into colossal printings, and it four-color cover was visible on many thousand suburban coffee tables. And it won a National Book Award, from which one of the judges, the classicist Garry Wills, dissociated himself. In the New York Times Book Review I had called it, and I still think accurately, a space-age Walden, though Garry was unpersuaded.

In its late days that catalogue of catalogues, the how-toer's how-to, became escape literature and no mistake. Its half-million buyers sat in split-level comfort, reading entries about tools to split logs and oils to facilitate intimate massage.

Soon Stewart Brand will be the Stewart Brand of computers; meanwhile the place is held by Peter McWilliams, a generous, puckish fellow whom I'll honor here for always returning my phone calls. He won't mind my quoting the *Time* 

reviewer who attributed to him "a terminal ad of the cutes," or my remarking on my own his presentation of computers is superficial (preject a \$3,000 machine because he dislike sound of its key-clicks). His market—th valuable to have had demonstrated—doesn'e ally depend on anyone's understanding fithing. He grows rich (I hope) on The Word I essing Book and The Personal Computer Book, in has now done us the service of putting down whole genre in The McWilliams II Word Proconstruction Manual.

The McWilliams II Word Processor, I she explain, is a plain pencil with an eraser on end. In 1982 Peter sent it to friends at Chimas, along with a leaflet listing its many virt as that it commanded all known character including Chinese (take that, IBM!), and is what it had processed it could as readily decess if you reversed it end for end.

Last Christmas an improved model arrivaccompanied by a McWilliams Word Deprosor (a large eraser). The leaflet had grown full-fledged instruction manual, now on separal sale to a public unfortunate enough not to be Peter McWilliams's mailing list. The manuamostly pictures. You can see, for instance, Discovery of the Microchip (by a lumber) high in a tree) or a still from *The Peter McVilliams Story* that looks suspiciously like a fraktom the Late Show.

Since the whole book devotes itself to exiling a lead pencil, its information content proaches zero. Its escape value, by contrast high. Daydreaming bookstore managers, misby the title, will put it among the books on FC TRAN and IBM, where it will sell and sells buyers will get what they didn't know they we really after, instant relief. It correctly includence from several biblical epics.

# TWISTED APPLES

In Winesburg, Ohio, psychic pressure warps the townsfolk By John Utdike

herwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio is one of those books so well known by title that we imagine we know what is inside it: a sketch of the population, seen more or less in cross section, of a small Midwestern town. It is this as much as Edvard Munch's paintings are portraits of the Norwegian middle class around the turn of the century. The important thing, for Anderson and Munch, is not the costumes and the furniture or even the bodies but the howl they conceal—the psychic pressure and warp underneath the social scene. Matterof-fact though it sounds, Winesburg, Ohio is feverish, phantasmal, dreamlike. Anderson had accurately called this collection of loosely linked short stories The Book of the Grotesque; his publisher, B.W. Huebsch, suggested the more appealing title. The book was published in 1919, when Anderson was forty-three; it made his fame and remains his masterpiece.

"The Book of the Grotesque" is the name also of the opening story, which Anderson wrote first and which serves as a prologue. A writer, "an old man with a white mustache . . . who was past sixty," has a dream in which "all the men and women the writer had ever known had become

grotesques."

The grotesques were not all horrible. Some were amusing, some almost beautiful, and one, a woman all drawn out of shape, hurt the old man by her grotesqueness. When she passed he made a noise like a small dog whimpering.

Another writer, an "I" who is presumably Sherwood Anderson, breaks in and explains the old writer's theory of grotesqueness:

. . . in the beginning when the world was young there were a great many thoughts but no such thing as a truth. Man made the truths himself and each truth was a composite of a great many vague

John Updike's last book was a collection of criticism, Hugging the Shore, and his next will be a novel, The Witches of Eastwick, to be published in May.

thoughts. . . . It was the truths that made the people grotesques. The old man had quite an elaborate theory concerning the matter. It was his notion that the moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood.

Having so strangely doubled authorial personae, Anderson then offers twenty-one tales, one of them in four parts, all "concerning," as the table of contents specifies, one or another citizen of Winesburg; whether they come from the old writer's book of grotesques or some different set to which the younger author had access is as unclear as their fit within the cranky and fey anthropological-metaphysical framework set forth

with such ungainly solemnity.

"Hands," the first tale, "concerning Wing Biddlebaum," introduces not only its hero, a pathetic, shy old man on the edge of town whose hyperactive little white hands had once straved to the bodies of too many schoolboys in the Pennsylvania town where he had been a teacher. but also George Willard, the eighteen-year-old son of the local hotelkeeper and a reporter for the Winesburg Eagle. He seems a young representative of the author. There is also a "poet," suddenly invoked in flighty passages like:

Let us look briefly into the story of the hands. Perhaps our talking of them will arouse the poet who will tell the hidden wonder story of the influence for which the hands were but fluttering pennants of

A cloud of authorial effort, then, attends the citizens of Winesburg, each of whom walks otherwise isolated toward some inexpressible denouement of private revelation. Inexpressiveness, indeed, is what is above all expressed: the characters, often, talk only to George Willard, and then only once; their attempts to talk with one another tend to culminate in a comedy of tongue-tied silence.

Anderson himself took a long time to ex-

For Anderson, society scarcely exists in its legal and affective bonds. Dialogue is generally the painful imposition of one monologue ubon another

press what was in Winesburg, Ohio. Raised in the small Ohio town of Clyde, he worked successfully as a Chicago advertising man and an Elyria, Ohio, paint manufacturer, and acquired a wife and three children, but remained restless and, somehow, overwrought. In late 1912, in the kind of spasmodic sleepwalking gesture of protest that overtakes several of the pent-up and unfulfilled souls of Winesburg, he walked away from his paint factory. He was found four days later in Cleveland, suffering from exhaustion and aphasia, and, more gradually than his self-dramatizing memoirs admit, he shifted his life to Chicago and to the literary movement that included Dreiser, Sandburg, Ben Hecht, and Floyd Dell. Already Anderson had produced several long novels, but he later wrote, "They were not really mine." The first Winesburg stories, composed in 1915 as he lived alone in a rooming house in Chicago, were a breakthrough for him, prompted by his reading, earlier that year, of Edgar Lee Masters's Spoon River Anthology and Gertrude Stein's Three Lives. Masters's poetic inventory of a small Midwestern community stands in clear paternal relation to Anderson's rendering of his memories of Clyde; but perhaps Stein's elevation of humble lives into a curious dignity. along with her remarkably relaxed and idiomatic style, was the more nurturing influence in releasing Anderson into material that he did feel was really his and that gave him for the first time, as he later related, the conviction that he was "a real writer.'

Both godparents of Winesburg, Ohio had a firmness and realism that was not part of Anderson's genius. Masters was a practicing lawyer, and his free-verse epitaphs state each case in almost legal prose; many have the form of arraignments, and a number of criminal incidents are fleshed out as each ghost gives its crisp testimony. Stein, before her confident and impudent mind went slack in its verbal enjoyments. showed an enlivening appetite for the particulars of how things are said and thought, a calm lack of either condescension or squeamishness in her social view, and a superb feel for the nuances of relationships, primarily but not only among women. For Anderson, society scarcely exists in its legal and affective bonds, and dialogue is generally the painful imposition of one monologue upon another. At the climax of the unconsummated love affair between George Willard and Helen White that is one of Winesburg's continuous threads, the two sit together in the deserted fairground grandstand and hold hands:

In that high place in the darkness the two oddly nistive human atoms held each other tightly and waited. In the mind of each was the same thought. "I have come to this lonely place and here is this other," was the substance of the thing felt.

They embrace, but then mutual embarrassmovertakes them and like children they face tumble on the way down to town and part, by ing "for a moment taken hold of the thing umakes the mature life of men and women in modern world possible."

The vagueness of "the thing" is chronic, only the stumbling, shrugging, willful style u-Anderson made of Stein's serene run-on troaffords him half a purchase on his unutteral subject, the "thing" troubling the heart of characters. Dr. Reefy, who attends and in a seloves George Willard's dving mother, comp sively writes thoughts on bits of paper. He the crumples them into little balls—"paper pills" and shoves them into his pocket only to even ally throw them away. "One by one the mind Dr. Reefy had made the thoughts. Out of m. of them he formed a truth that arose gigantic his mind. The truth clouded the world. It came terrible and then faded away and the lit thoughts began again." What the gigan thought was, we are not told.

Another questing medical man, Dr. Parciv relates long tales that at times seem to Geor Willard "a pack of lies" and at others to conta "the very essence of truth." As Thornton W der's Our Town reminded us, small-town peor think a lot about the universe (as opposed to c people, who think about one another). The ag nizing philosophical search is inherited from region; in the four-part story "Godliness," the thor, speaking as a print-saturated modern ma says of the world fifty years before: "Men labor too hard and were too tired to read. In them will no desire for words printed upon paper. As the worked in the fields, vague, half-form thoughts took possession of them. They believ in God and in God's power to control the lives. . . . The figure of God was big in the hearts of men." The rural landscape of the Mi west becomes easily confused in the minds of i pious denizens with that of the Bible, where Go manifested himself with signs and spoken word Jesse Bentley's attempt to emulate Abraham's fered sacrifice of Isaac so terrifies his grandso David that the boy flees the Winesburg region forever. Anderson writes about religious obse sion with cold sympathy, as something that tru enters into lives and twists them. To this spiritu hunger sex adds its own; the Reverend Curt Hartman breaks a small hole in the stained-gla window of his bell-tower study in order to spy of a woman in a house across the street as she lies of her bed and smokes and reads. "He did not war to kiss the shoulders and the throat of Kai Smith and had not allowed his mind to dwell o such thoughts. He did not know what his wanted. 'I am God's child and he must save m n myself,' he cried." One evening he sees her ne naked into her room and weep and then v: with his fist he smashes the window so all of with its broken bit of a peephole, will have to repaired.

There are more naked women in Winesburg n one might think. "Adventure" shows Alice adman, a twenty-seven-year-old spinster ed by a lover a decade before, so agitated by er desire to have something beautiful come o her rather narrow life" that she runs naked o the rain one night and actually accosts a n—a befuddled old deaf man who goes on his y. In the following story, "Respectability," a atic and repulsive misogynist, Wash Wilms, recalls to George Willard how, many years ore, his mother-in-law, hoping to reconcile n with his unfaithful young wife, presented r naked to him in her (Dayton, Ohio) parlor. orge Willard, his chaste relation to Helen hite aside, suffers no lack of sexual invitation Winesburg's alleys and surrounding fields. erwood Anderson's women are as full of ague hungers and secret unnamable desires" as men. The sexual quest and the philosophical est blend: of George Willard's mother, the ost tenderly drawn woman of all, the author 75, "Always there was something she sought ndly, passionately, some hidden wonder in a... In all the babble of words that fell from e lips of the men with whom she adventured e was trying to find what would be for her the ie word." Winesburg, Ohio is dedicated to the emory of Anderson's own mother, "whose en observations on the life about her first awoke in me the hunger to see be-

he author's hunger to see and express is enrined with the common hunger for love and assurance and gives the book its awkward wer and its limiting strangeness. The many paracters of Winesburg, rather than standing rth as individuals, seem, with their repeating es and uniform loneliness, aspects of one envelping personality, an eccentric bundle of stalled npulses and frozen grievances. There is nohere a citizen who, like Thomas Rhodes of poon River, exults in his material triumphs and npenitent rascality, nor any humbler type, like eal black, tall, well built, stupid, childlike, ood looking" Rose Johnson of Stein's fictional ridgepoint, who is happily at home in her skin. the Winesburgs of America lack such earthly accesses; does the provincial orchard hold only, Anderson's vivid phrase, "twisted apples"? To, and yet Yes, must be the answer; for the ncanny truth of Anderson's sad and surreal picure must awaken recognition within anyone ho, like this reviewer, was born in a small town

neath the surface of lives.'

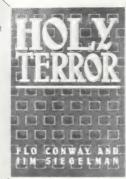
before highways and development filled all the fields and television imposed upon every home a degraded sophistication. The Protestant villages of America, going back to Hawthorne's Salem, leave a spectral impression in literature: vague longing and monotonous, inbred satisfactions are their essence; there is something perilous and maddening in the accommodations such communities extend to human aspiration and appetite. As neighbors watch, and murmur, lives visibly wrap themselves around a missed opportunity, a thwarted passion. The longing may be simply the longing to get out. The healthy, rounded apples, Anderson tells us, are "put in barrels and shipped to the cities where they will be eaten in apartments that are filled with books, magazines, furniture, and people." George Willard gets out in the end, and as soon as Winesburg falls away from the train windows "his life there had become but a background on which to paint the dreams of his manhood."

The small town is generally seen, by the adult writer arrived at his city, as the site of youthful paralysis and dreaming. Certainly Anderson, as Malcolm Cowley has pointed out, wrote in a dreaming way, scrambling the time and logic of events as he hastened toward his epiphanies of helpless awakening, when the citizens of Winesburg break their tongue-tied trance and become momentarily alive to one another. Gertrude Stein's style, so revolutionary and liberating, has the haughtiness and humor of the faux-naïve; there is much genuine naïveté in Anderson, which in even his masterwork flirts with absurdity and which elsewhere weakens his work decisively. Winesburg, Ohio describes the human condition only insofar as unfulfillment and restlessness-a nagging sense that real life is elsewhere—are intrinsically part of it. Yet the wideeved eagerness with which Anderson pursued the mystery of the meager lives of Winesburg opened Michigan to Hemingway, and Mississippi to Faulkner; a way had been shown to a new directness and a freedom from contrivance. Though Winesburg accumulates external facts streets, stores, town personalities—as it gropes along, its burden is a spiritual essence, a certain tart sweet taste to life as it passes in America's lonely lamplit homes. A nagging beauty lives amid this tame desolation; Anderson's parade of vearning wraiths constitutes in sum a democratic plea for the failed, the neglected, and the stuck. "On the trees are only a few gnarled apples that the pickers have rejected. . . . One nibbles at them and they are delicious. Into a little round place at the side of the apple has been gathered all of its sweetness." Describing a horse-andbuggy world bygone even in 1919, Winesburg, Ohio imparts this penetrating taste—the wine hidden in its title—as freshly today as vesterday.

The many characters of Winesburg seem one enveloping personality —an eccentric bundle of stalled impulses and frozen grievances

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# LETTERS

Continued from page 5

# U.N. Resolve

It was with astonishment the read the superficial and xenophic article by Richard Grenier ["Yand Si! iU.N., No!", *Harper's*, Janua The author is clearly one of those widislike most of the world and he that it will go away. His remarks tray a vengeful isolationism and fond illusion that if you close your eto international problems, they not trouble you anymore.

Grenier maintains that the Uni Nations is a "Third World Club." plying that the United States is duced to a permanent minority. To is far from the truth. It is true, co trary to the current mythology, the the United States has at no time sire 1946 been the master of an automa majority at the United Nations. In the United States is often joined b large number of Third World coul tries on resolutions, including the calling for the withdrawal of fore troops from Afghanistan and fro Kampuchea. In the case of Afghair stan, ninety-two Third World coultries joined the Western countries. a the case of Kampuchea, eighty-cu countries from the Third World joined the West, thus constitution more than 100 votes. One received study indicates that the United Stass voted with the majority in over percent of the votes taken during to 1981-82 General Assembly session In votes on economic and social ma ters, to which the bulk of U.N. furs are devoted, the United States was a the majority more than 80 percent the time.

We should not forget that despithe "one-nation, one-vote" system the General Assembly, the Unitstates is a permanent member of the Security Council, where it can verany action by the Council even if the action is supported by the other fouteen members. Furthermore, no say observer of the United Nations wou equate in their political impact America's one vote in the Assembly with the one vote of a ministate. In the incomment of the United Nations of the United

15, the General Assembly reflects equality of states before the law gite inequality in capacity (is it not same in national societies?), and Security Council reflects the real-of power. It is only the Council, of rse, that can take binding action questions of peace and security.

The United States carries considerating influence in all spheres of U.N. ivities. What counts is the substant position of a country and the abilities diplomats to persuade others, this area, the United States has lomatic assets of which critics like spier have no comprehension.

Grenier also does not think much he United Nations as a forum for otiations. He should refresh his mory as to how a casual talk in N. corridors between Ambassadors sup of the United States and Malik he Soviet Union eventually led to settlement of the first Berlin crisis 1949. Negotiations by Israel in N. corridors a few years ago led to ognition of that country by a numof African states. In 1982, Soviet eign Minister Gromyko met with en Foreign Minister Shamir of Israel the United Nations. Where else 1 representatives of countries that ve no diplomatic relations talk to e another so easily and without emrrassment? The United Nations is a rmanent conclave which serves as a :ful location for such contacts.

At a more formal level, the Secuv Council framework and the Sec-:ary General's good offices are availle to all member states. Resolutions 2 and 338 of the Security Council main the most widely accepted basis r a lasting settlement to the Middle ist problem. To quote Ambassador rkpatrick's 1982 testimony to the nate Appropriations Committee: he U.N. has had some significant ccesses. It played a very positive le in the Korean War and in the ongo dispute in 1960. It played a sitive role in the Indo-Pakistani war 1965. It has more recently played a sitive role in Cyprus and in Lebaon. From time to time it has played a sitive role in helping to end the rab-Israeli wars. Today in the world ere are five fairly important U.N. acekeeping operations currently nctioning. . . . The U.S. should stay in the U.N., hang in and work hard on it." Or as Messrs. Brzezinski, Haig, Kissinger, Moynihan, Rogers, Rusk, and Vance put it in a joint statement last September: "The United Nations is an important instrumentality in the conduct of American foreign policy. The United Nations provides this country with a forum for protecting and promoting our own interests as well as for seeking solutions to problems we share with other countries."

Of course, the shortcomings and imperfections of the United Nations are a matter of deep frustration for those of us who believe in its purposes and ideals. But it was never intended to be a world government. It is only as successful as member governments permit it to be. The Secretary General and others can facilitate the process of coming to agreement and joint action by governments. The world body mirrors the world we live in. In the postwar era, we can safely say that it has helped humanity to avoid global conflagration, as it did in the missile crisis in 1962, and has ushered in a new stage of global cooperation, as seen in initiatives on such issues as outer space and the environment, and the adoption of the major Law of the Sea Convention.

The United Nations was founded to preserve peace, yet wars have continued, says Grenier-therefore the United States should leave it. That would be like abolishing the police force following a crime wave. Instead. we must work together to remedy the U.N.'s shortcomings, which derive from the political and social fissures in the world today, and make it a more effective body for security and justice for us all. To do that, it is vital for us to have a well-balanced assessment (and not frivolous, uninformed armchair criticism) of the United Nations, based on both its serious limitations and its tremendous potential. This is the least that we all owe ourselves in this nuclear age, when the quest for peace determines our very survival.

Yasushi Akashi Under Secretary General for Public Information United Nations New York, N.Y.



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. Fix in a border or setting Ability, strength	34 76	66	45		103	55	26			Ο.	Seat of Prince William County, Va., near the site of the Battle of Bull Run	63	141	8	77	47	89	99	118	
. Fr. playwright (Rhinoceros)	71	113	153	106	151	167	28			Ρ.	Disquiet, strong dissatisfaction and ag-	114	38	80	160	68	108			
. It. painter (c. 1480– 1532), son of Giovanni Lutero	94	129	15	157	163					Q.	Adheres in interest or affection; sticks close	33	159	81	18	146	132			
l Opened wide	41	156	140	171	4)	14				R.	Most intoxicating or exhilarating	168	51	135	154	17	131	32	82	
Spirited, lively per- son; small dust-storm	65	147	16	170	93					S.	Spy whose real name was Gertrud	43	64	21	109	138	115	58	37	
"We're": 1933 song by Al	1-36	36	27	165	60	124	79	110	40		Margarete Zelle (2 wds.)									
Warren, also called "The Gold-Diggers' Song" (3 wds.)									127	T.	Wooded plateau, SE Belgium, site of WW II's Battle of the Bulge	119	35	111	97	145	107	23	61	
I. Sponged, bummed  Armed constable or	3	166	30	137	19	143				U.	Sprinkles with fine particles; removes fine particles from	158	125	20	62	25				
courier in Turkey Purplish-brown						_	420			V.	Lowest point	85	92	7	31	148				
seaweed, also called carrageen (2 wds.)	100	116	88	50	53	1	128	12	13	W	Harmonious motion or proportion	75	2	134	46	83	56	87	-5	11.
C. Redroot (3 wds.)	120	42	162	78	54	130	104	123	142	Χ.	Fixes; posts; assigns	22	121	139	10					
Dwarfs, hinders the							73	117	6	Y.	Impose as a burden or responsibility	105	144	161	122	101	67			
progress of; feats	11	52	150	49	70	102														
A. Gibus (2 wds.)	149	95	48	126	57	155	90	164												

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# SOLUTION TO THE FEBRUARY PUZZLE: NOTES FOR "VALENTINE"

Across: 1. I(CO.)N; 5. BO(O)NS, reversal; 10. R(E)AP(e); 16. LIBEL, composite anagram with 1, e.g., 21. YOUR, homophone; 22. KN(ELIT.; 23. C-OR-M; 24. EVER; 25. (DLEA-RN; 26. SHED; 27. M-EEK; 28. TRU(st.)ED; 29. LE-GAL; 30. ERIN, homophone; 31. RACE, hidden. Down: 1. L(I'M)-PET; 2. . . . C-LOVER; 3. VOYEU(anagram)-R; 4. (op.)EN-CORE; 5. BILLED, two meanings; 6. S(P.O.)KEN, anagram of Ken's; 7. MORIT. . .)AL; 8. (c)ENSURE; 9. S(P. .)BANG; 10. RESEAL, anagram; 11. LETHAL, anagram "misses" = "misfries"; 12. YA(reversal)-NKEE(anagram); 13. PAN-DER; 14. R. . .E-MISS; 15. T-(v)ALENT(ine); 16. L-ATHER(anagram); 17. TICKER, anagram; 18. BORE(A)S, anagram; 19. EROT-I-C, reversal: 20. FLAMBBE.

# CONTEST RULES:

Send the quotation, the number, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 15, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the April issue. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 13 are Laurel Hirsch, New York, New York; S.L. Martin, Blacksburo, Virginia; and I.H. Paul, New York, New York.

# SOLUTION TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 14

Bearded titmanship . . . is the name given to the art of being in essence one up in . . . spotting uncommon birds. Rivalry in this . . . field . . . is intense and many a broken nose results, or the words "bigot" and "sewer-rat" are flung . . . in the correspondence columns of the Times.

—[Stephen] Potter: One-Upmanship

# PUZZLE

# SIXES & SEVENS

# by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

(with acknowledgments to Zander of The Listener)

he clues to words of six and seven letters are grouped separately. Solvers must determine where each answer belongs in the diagram, using the answers to the numbered clues as guides.

Answers include one place name; a common French word is among the answers to the seven-letter words. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 103.

# Clues

# Across

- 1. Addict sure is turned inside out (4)
- 6. Eats fatter stew . . . leaving this result? (10)
- 7. I'm drunk without qualification (5)
- 8.  $1 \div 6 = \text{sheepish?}(5)$
- Inept boxer takes fall at beginning of bell, during count (10)
- 12. Dash through the landscape (4)

# Down

- 1. Penny: dwarf's riches (4)
- 2. Fish from quiet boat (5)
- Produced offspring and married . . . I pulled it off (10)
- 5. Anarchic reign accommodates nobleman . . . that's telling (10)
- 9. Flat surface is unusual in Nepal (5)
- 11. Urchins dropping Greek character's large pots (4)

# Six-Letter Words

- a. One replacing commanding officer leading Russian cooperative is not able to catch anything?
- b. Full of anger, waters shrub
- c. A crown the Spanish got back from Peruvian na-
- d. Hell, the pot broke
- e. Pitifully small males refused by Y
- f. Place next to A&P, post office, and empty store

- g. Succeeds, when given 100 laps
- h. Small thrill excited gentile . . . but not quite
- i. Keepers at zoo concealing substitute
- j. Vehicle for stiff practice, when about this
- k. Female lying about silver's cost
- l. Expected to come back during most of autumn . . . like a quarrel

# Seven-Letter Words

- a. Promotional experts for Democrat that is without a prayer at the end (two words)
- b. Gone all to pieces, possibly resulting from gun duel
- c. Oh, I'd lay off rest of workers
- d. Star actor keeps the lady on a string
- e. During opera, violinist noodles
- f. Root for the Poles (English soldier leads it)
- g. Broken leg, e.g., in loose wrap . .
- h. . . . or am I mistaken about wardrobe
- i. Windbag turns blue. Brr
- Guarantees—assuming, for instance, stability on a ship (two words)
- k. Game deteriorated after odd scavenger hunt
- Throw out fool coming back for a game

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Sixes & Sevens," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the April issue. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of the January puzzle, "Simple Addition," are Bronwen Bledsoe, Seattle, Washington; M.H. Wansky, Convent Station, New Jersey; and Bruce Kahn, Atlanta, Georgia.

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# WHAT THE RUSSIANS REALLY WANT By Marshall D. Shulman

SHOULD THE U.S. DEFEND EUROPE?

NATO and the Fire Next Time

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'1040': THE COMMON FORM OF TAX INEQUITY By Robert Lekachman

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# LETTERS

# An Antinuclear Defense

As directors of the research organization that conducted the poll discussed in David Rubin's article ["Can the Peace Movement Make a President?" Harper's, February, we found Rubin's conclusions to be unwarranted in several respects.

If the title is any indication of Rubin's intent, the central question of his article is the degree to which the peace movement can influence who is elected president in November 1984. But in his haste to underplay the impact of that movement, Rubin has confounded the selection process that will take place in the voting booth in November with the selection process that will take place at the Democratic convention in July. When speculating on the impact of the peace movement on the general election, Rubin should have kept in mind the statistic he cites: 98 percent of all movement leaders feel Reagan is the candidate most harmful to our national security. As Rubin himself says, "The one unambiguous finding of the poll is that movement leaders are unanimous in their feeling that President Reagan must be defeated." It is here that the peace movement will attempt to "make a president."

Rubin's remark that the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign, with more than 10 million active sup-

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porters, is "more a feeling than a pol litical program" also should not go un answered. For the record, the Nucleal Weapons Freeze Campaign has or chestrated the passage of a bilatera nuclear weapons freeze in the U.S. House of Representatives, 11 state legislatures, 56 county councils, 320 city councils, and hundreds of na tional and international organizal tions. If that is not a political pro gram, what is?

Finally, Rubin warns that the lead ers interviewed by Harper's should no be taken as typical of the entire antil nuclear movement, since these are in dividuals "for whom the single issue of nuclear war has become a grim pas sion." But are the people leading the peace movement fundamentally diff ferent from those who are less in volved? A recent poll by Yankelovich, Skelly, and White found that reducing the risk of nuclear war is now perceived as our nation's most press ing problem. More recently, a Harris poll revealed that 86 percent of adults nationwide are concerned that the world will be plunged into a nucleal war, and 67 percent are convinced that there is a likelihood of a third world war breaking out in the next twenty years—a war they believe will involve the use of nuclear weapons. Thus, the opinions held by leaders of the peace movement are not radically different from those held by the adult population in general.

Scott Plous and Cynthia Johnson Nuclear Arms Educational Service Stanford, Calif.





# e Allman Doctrine

As a longtime student of American lomatic history, I feel I must point the following:

[. D. Allman, in "The Doctrine at Never Was" [Harper's, January], ws wholly nonexistent parallels been the international situation to-and the international situation t engendered the Monroe Docte in 1823.

Allman tries to convince us that use Monroe opposed the Mexican r—an interesting contention, as Monroe died fifteen years before

s war began.

Allman repeatedly denounces nething called the "Reagan Corol-" to the Monroe Doctrine. To my owledge, such a corollary has never n mentioned by President Reagan anyone in his Administration, or the press or scholarly community. fact, the Reagan Corollary would m to exist in just two places: the fondest desires of the columt William Safire and in the tored imagination of T. D. Allman. Allman pretends that he knows w lames Monroe and his political lleagues would have reacted to rent American foreign policy. I sinrely doubt that Allman really knows is: President Monroe and his coligues have been keeping their views themselves for a very long time.

In short, Allman's article exempli-

s how badly historical truth can be

torted when it is put in the service

a "cause"-in this case, the cause

a new American isolationism.

uart Anderson
pland, Calif.

T. D. Allman's article on the Mone Doctrine is a grab bag of historical stortions, half-truths, and inapproiate analogies. I cannot resist citing st one example.

Allman writes of the doctrine: The Europeans, the Latin Amerins, and even Monroe and his immetate successors completely forgot yout the statement soon after it was ade." This is unmitigated nonsense. lonroe's successor was John Quincy dams, who had helped formulate the doctrine. During his administrate

tion, Latin American countries repeatedly asked the United States to intercede in their behalf in matters involving European intervention. In August 1826, to note one such request, the Argentine government asked the United States if it could be counted on to come to its aid should Portugal-on behalf of Brazil-invade Argentina. Argentina, which was fighting with Brazil at the time, made specific reference in its contacts with U.S. officials to the Monroe Doctrine. The fact that we had neither the power nor the will to intercede in no way excuses Allman's error.

Robert J. Maddox University Park, Pa.

To maintain, as T. D. Allman does, that President Monroe and his secretary of state, John Quincy Adams, conceived of the Monroe Doctrine as an anti-British statement is to interpret incorrectly events of the 1820s in light of developments in the 1840s. By the 1840s, England's interest in establishing formal ties with the independent state of Texas and controversies along the Canadian border were sources of hostility between England and the United States. That was not the case during the Monroe presidency. In the aftermath of the War of 1812, the United States and England were, thanks to the efforts of Adams, on cordial terms. Adams not only had negotiated an agreement concerning the U.S. border with Canada but had succeeded in demilitarizing the Great Lakes. Joint control of Oregon may be construed as further evidence of the cautious cooperation between the two

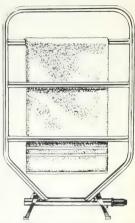
The refusal of Adams and Monroe to join with England in issuing a statement against recolonization or new ventures in the Western Hemisphere was not a rejection of England. It was simply a sign of their recognition that the United States, having won (or, more accurately, not lost) the War of 1812, was an emerging world power and must not be subservient to any other nation in foreign policy.

Lynne C. Boughton Palatine, Ill.

Continued on page 91

# Hammacher Schlemmer

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# **NOTEBOOK**

# Intercontinental ballistic images By Lewis H. Lapham

n the day that it was announced in Moscow that Konstantin Chernenko had succeeded Yuri Andropov as general secretary of the Communist Party. I listened to an impromptu summit conference in New York between two people, both students of the news, who thought the time had come to bring to an end the expensive foolishness of the cold war.

The man, a civil servant in his midfifties, thin-mouthed and logical, believed in the unalloyed villainy of the Soviet cabal. He mentioned the Soviet plot to commandeer Central America, the preponderance of Soviet missiles in Europe, and the distribution of vicious, antidemocratic propaganda to the innocent tribes of the Third World. The woman, who was vounger, thought that the Russians were victims of American arrogance and technology. The blame, she said, could be as properly assigned to the generals in the Pentagon as to the commissars in the Kremlin. She observed that it was the United States that had exploded the first atomic bomb, that the MX was a first-strike weapon, and that the success of the American economy depended on the fruitfulness of the defense industries.

What struck me about their discussion was their joint expectation of immediate relief from their own fears and anxieties. I asked what the Russians could offer as surety of their honorable intentions. What confession could they sign at Geneva? What would be the text of the communiqué that ended the arms race?

The man considered the questions for a moment, and then, in the reasonable tone of voice used by school-masters addressing delinquent adolescents, he set forth a list of examination requirements. First, of course, the Russians must demonstrate their peaceableness. They could begin by taking down all the SS-20s,

SS-5s, and SS-4s aimed at our friends in Europe. After they had withdrawn their troops from Afghanistan and their saboteurs from Nicaragua and El Salvador, they could show a decent respect for mankind by improving the merchandise in their department stores and by letting go the chains binding the captive Soviet press.

The woman wanted to do away with all the world's bombs in a public ritual not unlike the potlatch once performed by the Indians of the Pacific Northwest. The ceremony, she said, would last for as many days and as many nights as were necessary to the grand subtraction. In front of television cameras, first the Russians would dismantle a missile, and then the Americans would do the same. and then the French and the British, and so forth through the round of air force and naval bases until the whole of the earth's nuclear arsenal had been reduced to harmless scrap. Just as the Tlingit chiefs had taken pride in their capacity to dispose of beaver skins, so also the nation-states could glory in the conspicuous consumption of so much exquisite technology.

Although more fanciful than some of the other plans of escape from the maze, the two happy endings reflect the romanticism on both sides of the arms debate. The feeling of dread goads people into believing that something must be done in a hurry. They think that the dilemma ought to be resolved within the span of a single administration. They yearn for a significant act of peace, but if this is not forthcoming before the next election, they demand a significant act of war.

What they forget is that, with any luck, the cold war and the arms nego-tiations will go on for another thirty or forty years. Certainly it will take that long to build down not only the inventories of weapons but also the stockpiles of armed cliché. Since

1945, the United States and Soviet Union have invested a g deal of effort and imagination in making of intercontinental balli images.

Each country requires a hide portrait of the other in order to just the expense of amassing a collect of invincible armor. The other sid the world needs to be seen as a siniplace because it forms the dark baground against which each audie can recognize the shape of its chappiness.

At the more subtle levels of feeligh each country sees in the other what most fears in itself. The Russians re tray the United States as a law frontier where, except for the rul elite, nobody is happy and nobod safe. The Americans portray the viet Union as a monolithic priswhere, except for the ruling elite, body is safe and nobody is free. In exchange of images the Russians knowledge their own all too fami fondness for anarchy and seek to gate the prospect of their own fr dom. Knowing how easily they become enslaved, to drugs and mor if not by a czar, the Americans seel deny their own love of despotism.

Any satisfactory deal between these two states of mind is likely take a very long time and require a of very small print. We can hope the our reason and our understanding v catch up with our fear and our tech cal virtuosity, that the revolution weapons will give rise to a revolution in the skills necessary to their ma agement. Then maybe we can proerly define both the arms race and to art of diplomacy not as an Olymit game between nations but as a strigle between man's evolving inte gence and the old and Dionysian i pulses, as popular in Washington as Moscow, that would change him ir an ape.

# HARPER'S INDEX

U.S. personnel in Central America \$ 20,212 Cuban personnel in Central America : 4,500

Percentage of Americans who don't know which side the U.S. supports in Nicaragua \$ 87

Government estimate of the dollar value of the untaxed underground economy \$ \$222,000,000,000

Percentage of college freshmen who say "being well-off financially" is important \$ 69.3

Who say "developing a philosophy of life" is important \$44.1

Frames bowled in U.S. ten-pin alleys in 1983 : 16,160,538,000

Americans who say they have quit smoking \$ 33,000,000

Americans who say they haven't \$ 53,000,000

Industry estimate of the life span of the average umbrella (in years) \$ 2.5

Years a Zimbabwean can be imprisoned for ridiculing President Canaan Banana : 5

Copies of 1984 sold each day in January 1984 (U.S. only) \$50,000

Portion of the world population living under military-controlled governments : 1/4

Portion of the Salvadoran population that has emigrated since 1979 : 1/8

Number of suggestions Toyota employees made to management in 1983 : 1,900,000

Number of Japanese cars imported into the U.S. in 1983 : 1,972,709 Vice versa 2.322

Private enterprises licensed in China \$ 2,630,000

Square miles of telephone-booth glass smashed by vandals in Riga, U.S.S.R. (1982) \$ 1,800

Total memory capacity produced by the U.S. computer industry in 1983 (in "K") \$ 311,800,000,000 Number of heads of government in the United States since 1964 \$ 5

In the Soviet Union : 4

In Switzerland : 20

Countries that have switched sides in the cold war \$ 28

Number of troops in the armed forces of Iceland \$ 0 (see page 34)

Deaths caused by terrorism, worldwide, in 1979 : 1,963

In 1983: 10.159

Deaths by gunshot in the movie Scarface : 41

By strangulation or hanging : 3

By chain saw : 1

Boxer-shorts-for-women sold by Calvin Klein in the last quarter of 1983 \$ 70,000

Total baseball at-bats last season : 143,538

Home runs : 3,301

Percentage of viewers who remember seeing Wheaties in Rocky III: 96

Forgeries discovered this year in the collection of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art \$ 45

Americans who declared \$200,000 or more in income and paid no federal taxes in 1981: 304 (see page 80)

Percentage of Americans too young to remember the Bicentennial : 25

The launching of Sputnik : 58

Life before television : 69

Life without a federal income tax : 98

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources, as of February 1984.

Some readers expect their magazine to clothe them in opinions the way Halston or Bloomingdale's dresses them for the opera

The new Harper's is looking for reader wholly canable of dressing themselves.



The new Harper's magazine asks you to something that isn't terribly fashionable these days: think for yourself.

The Harper's Index, for example, prese a not-so-random collection of statistics both current and relevant—the number of wars waged in 1983 (41), the percentage of

Americans who believe that heaven exists (77), the number of movie theaters in the United States (16,901) as opposed to the number of movie theaters in the Soviet Uni (144,100). Read as a sequence the Index provides a kind of sounding of the spirit of the times. For those willing to listen.

Each issue also contains writing from people as various in their perceptions as Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Kurt Vonnegut, Leo Steinberg and Tom Stoppard. As well as readings from publications as miscellaneous as <u>Pravda</u>, <u>The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists</u>, <u>Variety</u> and <u>Le Monde</u>. We do this to give you an indication of what's bein said and done in places you don't have access to. What you do with it is up to you.

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# READINGS

# [Speech] A PLEA FOR DIPLOMACY

Adapted from a speech delivered by George F. Kennan last November at a dinner marking the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, on November 16, 1933. The dinner, which was held in Washington at the Smithsonian Institution, was attended by several former U.S. ambassadors to the Soviet Union and by Anatoly F. Dobrynin, the Soviet ambassador to the United States. Kennan served as ambassador in the early 1950s.

s one of the very few persons now alive who participated in the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Soviet Union fifty years ago and who served in Moscow in the initial period of the new relationship, I naturally find myself reflecting on the difference between the way the problems of this relationship appeared to us at that time and the way they appear to our successors, a half century later.

For all of us involved, the opening of an American embassy in Moscow and the inauguration of official contacts with the Soviet government were exciting experiences. They had all the appeal of novelty, and something of the unknown. Several of us had been thoroughly trained in Russian subjects. We knew a good deal about the Soviet Union, but we did not know how it would react to our government on the official level. None of us had even the faintest Marxist sympathies, but we had not learned to see our Soviet opposite numbers as beyond the limits of normal human understanding and communication. We were well aware of the great traditional and ideological differences that separated us from these men. But we could not anticipate the impact that would be made on the Soviet psychology by official contacts with the American government and society. And we ventured to hope that somehow or other this

new relationship would open up new and promising vistas for our two countries and for the world at large.

These attitudes no doubt involved a certain amount of euphoria; and to that extent, experience soon corrected them. Difficulties were not long in developing. Some of these difficulties can be regarded as abnormal ones; to this category I would relegate the Stalinist purges, which began soon after our embassy was established in Moscow and which continued, to some extent, throughout the Stalin era. This terrible and incredible series of repressive actions weighed heavily, in more ways than you might suppose, on Soviet-American relations. And on top of this there was the shocking cynicism of the Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact of 1939, which touched off the German attack on Poland.

But most of the difficulties we encountered were of the endemic variety. They were products of what you might call the permanent environmental factors of the Soviet-American relationship-such things as conflicting ideological commitments; different geographic situations; different traditions and customs; different ways of looking at things; differences in the ways the two peoples saw themselves and each other; and the unrealistic expectations each had of the other. We soon became aware of these factors. even if we probably underrated their long-term importance.

So Soviet-American relations in those initial years were often troubled ones. We and the Russians rubbed each other painfully in many ways. as we continue to do today. The ideological competition was far more intense than it is today, and the political tension no smaller. Those of us who served in Moscow in those years gradually learned to reconcile ourselves to a long period of political and ideological rivalry—to a long struggle for the minds of men.

But what we did not anticipate (and this is a basic difference) was anything resembling military conflict between the two countries. War with Nazi Germany?-yes, possibly. War with the Japanese militarists?—yes, possibly. War between the United States and the Soviet Union?—no. Nothing, it seems to me, was further from our thoughts. It simply did not occur to us that this ideological and political competition with the Soviet Union was anything that needed to be, or could be, resolved on the field of battle. It was a struggle for the minds of living men—not for the bodies of dead ones.

There is no need to point out the drastic and unhappy contrast between that day and this. One has only to glance at the morning newspapers-one has only to note the issues of Soviet-American relations that are now under public discussion and the ones over which the two governments are negotiating, or are supposed to be negotiating-in order to perceive the overwhelming extent to which the relationship has been penetrated and indeed taken over by military considerations. It is weapons we now talk about, weapons we read about, weapons we negotiate about. Behind this endless debate about weaponry the real political issues between the two countries fade into obscurity; and the public is left with the impression that the relationship consists exclusively of maneuvering for military ascendancy, that weapons are all that countthat it is the weapons that will someday determine the ultimate outcome of all our differences.

What has caused this change? It had its origins in the great geopolitical displacements flowing from the outcome of World War II—changes that left the two powers confronting each other, for the first time in history, over a military border drawn through the center of Europe. But a second and even more fateful factor was the introduction into both of their arsenals of a form of weaponry—the nuclear one—wholly unprecedented in its destructiveness and conducive to the establishment of a new range of military anxieties and speculations. These two factors have led to a weapons race unparalleled in history for

piplomatic history provides abundant evidence that any sort of weapons race between great modern industrial powers, even a nonnuclear one, sets up a pattern of compulsions that soon acquires its own momentum as a motivating force for national behavior—a momentum completely independent of the political differences that may have led the two powers to view each other as rivals in the first place. This momentum easily and almost invariably becomes a dominant factor in the formulation of national policy, commanding the public imagination, commanding the attention of the press, commanding the

reactions of statesmen and politicians. Such a

weapons race is, in other words, a dangerous

trap, from which, to date, the competing parties

its intensity and for the apocalyptic

fears and reactions it engenders.

have never found a means of escape, except in the disasters of war.

It is this trap in which the Soviet Union and the United States find themselves caught today and from which, as yet, they have seen no way to extricate themselves. Behind this trap, and obscured by it, still lie the complicating political factors of the relationship, largely as they existed in the 1930s and as they will long continue to exist. Were the military rivalry removed tomorrow, these complicating factors would still be there and would still be troublesome; but they would not be mortally dangerous. The military competition, on the other hand, is mortally dangerous, for the war to which it could so easily lead is one in which, as we all know and as all our leaders have recognized, there could be no victory—only total catastrophe for all concerned.

When one looks at this relationship from the historical perspective, what one sees are two great powers only recently elevated to positions of political and economic ascendancy. One sees these two powers just beginning, in the 1930s and early 1940s, to tackle the difficult but not impossible task of psychological and political adjustment to each other in a world where new technology was making all men neighbors. But then one sees them suddenly overtaken by tremendous new developments in the geopolitical and military fields, developments for which they were not at all prepared; and one sees them thrown by these developments into a predicament—namely, the nuclear weapons race—that had nothing to do with the normal problems of adjusting to each other as they presented themselves in the 1930s, a predicament from which, as of today, they know no means of escape, and in which they are simply writhing helplessly, at immense danger to themselves and to the world.

There are no considerations of policy—no aspirations, no ambitions, no anxieties, no defensive impulses—that could justify the continuation of this dreadful situation. The two governments may not be at fault—or at least they may be very little at fault—for the fact that it has come into being. It was largely unforeseeable forces of history that thrust them into it. But it is a mortal danger for them both. And precisely because the problem is unprecedented, the leadership required to extricate them from it will also have to be unprecedented—unprecedented in determination, in imagination, in courage, and, if necessary, in political self-sacrifice.

That this task can be accomplished if these qualities can only be brought to bear upon it cannot be doubted. And there can be no questioning its necessity. In the face of this necessity, many of the things that preoccupy us today—the resentments, the suspicions, the irritations, the minor conflicts, the considerations of prestige

and short-term advantage—fade in importance. If we could see this-if we could see that the real problem is not with the other party but with both of us, that we are both part of it, both victims of it, that it is in fact a common problem-if we could see these things, the road to self-extrication from this predicament would surely begin to become visible. The road would not be smooth; but it would not be impassable. It would not lead to paradise; at the end of it would lie only the normal measure of frictions, misunderstandings. and agonies of adjustment that have always marked, and are always going to mark, the coexistence of great powers on this planet. But there would be, at the end of this road, life, hope, and a future for posterity. Whereas the failure to enter on that road allows for none of those things.

CONVERSIONS

In Grenada—Wilfred Baptiste, better known as "Melody of Grenada," is a calypso singer. He wrote the first of these two lyrics last year, in praise of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. He wrote the second shortly after the U.S. invasion.

Mr. P.M. stay as sweet as you are,

Mr. P.M. what dey worrying you for,

Mr. P.M. is time dev should see

Forward we going, we ain't frightened for nobody.

If it was not for Mr. Reagan what would become of we?

If it was not for Mr. Reagan was a bloodbath for you and me.

If it was not for Mr. Reagan, God bless America:

Sing the chorus, let me hear you, Mr. Reagan is our godfather. . . .

Now we are liberated with true democracy. Down with communism, it never was good for you and me.

In Argentina—From the January 8 Manchester Guardian Weekly. By Andrew Graham-Yool, writing from Buenos Aires.

One month into the six-year administration of President Raúl Alfonsín, an Argentina without censorship and with freedom is a place where the three military juntas appear to have never had any supporters in the press, which, overnight, has become the upholder of democracy.

Some conversions are comical for their speed. Two radio and television journalists, Bernardo Neustadt and Mariano Grondona, who became supporters of military government as the only solution to Argentina's chronic instability, now demand unequivocal backing for democracy as the only solution to Argentina's chronic instability. Their audience ratings are unchanged. Argentines have short memories.

# [Handbill] PROPAGANDA, PERUVIAN-STYLE

This handbill was recently distributed by the Peruvian government to the people of Ayacucho, one of eight provinces that President Fernando Belaunde Terry has placed under martial law because of political unrest. Sendero Luminoso (Shining Path), a guerrilla group that combines Maoist politics with Incan mysticism, has long been active in Ayacucho.

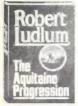


"People of Ayacucho! The subversive delinquent is an outsider who has come to destroy you. Reject him!"

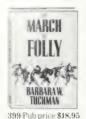
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Weekly gossip magazines such as La Semana and Gente, which once unabashedly praised military personalities, now offer their readers a selection of reports from the torture chambers of the military government. Each day the papers carry reports of the discovery of mass graves; the same papers once described reports of repression as communist propaganda.

One of Argentina's leading conservative dailies, La Nación, recently published an advertisement by a terrorist Montoneros commander, Mario Eduardo Firmenich, appealing for permission to return to Argentina peacefully. Just over a year ago La Nación refused to publish an advertisement by a human rights group appealing for help to find thousands of "disappeared." It was alleged that the ad was subversive.

# (Thesis) WHY U.S. INDUSTRY IS COMING HOME

From "Technological Advance, Economic Growth, and the Distribution of Income," by Wassily Leontief, in Population and Development Review, September 1983. Leontief won the Nobel Prize in economics in 1973.

he comparatively low wage levels prevailing in the less developed countries have traditionally favored labor-intensive industries (simple textiles offer a good example); and the more laborintensive the industry is, the greater will be the less developed "low-wage" countries' competitive advantage. These conditions are, however, being radically changed by the emergence of new technology that tends to diminish the role of labor, skilled or unskilled, as the most important factor of production and, consequently, as the major component of total costs. As the wage costs—as compared with the cost of other inputs such as raw material, power, and in particular machines and the interest charges on the investment in them-become less important, the competitive advantage enjoyed by the low-wage countries necessarily diminishes. In the case of fully automated installations, it becomes nil. Production of textiles, particularly of the simpler kind, shifted in the past from the developed to the low-wage, less developed countries; but there are signs that, with the introduction of highly automated equipment, this process has been arrested and is even being reversed.

A European expert [Fredy A. Legler] gives the following dramatic description of a modern spinning mill he recently visited in Japan:

It is pitch dark. . . . Robots have no eyes, so they need no light, Malfunctions are signalled to a control center. The problem spot is then lit and a qualified engineer fixes the snag. . . . No more than ten people, boss included, are needed per shift to run the 30,000 ring spindles that represent \$22 million in investment.

#### He continues:

Adam Smith, the father of "free trade," introduced the concept of "the division of labor." His way of thinking was subsequently picked up by the late West German chancellor, Ludwig Erhard, the architect of the German "Wirtschaftswunder."

Erhard saw the textile industry in low-wage countries. In his day, the Third World had a wage advantage. To use it—without dumping—was official policy.

However, technological progress is now reversing Erhard's trend in that Europe has become a viable location again for our textile industry.

The introduction of the new computer-based technology can be expected to provide continuous support for rapid expansion of the total output of goods and services. However, while the technology that dominated during the past 150 years secured (through automatic operation of the competitive price mechanism) a socially acceptable system of income distribution, the new technology diminishes the role of human labor in production to such an extent that it is bound to bring about not only long-run technological unemployment but-if permitted to operate within the framework of the automatic competitive price mechanism-also a shift toward a more skewed and, because of that, socially unacceptable distribution of income.

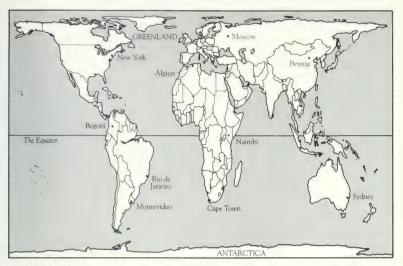
# [Formula] DEMOCRATIC ALGEBRA

From the official rules of the Democratic National Committee. The following formula has been adopted by the DNC to determine the number of delegates each state will send to the convention this July. The formula yields an "iallocation factor" (A) for each state, which is multiplied by the total number of "plain old delegates," or PODs (3,001). (Another 900 delegates—party leaders, elected officials, etc.—will be chosen by other methods.) In this formula, SDV represents the state's combined Democratic vote in the last three presidential elections, which is then divided by the total national Democratic vote. SEV represents the state's electoral vote, which is divided by the nation's total electoral vote.

$$A = \frac{1}{2} \left( \frac{\text{SDV '72} + \text{'76} + \text{'80}}{105,484,250} + \frac{\text{SEV}}{538} \right)$$

#### [Maps]

#### THE REAL WORLD



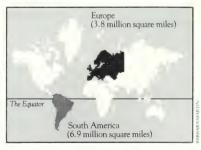
Adapted from the "Peters Map," which was recently published in the United States by the Friendship Press, the publishing arm of the National Council of Churches. Developed by West German historian Arno Peters, the map seeks to eliminate the "eurocentric" distortions of the Mercator projection—which has been the dominant representation of the world for 400 years—by showing nations and continents in their true relative size.

for 400 years—by showing nations and continents in their true relative size.

According to literature distributed with the new map, the Mercator projection (shown below) "distorts the world to the advantage of the European colonial powers." In any flat map of the earth, distortions increase as one moves farther from the equator; since Gerardus Mercator placed the equator well below the center of his map, the "north" appears significantly larger than the "south," which is in fact twice as large. Europe, with half the territory of South America, appears larger on the Mercator map. The Peters map significantly reduces these distortions.

"On the day of publication of my world map [in Europe] there was a vehement public discussion, up to then unknown in the history of cartography," Peters says. "I see the main reason for this in the fact that the struggle for or against my projection is in reality not for a world map, but for a world picture." Eight million copies of the Peters map have been sold in eighty-five countries.





#### TALE OF TWO CITIES

Washington — From the Washington Post Style Section, January 1.

IN

Billy Ioel Cross dressing Staying together for the kids Poached pears Raw orange pepper Explorateur cheese Dirty greeting cards Bathrooms Sean Connery Music on television District attorneys Break dancing New competitiveness Barbra Streisand Caroline Kennedy

OUT

Bruce Springsteen
Success dressing
Divorcing for
the kids
Grapes
Carrots
Brie
Tasteless joke books
Paneling
Kitchens
Roger Moore
Music on radio
Judges
Ballroom dancing
Lists
Industrial policy
Liza Minnelli

New York—From W, the New York fashion biweekly, January 20.

ENI

lackie O. (reborn "in")

François Mitterrand The U.S. military Australian wine Yellow vegetables Whoever wins the struggle at Getty Tap water with ice John Updike (the critic) Babies Paying taxes Calling any man older than you "Mr.' New York City policemen Libraries in the home In and Out lists New York

OU.

**Jackie Onassis** 

Barbra Streisand Mitterrand's government George Orwell Beaujolais Croissants

Michael Jackson Bottled water Renata Adler Promiscuity Being in debt

Double-cheek kissing Restaurant reviewers Rock video Journalism as a profession Washington, D.C. [Study]

## THE TROUBLE WITH COMMISSIONS

From "Did the Education Commissions Say Arthing?" by Paul E. Peterson, in the Brookings Fview, Winter 1983. In his conclusion, Petersowho is director of the governmental studies prograte the Brookings Institution, offered these observations about the inherent limitations of commission

As institutions, most commissions are equipped to perform the tasks assigned to their Commissions are usually asked to address broin public problems that in principle are not suscetible to easy solutions. They typically consist distinguished citizens who are broadly represer ative of diverse interests. They are expected produce reports expeditiously and with near unnimity. Commissions ordinarily have no powor authority except for what they can derive frotheir members' accumulated prestige. Give these restraints, a "successful" commission to port is likely to have several not altogether sat factory characteristics.

1. The report is almost certain to exaggerate t problem it addresses. If a commission explores topic and finds that little is wrong, its report w never reach public attention. A commission therefore tempted to dramatize its subject mater. This requires strong rhetoric and selectivuse of evidence. Careful reasoning, balanced a sessments, and cautious interpretations are unlikely to survive the need for public attention

The report will state only broad, general objetives. Most commissions have within them dverse views, so agreement is likely only on gene alities.

3. The report will recommend changes that a beyond current technology and resources. The recent commissions on education had no authoity and therefore no responsibility. They could life a 25 percent salary increase for teache because they did not need to collect the revenuto pay for it. Typically, commissions reach a corsensus by including every member's favorite proposal in the list of recommended solutions.

4. The report will not spell out the details of i proposed innovations. The more detailed a recommendation is, the less likely a commission is t agree on its virtue. Differences of opinion can b smoothed over by leaving crucial questions c implementation to someone else.

 The report will seldom call for institutional re organization. The most controversial proposa are those that call for a rearrangement of institutional responsibilities. While substantive polic proposals may be stated vaguely enough to gain general consent, reorganization proposals have too discernible a set of political consequences to be easily subject to compromise.

6. The report will boorly document the value of the solutions it proposes. Documentation requires days of reading, gathering, and assessing information, followed by hours of careful writing and editing. But while a good staff can document a problem, it cannot gather evidence to assess proposed recommendations until these are agreed on by the commission. Unfortunately, a commission typically agrees on its proposals only at the end of its term of office. By that time it is too late to look at the evidence.

Commissions do have their functions in American politics, but fact-finding, rigorous analysis, and policy development are usually not among them. Commissions are best suited to dramatizing an issue, resolving political differences, and reassuring the public that questions are being thoughtfully considered. Oscar Wilde said it best: "On matters of grave importance, style, not sincerity, is the vital thing."

#### [Chronicle] BLACK OPS, 1963 to 1983

Below is a list of covert operations undertaken by the United States—mainly by the CIA—either against or in support of foreign governments. The list, based entirely on public sources, was prepared by Tom Gervasi, author of Arsenal of Democracy and director of the Center for Military Research and Analysis. The center recently published a longer and more detailed chronicle of U.S. interventions, from which this is adapted. In addition to the forty-five operations described here, the center has documented forty-one covert actions before 1963 and a total of fifty overt acts of military intervention between 1800 (Puerto Plata) and 1983 (Grenada).

- 1963 CUBA—Attempt to assassinate Fidel Castro. Unsuccessful.
- 1963 DOMINICAN REPUBLIC-Organize military coup to overthrow government of Juan Bosch. Successful.
- 1963 SOUTH VIETNAM-Precipitate conditions leading to assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem, Successful.
- 1963 ECUADOR-Overthrow government of Carlos Julio Arosemena. Successful.
- 1963 IRAO Provide financial and military as-1973 sistance to Mustafa Barzani to establish independent Kurdistan. Unsuccessful.

- 1964 CHILE-Provide \$20 million to Eduardo Frei to defeat Salvador Allende in elections Successful
- 1964- URUGUAY, PERU, BRAZIL, DOMINICAN RE-
- 1967 PUBLIC—Train police and intelligence personnel in assassination and interrogation techniques to help defeat opposition. Unsuccessful.
- 1964 CONGO—Provide financial and military assistance to defeat rebel forces loval to Patrice Lumumba. Successful.
- 1964- SOUTH VIETNAM-Attempt to elimi-
- 1967 nate Vietcong political infrastructure through more than 20,000 assassinations (Phoenix Program). Partially successful.
- 1964- NORTH VIETNAM-Sabotage and ambush missions by U.S. Special Forces
- personnel and Nung tribesmen (OpPlan 34A). Inconclusive.
- 1965- LAOS-Sabotage and ambush missions
- (Operations Shining Brass and Prairie Fire). Inconclusive.
- 1965 THAILAND-Recruit 17,000 mercenaries to support Laotian government against Pathet Lao. Successful.
- 1965 INDONESIA—Organize propaganda campaign to overthrow Sukarno government; precipitate conditions leading to massacre of more than 500,000 communists. Successful.
- 1967 BOLIVIA—Assist in capture of Ernesto Ché Guevara. Successful.
- 1967 GREECE-Aid in overthrow of government of George Papandreou and installation of military government of Colonel George Papadopoulos after abdication of King Constantine. Successful.
- 1967- CAMBODIA-Sabotage and ambush missions (Projects Daniel Boone and Salem House) by U.S. Special Forces personnel and Meo tribesmen. Inconclusive.
- 1969- CAMBODIA—Bombing campaign to 1970 crush Vietcong sanctuaries in Cambodia. Unsuccessful.
- 1970 CAMBODIA—Overthrow government of Prince Norodom Sihanouk. Successful.
- 1970- CHILE-Organize campaign of assassina-
- 1973 tions, propaganda, strikes, and demonstrations to overthrow government of Salvador Allende. Successful.
- 1973- AFGHANISTAN-Provide military and fi-
- 1978 nancial assistance to government of Mohammed Daud to resist Noor Mohammed Taraki. Unsuccessful.
- 1975 PORTUGAL—Precipitate overthrow of government of General Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves. Successful.
- ANGOLA—Provide military assistance to forces trying to defeat the Popular Move-

"The latest medical information in seconds? GEE!"

(No, GTE!)

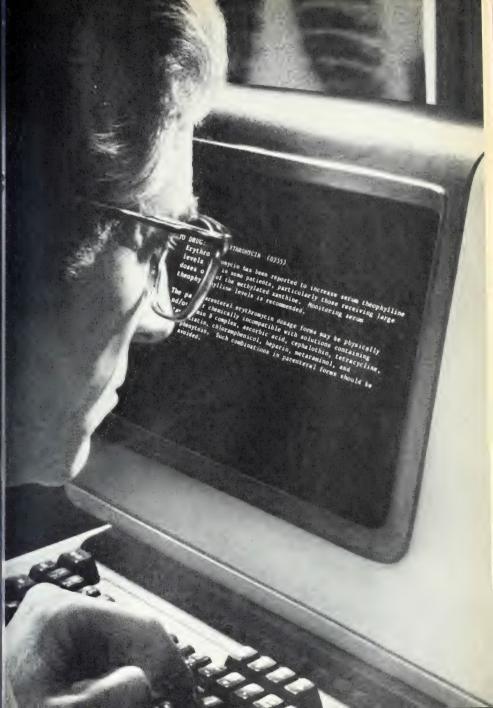
If there's anyone who should have immediate access to as much information as possible, it's the person in the picture above.

That's why GTE and the American Medical Association have developed the first nationwide computerized medical information system. This system will give doctors immediate access to the latest knowledge and information on drugs and diseases.

The only equipment required is a basic computer terminal, which is connected to the GTE Telenet data network. Information is transmitted from a central computer and displayed on the user's terminal in seconds.

This remarkable system is obviously expected to help physicians save an enormous amount of time. And, quite possibly, something a lot more valuable.





- ment for the Liberation of Angola during Angolan civil war, Unsuccessful,
- 1975 ALSTRALLA Obeliustrate propagnida and political pressure to force out Labor government of Gough Whitlam. Suc-
- 1976 JAMAICA-Organize military coup to overthrow government of Michael Man-
- 1976- JAMAICA-Support attempts to assassi-1979 nate Michael Manley (three). Unsuc-
- 1976- ANGOLA-Provide financial and mili-1984 tary assistance to forces of Ionas Savimbi to harass and destabilize government of Agustinho Neto and successors. Incon-
- 1979 IRAN—Attempt to install military government to replace the shah and curb growth of Moslem fundamentalism. Unsuccessful.
- 1979 SEYCHELLES—Attempt to destabilize government of France Albert René. Un-
- 1979- IAMAICA-Apply financial pressure to 1980 destabilize government of Michael Manlev: campaign of propaganda and demonstrations to defeat it in elections. Suc-
- 1979 AFGHANISTAN-Provide military aid to rebel forces trying to overthrow government of Hafizullah Amin. Thwarted by Soviet intervention and installation of new government.
- 1980- AFGHANISTAN-Provide military aid to 1984 same rebels to harass Soviet occupation
- 1980 GRENADA—Attempt to organize coup to overthrow government of Maurice Bishop. Unsuccessful.
- 1980 DOMINICA-Provide financial support to Eugenia Charles in her bid to defeat Oliver Seraphine in Dominica elections. Successful.
- 1980 GUYANA—Encourage assassination of opposition leader Walter Rodney to consolidate power of government of Forbes Burnham. Successful.
- 1980- NICARAGUA-Recruit, train, and equip 1984 anti-Sandinist forces for sabotage and terrorist incursions into Nicaragua, in effort to destabilize government of Daniel Ortega Saavedra. Inconclusive.
- 1981 SEYCHELLES—Organize military coup to overthrow government of France Albert René. Unsuccessful.
- 1981- MAURITIUS-Provide financial support 1982 to Seewoosagur Ramgoolam to bring him to power in elections. Unsuccessful.

- 1981- LIBYA-Orchestrate campaign of eco-1984 nomic pressure, propaganda, and military
- maneuvers to destabilize government of Muammar Oaddafi, Inconclusive. CHAD-Provide military assistance to 1982
- overthrow government of Goukouni Oueddei, Successful,
- 1982 GUATEMALA—Organize military coup to overthrow government of Angel Anibal Guevara, Successful.
- 1987 BOLIVIA-Organize military coup to overthrow government of Celso Torrelio. Successful.
- 1982- SURINAME-Three attempts to over-

#### 1983 throw government of Colonel Dési Bouterse, Unsuccessful,

#### MARKETS

For Punishment—Adapted from 'Punishment for Profit," by Kevin Krajick, in the March issue of across the board, the magazine of the Conference Board.

aced with record increases in the prison population and beset by overcrowding and money shortages, prison officials are turning to private enterprise to create a completely new industry: private, for-profit prisons.

The new corporate wardens say that with modern management techniques and private capital, they can build institutions faster and run them more cheaply than government can. Since governments will spend some \$10 billion this year on imprisonment, there appears to be great potential for profits in punishment. Eight corporate prisons have opened in the past year, and negotiations are now under way between companies and more than a dozen state and local agencies. The competitors include Control Data, RCA, and a number of new punishment-forprofit companies.

In February, the U.S. Bureau of Prisons contracted for the biggest private lockup so far, a 575-bed prison that will hold illegal aliens. The contractor is Baker and Smith, a consulting firm that has leased an abandoned Army base near Mineral Wells, Texas; it expects to open for business this spring.

The Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) is holding large numbers of illegal aliens pending deportation hearings—currently about 2,000 on any given day. Last year, the INS contracted with Behavioral Systems Southwest, a private operator of halfway houses that now hold about 350 illegal aliens in converted motels surrounded by barbed wire in Arizona, California, and Colorado. The INS has also contracted with the Corrections Corporation of America, a Nashville-based firm that started in business last June. The company has built a \$4 million, 300-bed facility in Houston, which it opened for operations in March at a charge of \$23.84 a day per prisoner.

The company is financed mainly by the Massey Burch Investment Group, which started the booming Hospital Corporation of America. Thomas Beasley, the founder of the Corrections Corporation, plans to run its prisons much as the Hospital Corporation runs its private hospitals—with large purchase orders and centralized accounting. He plans to hire wardens from public agencies.

RCA, which runs an institution for delinquents in Pennsylvania, recently sent executives to speak with officials in several states in hopes of expanding into adult prisons. "We plan to actively pursue this type of business," says Al Androlewicz, an RCA vice president in charge of

Says Travis Snellings, chief financial officer of the Corrections Corporation: "We're on the cutting edge of a whole new industry."

For Nuclear Weapons—Excerpted from the testimony of Major General William W. Hoover, director of the Department of Energy's Military Application Office, before the House Subcommittee on Procurement and Military Nuclear Systems, April 27, 1982.

r. Chairman and members of the committee, it is my pleasure to appear before this committee to discuss the Department of Energy's fiscal year 1983 nuclear weapons program and the funding required to execute that program.

The nuclear development and production programs are unique in government in that they constitute an integrated government-owned industry. . . . We are, ladies and gentlemen, talking about, in terms of assets and products, what would be a major U.S. industrial corporation—one that would rank in the upper quarter of the Fortune 500.

I would like you, therefore, to consider yourselves the board of directors of that corporation and my remarks to you the prospectus of our company's future. The record of this testimony will serve as our report to the stockholders—the American taxpayers.

#### ASSETS:

From the air, our production plants look like a cross section of American industry. Once on the



From the English weekly. January 21-27.

inside, one begins to see the extent and diversity of their capabilities.

#### PRODUCT LINE

Strategic weapons.

Long-range theater nuclear systems.

Battlefield nuclear systems.

Fleet air defense.

These systems constitute the near-term product line of our weapons industry. It is an impressive array, but as a product-oriented industry, we must ask: Can we keep up with the demand, and what about preparations for new products in the future?

#### INVESTMENT STRATEGY

If I may ask you again to think of the weapons complex as a business, I believe you will agree that in responding to these challenges it is important that we consider not just the program's immediate needs, but rather our objectives, goals, and resource requirements in the context of a long-term investment strategy. Our aim is to:

- 1. Provide sufficient capacity to meet the current and planned production workload;
- 2. Increase personnel levels in the weapons laboratories;
  - 3. Increase nuclear testing;

4. Restore the complex to modern industrial standards.

Mr. Chairman, in closing I want to say that this government-owned industry we are managing is basically sound. There is a strong demand for our products for the foreseeable future and, if we are prudent in our care of existing facilities and equipment and future acquisitions, it will be a strong competitor in the world for the long

For Body Parts—From Science News, November 19, 1983.

Parry lacobs, who has set up a brokerage firm for buying and selling organs called the International Kidney Exchange, says that the present donor system is a "dismal failure" and that his plan would "save \$2 billion per year." Instead of depending on volunteer donors and a telephone hot line attached to an answering machine, Jacobs would pay individuals or their families for the organs. The proposal was discussed recently at a hearing of the House Science and Technology Subcommittee on Investigations.

Medical ethicist Robert M. Veatch, a professor at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., objects to Jacobs's project on practical grounds. He says that if the experience of blood transfusion holds true, then the quality of sold organs would be lower than the quality of donated ones. He says, "When an organ source is motivated financially, he or she has an incentive to hide potential problems—a history of kidney disease in the family or an existing illness, possibly even a terminal illness.'

Representative Albert Gore Jr., who chaired the hearing, says, "It [buying and selling organs] would make the poor a source of spare parts for the rich. And it would auction off life to the highest bidder."

#### TWO CHEERS FOR DICTATORSHIP

Alexander Haig, quoted in an interview with the Argentine magazine Siete Días, December 21.

have said it many times before: I'm not one of those who, ipso facto, condemn a military regime. Why? Well, the American outlook derives from the British experience, from Montesquieu and John Locke, in which the military, in fact, has been the represser of people's freedom. That isn't true in the Latin American experience. Historically. Latin Americans have had recourse to the military to remove tyranny, to preserve and protect freedom. There have been, of course, many exceptions. But it's a matter of a very different perspective. Look at what's happening in El Salvador. It's precisely the military that has fought the oligarchy. Argentine history is punctuated by the contributions of the military. This doesn't imply that we don't hope that all countries will progress toward democracy, which we believe in deeply. On the other hand, we can't disdain those who haven't had that experience.

#### END OF THE WORLD NEWS

From New York-Panic, by Richard Busman. This painting appeared in an exhibit called "The End of the World: Contemporary Visions of the Apocalypse," at the New Museum of Contemporary Art, December 10, 1983, to January 22,



From Washington—By Wolf Blitzer, in the October 28, 1983, Jerusalem Post.

nly days before the October 23 terrorist attack in Beirut, President Reagan expressed a very deep and gloomy foreboding about the entire situation around the world.

"Just last night," the President said on October 18 in a telephone conversation with Tom Dine, executive director of the American-Israel Public Affairs Committee, a pro-Israel lobbying group on Capitol Hill, "I called the mother and father of that marine casualty. We've got to find a settlement there."

According to a transcript of the conversation made available to the Jerusalem Post yesterday, Reagan continued: "You know, I turn back to your ancient prophets in the Old Testament and the signs foretelling Armageddon, and I find myself wondering if—if we're the generation that's going to see that come about. I don't know if you've noted any of those prophecies lately, but believe me, they certainly describe the times we're going through."

From Moscow—The December 1983 issue of Military Knowledge, a monthly published by the Soviet Ministry of Defense, contains an illustrated survival manual for nuclear war. The diagram below, titled "Hermetic Sealing of Common Garments," shows how to use "readily available materials to protect the human skin from radioactive fallout."



"Regular sports suits, work coveralls, school uniforms, raincoats, and trench coats [can be quickly made into protective garments] by sewing strips of thick fabric into them at the sleeves, trouser cuffs, and around the neck, and by adding a hood, rubber boots, and gloves. [The garments should then be] hermetically sealed by saturating them with a special emulsion made from 250 milligrams of household soap flakes, two liters of water (at 60 to 70 degrees centigrade), and a half-liter of mineral or vegetable oil, simmered for five minutes."

[Scientific Paper]

## THE PHARMACOLOGY OF ZOMBIES

Excerpted from an article by E. Wade Davis in the November 1983 issue of the Journal of Ethnopharmacology. Davis is an ethnobotanist with the Botanical Museum of Harvard University. A fuller account of the search for the Haitian zombie poison will appear in his forthcoming book, The Serpent and the Rainbow, to be tublished by Simon & Schuster.

he anthropological and popular literature on Haiti is replete with references to zombies. According to these accounts, zombies are the living dead: innocent victims raised from their graves in a comatose trance by malevolent voo-doo priests (bocors) and forced to toil indefinitely as slaves. Most authors have rather uncritically assumed the phenomenon to be folklore. Nevertheless, virtually all writers acknowledge that the majority of the Haitian population believes in the physical reality of zombies.

As long ago as 1938, Zora Hurston, a student of Franz Boas at Columbia University, suggested that there could be a material basis for the zombie phenomenon. Having visited what she believed to be a zombie in a hospital near Gonaive, in north-central Haiti, she concluded that "it is not a case of awakening the dead, but a matter of the semblance of death induced by some drug known to a few: some secret probably brought from Africa and handed down from generation to generation. The bocors know the effect of the drug and the antidote. It is evident that it destroys that part of the brain which governs speech and willpower. The victim can move and act but cannot formulate thought."

Scientific interest in the zombie poison was rekindled recently by reported cases of zombies under the care of Haitian psychiatrist Lamarque Douyon. In one case it was suggested that the patient had been made a zombie by a bocor who had used a poison. Physicians close to the case recognized that the correct dosage of the proper drug could lower the metabolic rate of an individual to the point where he would appear to be dead. Cognizant of the profound medical potential of such a drug, they asked me in 1982 to investigate the composition of zombie poison in Haiti

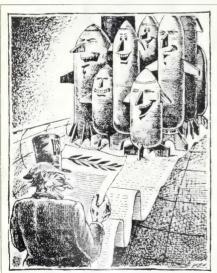
During the course of three expeditions, the complete preparation of five poisons used to make zombies was documented at four widely separated villages in Haiti. Although a number of lizards, tarantulas, nonvenomous snakes, and millipedes are added to the various preparations, there are five constant animal ingredients:

burned and ground-up human remains, a small tree frog, a polychaete worm, a large New World toad, and one or more species of puffer fish. The most potent ingredients are the puffer fish, which contain deadly nerve toxins known as tetrodotoxin.

The effects of tetrodotoxin poisoning have been well documented. The most famous source of puffer poisoning is the Japanese fugu fish. The Japanese accept the risks of eating these fish because they enjoy the exhilarating physiological aftereffects, which include sensations of warmth, flushing of the skin, mild paresthesias of the tongue and lips, and euphoria.

Case histories from the Japanese literature about fugu poisoning read like accounts of zombification. A man who had died after eating fugu regained consciousness seven days later in a morgue. He claimed that he recalled the entire incident and said he feared he would be buried alive. Another case involved a man who walked away from a cart that was carrying him to a crematorium. Last summer, a Japanese man poisoned by fugu revived after he was nailed into a coffin.

One of the zombie patients who described his experiences to me said that he remained con-



In the White House, they are rehearsing again for a show of peace

From Izvestia, the Russian daily, February 2.

scious at all times; although he was completely immobilized, he heard his sister weeping as he was pronounced dead. Both during and after his burial, his overall sensation was one of floating above the grave. He remembered that his earliest sign of discomfort before entering the hospital was difficulty in breathing. It was reported that his lips had turned blue. He did not know how long he had remained buried before the zombie makers released him. From his testimony and the medical dossier compiled at the time of his apparent death, it is evident that he exhibited twenty-one, or virtually all, of the prominent symptoms associated with tetrodotoxin poison-

The poisons I collected during my first two expeditions are currently being analyzed. Preliminary experiments with rats and rhesus monkeys have been most promising. Twenty minutes after a topical application of the poison to a monkey's abdomen, the animal's typical aggressive behavior diminished and it assumed a catatonic posture. It remained in a single position for nine

hours. Recovery was complete.

These preliminary laboratory results, together with the biomedical literature and data gathered in the field, indicate that there is an ethnopharmacological basis for the zombie phenomenon. The toxins contained in the puffer fish are capable of pharmacologically inducing physical states similar to those characterized in Haiti as zombification. That the symptoms described by the zombie patient match so closely the symptoms of tetrodotoxin poisoning documented in the Japanese literature suggests that he was exposed to the poison.

From ethnopharmacological investigations, we know that the poison lowers the metabolic rate of the victim almost to the point of death. Pronounced dead by attending physicians who check only for superficial vital signs, and considered dead by family members and by the zombie maker, the victim is buried alive. Undoubtedly, in many cases the victim does die, either from the poison or from suffocating in the coffin. The widespread belief in the existence of zombies in Haiti, however, is based on those instances where the victim receives the correct dosage of the poison, wakes up in the coffin, and is dragged out of the grave by the zombie maker.

The victim, affected by the drug and traumatized by the situation, is immediately beaten by the zombie maker's assistants. He is then bound and led before a cross to be baptized with a new zombie name. After the baptism, he is made to eat a paste containing a strong dose of a potent psychoactive drug (Datura Stramonium), known in Haiti as "zombie cucumbers," which brings on a state of psychosis. During that intoxication,

the zombie is carried off.

#### [Clippings] DISINFORMATION

Headlines and leads of all major stories on page 3 of the New York Times, January 21.

HONDURANS SAID TO CHANGE COPTER STORY

Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Jan. 20—United State: Embassy officials and the chief of the Honduran armed forces said today that two Honduran military officers have admitted they fabricated a report that a United States helicopter forced down by Nicaragua last week was following a flight plan that included stopping at a village near the Nicaraguan border.

HEAD OF AQUINO PANEL DOUBTS MANILA'S ACCOUNT

Manila, Jan. 20 (Reuters)—The chairman of an inquiry into the murder of Benigno S. Aquino Jr. said today that the panel had cause to doubt that the man blamed by the government was the real killer.

NEWSWEEK ARTICLE ON NICARAGUANS HAD AN ERROR ON SOURCES

By Jonathan Friendly—A Newsweek article last spring, about four Nicaraguans and their experiences in that country's revolution, misled readers about how information for it had been gathered, but editors at the magazine are unsure how to deal with the error.

[Essay]

# IN THE SHADOWS OF SUPERPOWERS

From Günter Grass's epilogue to Trouble in Our Backyard: Central America and the United States in the Eighties, edited by Martin Diskin and published by Pantheon Books. Grass recently visited Nicaragua.

hat did I know before I went? Only what I had read. My support for the Sandinista revolution, always imbued with skepticism, had been expressed with caution. I had doubts about its possibilities of success. How could twenty-five-year-old commanders, mere guerrillas until three years ago, have learned the difficult art of economics and civil government? How long would it be before this revolution—as the lessons of history seem to show—would begin to eat its

children? And in any case, Poland somehow affected me more.

I had no idea how similar the members of the Polish trade-union movement Solidarity and the Nicaraguan Sandinistas actually are, or how the persistent and defiant dependence of Poland on the Soviet Union is mirrored by that of Central America—in particular Nicaragua—on the United States. Indeed, the constraints felt both by the Sandinistas and by members of Solidarity—in spite of the geographical distance between them—are a negative proof of the point. They know only untruths about each other. The power threatening the Sandinistas, for example, wishes to be seen as the protector of Solidarity—and there are those in Poland who believe this.

Meanwhile, the invasion-ready power on Poland's eastern border believes itself to be the protector of all freedom movements in the Third World—and people are not lacking in Nicaragua who think that, too. They repeat the false reports from Tass that Solidarity is a counterrevolutionary movement. In Poland, they believe the reports of the Voice of America that Nicaragua will soon be the next country to fall into the Cuban–Soviet grip.

From their positions of such menacingly close proximity, and from painful experiences of interventions and dismemberment, the oppressed can see the danger from only the nearest superpower. So the thinly disguised hatred of the Russians in Poland corresponds to the perceptible hatred of the Yankees in Nicaragua.

Hatred narrows the perspective. And where hatred grows daily as a result of the arrogance of the superpowers, everything—even the desire on their part to exercise their power with greater moderation—becomes defined as U.S. imperialism or Soviet domination. And, of course, this hatred in both places is quite understandable.

Anyone who, like me, has visited Poland and Nicaragua realizes how foolish the superpowers have been in trying to control their backyards. For this time they are faced with a new and unfamiliar kind of opposition—and it won't be crushed. Their tried and tested punishment lessons no longer attract students. Both movements are the same—socialist and Catholic—and each one is endowed with that pagan and early Christian fervor with which all forms of domination find it difficult to come to terms. Even skeptics have to admit that Rosa Luxemburg appeared in Poland in the guise of the Virgin Mary and that in Nicaragua the Mother of God has the look of Rosa Luxemburg. . . . .

Listen, Wojtyla, Polish pope and frequent traveler, who has seen the world and experienced its suffering. Forgive the familiarity. Is it not possible to hope that you, who have demonstrated in Poland that you are close to the concerns of the poor, the suffering, and the persecured, might also take up the struggle against the well-off and the powerful—including even some of your own bishops and cardinals—and against all those who support repression of the people?

Are you not able to understand that the Sandinistas and Solidarity have the same roots—something that those most affected, in Nicaragua and Poland, are least able to appreciate because, for the moment, they are oppressed by the weight of opposing superpower ideologies?

Just imagine, Holy Father, a Polish union leader and a Sandinista—Lech Walesa and Ernesto Cardenal—the worker and the poet-priest, sitting at your table and explaining to you the needs, the suffering, and the hopes of their peoples, their ideals and their defeats, their failures and their mistakes, their companionship and their loneliness, their worries about their daily bread or their daily maize. Could it not be that suddenly, perhaps with the wily intervention of the Holy Ghost, Walesa and Cardenal would recognize each other as brothers and you as the protecting power?

Panic-stricken and bristling with weapons, the superpowers angrily oppose each other—and they oppress whoever falls in their shadows. But look here, Holy Father: it's not just Poland that stands in a giant's shadow, but Nicaragua too. If you fail to complain to the United States in the way you have frequently admonished the Soviet Union, you too will be guilty if once again this small and wretched land is overtaken by war and

the revolution is crushed.



[Television Criticism]

### BOWDLERIZING THE SATURDAY CARTOON

From "Where the Do-Gooders Went Wrong: The Adulteration of Children's Television," by Walter Karp, in the March/April issue of Channels of Communications magazine.

The critics of Saturday-morning children's television believe that good children's programming teaches children to be cooperative, hardworking, and peace-loving members of society. Programs that carry such lessons are praised as "pro-social." These critics regard as defective those programs that appear to encourage selfishness, self-assertiveness, and aggression.

In their hostility to violent deeds and powerful emotions, the critics of children's television—who have largely succeeded in banishing violence from Saturday morning—bear a remarkable resemblance to those bowdlerizing turn-of-the-century schoolmarms who used to march through Grimm's fairy tales snipping out cruelty and cutting down ogres in the name of

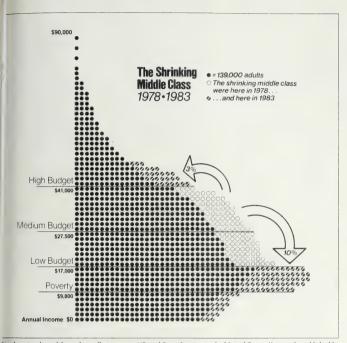
"mental hygiene."

That resemblance, more than anything, made me question just how "pro-child" the "pro-social" standard really is. In defending the fairy tales from the censorious schoolmarms, England's G. K. Chesterton offered a memorable insight into the psychology of children and of the ancient children's stories. "Fairy tales," wrote Chesterton, "do not give the child the idea of the evil or the ugly; that is in the child already because it is in the world already. Fairy tales do not give the child his first idea of bogey. What fairy tales give the child is his first clear idea of the possible defeat of bogey." Instead of protecting children from unhealthy fears, the bowdlerizers of fairy tales were depriving them of much needed hope, the hope that the ghouls beneath their beds and the monsters in their closets have forms and faces, and that there is a champion who can best them, if not by "thoughtfulness, cooperation, or reason," then somehow or other-perhaps with a sword.

How pro-child would children's television turn out to be, I wondered when I recently visited the animated cartoon world of Saturdaymorning television. I discovered the astonishing answer quickly enough. Every essential element that makes it possible for fairy tales to give children inner strength, hope, and security is absent

today from children's TV.

The hero of children's television is not a person at all. It is the ubiquitous group: a village of minuscule dwarfs; an island of minuscule mon-



his chart is adapted from the wall-size poster "Social Stratification in the United States," recently published by scial Graphics, a Baltimore company that produces posters on controversial issues. Stephen Rose, the onomist who created the chart, explains that "between 1978 and 1983 approximately 13 percent of the middle wition of the middle class (as defined by the Bureau of Labor Statistics) disappeared. Of this 13 percent, one arter rose into the upper-middle-class catégory, and three quarters descended into the lower middle class, urthermore, the number of people below the poverty line increased by 3 percent. This downward shift represents significant change in the nature of the American social fabric." The chart, which is based on government attistics, was designed by Kathryn Shagas and Dennis Livingston.

keys; a team of tree-dwelling elves. The "image of the isolated man who is nonetheless capable of meaningful achievement"—which Bruno Betelheim, in *The Uses of Enchantment*, judged so important to the child, so useless to society—rarely crosses the screen on Saturday morning. Even when the group must split up to perform special tasks, nobody goes forth alone. Like an army unit, the group, when it splits, divides into squads. That an isolated being may be capable of meaningful achievement is an idea kept from children as though it were a secret of state. If, as fairy tales tell us, a child learns to have faith in his own inner strength through fantastic tales of lone heroes, then children's television systemat-

ically deprives children of that faith.

What is even worse, it actively subverts a child's faith in his own inner strength. On Saturday-morning television, the most vivid "image of the isolated man" is that of a hapless victim whom the group decides to rescue. The group-rescue motif is one of the main devices of children's television, and its primary message is perfectly plain: the lone individual is weak and helpless; the group is strong and kind. Several programs dramatize this seductive message by making one of the group's members a slightly comical coward whom the group treats with bemused tolerance.

Such reassurance is sweet consolation to chil-

# THE MEDIA'S MEDIA

From "The Gallup Press, Agenda Study II." As part of this annual survey of attitudes held by members of the news media. Gallup polled the reading habits of 199 national and local journalists. The figures show the percentage of print and broadcast journalists who read the publications listed below.

Publication	Print	Broadcast
Local daily paper	76	93
New York Times	66	27
Washington Post	29	13
Christian Science		
Monitor	6	4
Newsweek	53	69
Time	60	64
U.S. News & World		
Report	23	32
Wall Street Journal	68	49
Business Week	38	26
Fortune	27	11
Forbes	17	14
TV Guide	6	48
Reader's Digest	10	30
People	7	30
New Yorker	36	16
Harper's	22	7
New York Review of		
Books	17	11
Esquire	14	14
Rolling Stone	2	9
Congressional Quarterly	21	8
Foreign Affairs	17	9
New Republic	17	7
Economist	13	9 7 4 7 3 3
National Review	10	7
Nation	7	3
Commentary	5	3
Scientific American	7	6
Science	6	5

dren (including my own), but it is treacherous and baseless, the most insidious kind of false comfort. In real life, no gang can help a child master the deep anxieties that beset him. In real life, cowardice is not in the least comical, for every child knows in his heart how desperately he needs courage. Like the sugary cereals the pro-social critics are forever assailing, this sugary, pro-social reassurance sweetens subservience and weakens the child.

Children's television doles out equally poisonous comfort with its treatment of danger. Whereas fairy tales confront the terrors of childhood by showing great perils overcome, children's television deals with those terrors by making light of them. Often the villains are portrayed as inept clowns. Dragons are drawn with goofy faces, or they trip over their tails as soon as they breathe fire. "Isn't danger funny!" these shows seem to say. Yet it does no good whatever to call a child's fears groundless. It only makes his demons all the more terrible, since he sees no way to overcome them.

Even the pro-social campaign against "aggression" and "violence" ends by betraying the real interests of children. Out of fear of encouraging "aggressive" behavior, it deprives children of the very promise of justice itself. In the sanitized world of children's television, the wicked are merely foiled; the scene quickly changes and they are left scot-free, presumably because punishment would be too "violent." So children's television, which gives children no faith in their own inner strength, which gives them no hope that their demons will be bested, robs them of the precious assurance that justice will be theirs when they, too, venture into the great world. You must put no faith in yourself, says children's television. You must put no faith in an unjust world; the group alone can save you. This is a very strange lesson to teach a free people's children.

[Short Story]

#### THE THIRD VOICE

This is the complete text of a story by William Ferguson that appears in his first collection, Freedom, recently published by Alfred A. Knopf.

There are two hills on my farm, both heavily wooded. One is near the house; the other is at the far end of the property, down by the river. When I climb the near hill in the early morning, there seems to be a man shouting from the far one. I shout back, but he never answers. So I

te down toward the river and up the other pe, but no one is ever there, and I hear the puting again from the first hill. This has been ing on, winter and summer, since my son wed his family to Boston, seven years ago this prob.

I know the man I hear is the ghost of a suicide: grandfather, John Rudd, who owned this m before I was born. He was a good man, but on to alcohol. One day his wife and children thim for better things; a week later, John need himself in the barn—the one I still use lay.

In the evenings, I get to thinking about John dd; I go into the barn after supper and stare up the rafters, wondering what it would be like die.

Before my son left, I remember, we all used to lk up on the hill at dusk and hoot at the great rned owl that lived in the hemlocks. We had idea what we were saying, of course, but natever it was, the bird was saying it back.

The exchange with my grandfather is more sturbing. One word from me is enough to quiet m; his silence makes me giddy, like the dizziss that comes over me when I'm plowing the ddle field and the woodlot begins to go yellow d brittle at the edges, like a page in an old ok.

It bothers me to think that my grandfather d I may be striding through each other's bodies we cross in the morning, as insubstantial, at 185 to each other's eyes, as dust off the summer lds.

"Hold your horses," he seems to be saying. Hold your horses!"

Is he telling me to wait? Why should I wait?

There is a third voice, sometimes, that comes me the field across the river. It is certainly not a echo of John Rudd's; it sounds more like a illd calling its father.

The land is beautiful over there, rich and vel, with no stones. When my son comes back, a should buy it any way he can and repair the idge, because it would make all the difference, and maybe then he'd have something worthhile to give his children.

I've told him so.

But he doesn't answer letters.

I lean on a fence post, gazing across the river. "Coming!" says the voice from over there. 'm coming!"

I hear it, as I hear John Rudd; but I say nothug. What good would it do? These voices, by ow, are as familiar and useless as wind in the waying trees. [Ethnograph]

#### LOVE AMONG THE GEISHA

From Geisha, by Liza Crihfield Dalby. As part of the fieldwork for her dissertation, Dalby, an anthropologist, spent a year working in the Pontochö section of Kyoto as a geisha, the first non-Japanese ever to do so Geisha was recently published by the University of California Press.

Deisha generally know more about sex than housewives do, but a man who thinks of a geisha's gei [art] as rampant eroticism will be disappointed. Even in the long-gone era of the licensed quarters, geisha were not the foremost sexual adepts. The appeal of a romantic entanglement with a geisha has always embraced more than sex.

From a man's point of view, sleeping with a geisha is not to be undertaken lightly, for he will not be able to extricate himself easily if his passion cools. With this in mind, some customers who enjoy geisha banquets in Pontochō avoid becoming too intimate with any one geisha. They know that if the intimacy should sour, reproachful eyes will ruin relaxation at their favorite teahouses. Men who do take a geisha mistress must be prepared for everything that the relationship entails, and they are expected to show their patronage by magnanimous gifts.

A geisha is not necessarily infatuated with her dama, or patron, but if he is a good provider and a comfortable companion she may well be content with him. A boifurendo, or lover, is a different matter. A boyfriend does not give opal rings and perfume to his geisha inamorata; he gives her a good time. A geisha may even keep a lover as she herself is kept by a patron. A geisha's dream may be to find a rich, handsome dama she can adore, but like everyone who dreams, she usually settles for less.

On the questionnaire I distributed among a dozen or so communities, one item asked geisha their reasons for wanting a patron. Almost half checked "needing someone to be close to." A third of them marked "it makes no difference," and a quarter, "needing enough money to live." A few replied, "to have money for luxuries," and even fewer that having a danna "gives high status in geisha society." I realized that my survey technique had been too bounded when I began to tally one brandy-splashed sheet where my columns had been obliterated by a bold scrawl: "In my case, it's because I love him."



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#### NORTHROP Making advanced technology work

# SHOULD THE U.S. STAY IN NATO?

hen Secretary of State Dean Acheson signed the North Atlantic Treaty, thirty-five years ago this month, American foreign policy, for the first time in 151 years, offered itself as a hostage to fortune. Not since Congress terminated the Franco-American alliance—which helped secure our independence—had the United States pledged to defend another nation from attack.

Although the crises of the last thirty-five years—Korea, Suez, Hungary, Cuba, Berlin, Vietnam, Czechoslovakia, the Middle East, Afghanistan, Poland—often placed severe strains on the alliance, Western Europe remained at peace. But as the new generations of intercontinental weapons alter the strategic dimensions of the agreement, people on both sides of the Atlantic wonder if NATO can survive the crises of the future. Many Europeans fear that American foreign policy will draw them into a war with the Soviet Union. Many Americans wonder if the guarantee to defend Europe might lead to an equally disastrous result.

NATO's decision to deploy cruise and Pershing missiles has prompted an increasingly anxious and public examination of the longstanding differences between the foreign policies of Europe and America. Against this background, *Harper's* recently convened a discussion between ten American and European authorities on the political and military condition of the alliance. The questions: Can NATO survive? Should it?

The discussion was held at the Lehrman Institute in New York City and was moderated by Robert W. Tucker, president of the institute and a professor of international law and diplomacy at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. The participants were as follows:

#### ROBERT BARTLEY

is the editor of the Wall Street Journal. He won a Pulitzer Prize in editorial writing in 1980 and received the Gerald Loeb Award in 1979 for his editorials on international monetary problems.

#### HENRY R. BRECK

is the chairman and chief executive officer of the Lehman Management Company, a subsidiary of Lehman
Brothers Kuhn Loeb. He is a former CIA officer.

#### EDMUND G. BROWN JR.

was governor of California from 1975 to 1982. He is now chairman of the board of advisers of the Institute for National Strategy in Los Angeles.

#### GENERAL ANDREW J. GOODPASTER

was the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe from 1969 to 1974 and served as superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point from 1977 to 1980.

#### IRVING KRISTOL

is co-editor of The Public Interest and a professor of social thought at New York University's Graduate School of Business Administration. He has written several essays critical of American foreign policy.

#### EARL C. RAVENAL

was the director of the Asian Division in the Office of the Secretary of Defense from 1967 to 1969. He is a professor of international relations at the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service.

#### **IOHN ROPER**

is the editor of International Affairs, published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London. He was a member of Parliament from 1970 to 1983 and was a founder of the Social Democratic Party.

#### COLONEL HARRY G. SUMMERS IR.

teaches at the Strategic Studies Institute of the Army War College, where his recent book, On Strategy: A Critical Analysis of the Vietnam War, is used as a text.

#### KARSTEN D. VOIGT

is a member of the West German parliament and the spokesman for the Social Democratic Group in the Foreign Affairs Committee.

IRVING KRISTOL: In think U.S. involvement in European military decision-making cannot last. One of the goals of American foreign policy has to be to avoid a nuclear conflict with the Soviet Union, if possible. But given the weakness of our conventional forces, a Soviet assault in Europe would quickly involve us in a nuclear conflict. Under the rules of NATO, the decision to use nuclear weapons to repel a conventional attack is an American decision as much as it is a European decision. Obviously, the Soviet Union would regard it as such.

While it is true that the present structure of NATO has kept the peace in Europe for several decades, public opinion in Western Europe is becoming more and more demoralized. People are starting to realize that any conflict with the Russians would probably quickly escalate into a nuclear conflict, given the relative weakness of NATO's conventional forces.

Clearly, Europeans do not desire a nuclear

conflict with the Soviet Union. What they have always fancied is a conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States in which the nuclear missiles fly high over their heads and spare Western Europe. If I were a European, that's what I would fancy, too. But being an American, I don't fancy it one bit, and I don't think the American people are going to continue to expose themselves to nuclear war and nuclear annihilation simply because Western Europeans do not want to pay the price for a powerful conventional defense. That makes no sense from the point of view of the American national interest.

The only viable military strategy for Western Europe is to build up a conventional force sufficient to fight, indeed to win, a conventional war against the Warsaw Pact nations. It is not enough to be able to resist a Soviet attack. Western European forces must be able to carry the fight to the enemy by moving it into Eastern Europe, or at least they must be able to threaten

credibly to do so. If NATO had forces of that kind and the requisite nuclear capability to inhibit a Soviet nuclear strike, Europeans would be strate-

gically independent.

COLONEL HARRY G. SUMMERS IR .: There is an example from history that supports this argument. Edward Luttwak, in his book The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire,\* pointed out that as long as the Romans guaranteed a defensive barrier in Europe, the people behind that barrier rather willingly accepted the Roman system. The Romans, because of manpower and budgetary constraints, eventually changed to a mobile defense. They allowed the Huns to invade and then launched a counteroffensive. But the European people involved had no vested interest in their own defense, since they were going to be destroyed no matter what happened.

There may be an analogy here with the European alliance today. Europeans may think they're going to be destroyed no matter what happens, so their vested interest in maintaining

the alliance may be weakened.

Nuclear weapons, as Michael Howard pointed out in Foreign Affairs in 1982,\*\* have the deadly effect of weakening the sense of identity between the people, the army, and the government—an identity that is essential to the maintenance of national defense. If people perceive that their defense is conducted by outsiders, with esoteric weapons systems they cannot understand and over which they have no control, their sense that defense is something they must do, for their own interests, is weakened.

IOHN ROPER: I think it is widely accepted that Soviet nuclear parity has weakened the credibility of extended deterrence. Has anything changed in the last ten years, since the Soviet Union reached nuclear parity? Certainly, the deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe was intended to be a visible sign of the American nuclear commitment to Western Europe and, therefore, a deterrent to the Russians.

I think that as far as any American president is concerned, there is no difference between using nuclear weapons systems that are physically located in Western Europe, in submarines in the Atlantic, or in the continental United States. I suspect that the Soviet Union would not distinguish between them. Nonetheless, the Soviet Union is not absolutely sure what we might do. To that extent there is a sense in which extended deterrence has been reinforced by the deployment of the cruise and Pershing missiles. On the other hand, the deployment of these missiles has not reassured the Europeans.

I am not really convinced that the best solution is to have strong conventional forces in Europe together with a second-strike nuclear deterrent. I don't think Western European conventional forces alone would be adequate.

EARL C. RAVENAL: I sense that proposals like Irving Kristol's to reconstruct NATO often proceed from motives that are, to some extent, not objectively strategic but rather manifest pique or disappointment with the conduct of our allies. Kristol wants to administer some kind of shock treatment to them, presumably in order to chastise them sufficiently so that they will increase their contributions to the alliance and better comply with American strategic designs. This is a difficult and risky effort. The basic divergence of interest among the allies would not be bridged by such means; shock treatment would simply destroy the alliance. And if that is the foreseeable result, I would rather embrace it more openly at the outset.

Although the solution to the problem of Soviet nuclear parity always makes self-sufficient conventional defense a necessary condition, the burden on those who propose conventional defense is to predict that this condition will be fulfilled. If it cannot be, much of the analysis

I believe that any proposal to build up conventional Western European forces to the point where they could make an offensive thrust into Eastern Europe is too ambitious. And if Europeans ever acquired an independent nuclear force, the United States would not want to be implicated in what would follow.

KARSTEN D. VOIGT: What strikes me the most is the similarity between Mr. Kristol's arguments and those of the Green Party in West Germany. They both challenge NATO membership and they both propose unilateralism rather than consensus in the West, questioning the benefits of Western interdependence. There is no question but that there is a crisis inside the alliance and that fundamental changes are required. But we must resist the tendency to simplify the answers, and we must not overreact.

It is true that Europe should contribute to its own defense as much as possible, but there is no European alternative to NATO, Similarly, we should improve our conventional forces as much as possible, but there is no totally conventional alternative to nuclear deterrence. To go in the direction of more nuclear flexibility may be the wrong way to control nuclear escalation. But that does not imply that there is no need for any nuclear coupling between the United States and Western Europe.

There is already too much instability to seek revolutionary answers. There are different na-

<sup>\*</sup>Edward N. Luttwak, The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1977.

<sup>\*</sup> Michael Howard, "Reassurance and Deterrence: Western Defense in the 1980s," Foreign Affairs, Winter 1982-83

tional and geographic interests within NATO and disagreements on many issues, particularly on détente. But we must find, and we will find, consensus among the partners on political and military stances for the future.

KRISTOL: I'd like to ask Karsten Voigt a question. Let us assume the Soviet army moves into Germany tomorrow in a massive thrust. Would you stand up in your parliament and request or insist that NATO use nuclear weapons in Germany?

VOIGT: We must always make a distinction between war fighting and deterrence. It is not rational for any side to use a nuclear weapon. That is true for the Americans, the Russians, and the Germans. KRISTOL: I'm assuming the Russians have not used

nuclear weapons.

VOIGT: NATO's strategy must increasingly become independent of any threat of first use of nuclear weapons. That leads to demands for a new NATO conventional posture and for conventional and nuclear arms-control measures. That I support I support a no-first-use policy, but not decoupling America from the European theater either

by a no-first-use declaration or by withdrawing the American commitment to Europe.

SUMMERS: I think the dialogue between Mr. Voigt and Mr. Kristol reveals something that is not widely appreciated. It seems to me that the United States' view of deterrence is based on conflict prevention. From a military point of view, everything relates to conflict—even if it never comes to fighting—because the basic assumption is that if it did come to fighting, you'd win. So there is a direct link between war-fighting capability and deterrence.

I think many Europeans are most concerned with conflict avoidance, not conflict prevention. Their view is that any war would destroy

them

GENERAL ANDREW J. GOODPASTER: We have devised a system, a structure, a process, that has been highly successful. In my view NATO can, if supported and improved, continue to be successful both in preventing war and in avoiding creeping hegemony—that is, in avoiding outside interference with the free operation of the

#### The Forces



institutions that make us free societies. That, I would say, is no small accomplishment.

We should be very careful about assuming there will be an outbreak of hostilities and letting that assumption influence our judgments, because our top priority is to prevent those hostilities. And I think we have found very effective ways of doing that.

There are risks in our posture in Europe. I don't know how all those risks can be avoided. But as an old NATO hand, I long ago described something I called pre-emptive concession, which we should also avoid. There are faults in NATO, but we should try to overcome them.

As for alternatives, such as a reliance on détente without NATO or a change in the U.S. role from participation to support, I might say that there is a good precedent for the latter. It was the view of General Eisenhower, to whom I was a staff officer, when he initially argued for the commitment of four additional U.S. divisions to Europe back in 1951. Later, during my years with him in the White House, he continued to express that view emphatically and often.

Strengthening the conventional deterrent by introducing advanced technology is another alternative. But I hope that in thinking about NATO we resist being captured by the assumption that we are somehow going to find ourselves in a state of war. I think that is extremely unlikely if we proceed with the effort and even the design that have brought us this far.

ROBERT BARTLEY: As Irving says, the fundamental point is that the Russians have achieved at least nuclear parity, and that poses a problem for us. After you've said that, though, it still seems to me that we're better off with allies than without them. If, in order to make deterrence credible, conventional forces in Europe must be built up, I think we are more likely to get the Europeans to do that if we stay in NATO.

The Europeans have lately been rather irritating from the U.S. point of view, refusing to give us any help or moral support in other areas of the world-even in the Persian Gulf, where instability affects their interests a lot more than ours. It is very annoying to the United States. It doesn't make us want to take many risks for the alliance.

But U.S. behavior over the last twenty-odd years leaves an awful lot to be desired, too. We went charging into Vietnam and overthrew the indigenous government with the idea that that would help us win the war. Then, against conventional military advice, we escalated very slowly. Then we pulled out, hoping to turn the war over to the Vietnamese. Then we staged Watergate: after that there was the Carter Administration and its foreign policy. Then, about the time Europe came to the conclusion, "Well, I guess we don't have any alternative but to manage Finlandization as best we can," the United States announced, "Now we're going to get tough." Given that background, I think some of Europe's wariness is understandable.

Nevertheless, there is one possibility that does disturb me. If we set out to upgrade conventional arms, which I think would have to be done with technology rather than with people, I am not entirely sure the Europeans would go along. I think there is a lingering notion in the back of many Europeans' minds that their real security interests lie in making sure that if there ever is any kind of hostility in Europe, nuclear arms would be used very quickly and, as Irving said, the missiles would fly over their heads. In other words, they may want a low nuclear threshold.

If that is the case. I am not sure we would want to go on with NATO. But I think that remains to be tested. Before we write off NATO, the United States has to try some leadership.

ROPER: The most effective deterrent is a nuclear weapon that has a war-fighting role—something the other side thinks you might actually use. I think that is largely agreed on. But agreeing on it is not the same thing as saying that once deterrence has failed, you would use nuclear weapons. And it isn't only Europeans who have uncertainties about that. We have all read what Robert McNamara has recently said.\* Therefore, I don't think there is the distinction between Europeans and Americans that Colonel Summers thinks there is.

KRISTOL: What you are saying, and I believe Mr. Voigt said this too, is that we need a credible nuclear deterrent, but that it is possible we won't use it—in fact, it is probable we won't use it. Now, how can one take that seriously? I mean, a deterrent has to be credible; and if you go around saying, "We need a credible deterrent but we probably won't use it," what's credible about the deterrent?

GOODPASTER: Deterrence is, in part, based on uncertainty. The Russians have to calculate the costs of initiating military action. They also have to calculate the risks, and then recognize the uncertainty that remains. So long as nuclear weapons exist. I feel that declarations about no first use will be discounted by the Russians.

When you say "credible," it must be asked, credible to whom? Credible to those of us who have traced out the issues like medieval philosophers, or credible to the Russians, who see all the uncertainties and ask themselves the question that I've put to them on many occasions: "Is there anything west of the iron curtain for which they wish to risk the destruction of the mother-

\*McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara, and Gerard Smith, "Nuclear Weapons and the Atlantic Alliance," Foreign Affairs, Spring 1982

land?" I think the answer to that question is likely to be no, in spite of the doubts that exist on our side.

ROBERT W. TUCKER: The usual defense of having a strong nuclear deterrent is that if there is even a finite chance that it will be used, that is enough, considering the consequences. I think Irving's argument is that if the Soviet Union believes deterrence is 99 percent bluff, it might risk the apocalypse under certain circumstances. He is challenging one of the sacred assumptions of alliance policy.

KRISTOL: Yes, I think it is reasonable to assume that the Soviet leadership will probe. They will find out what that percentage is if they probe long enough. And if they discover that the percentage is infinitesimal, they will be released from all inhibitions.

It is very interesting to listen to the people around this table define nuclear deterrence, but what if the president of the United States were to say publicly tomorrow what everyone here seems to think is the case, namely, yes, we stand ready to use nuclear weapons in defense of Europe probably. He is not certain, but probably we would. What if the president were to say that tomorrow? That is, after all, what we are saving here. In fact, what he does say is "we will," Those are empty words.

BARTLEY: I think that everybody understands there are postures heads of government have to take. VOIGT: Irving Kristol is trying to separate self-deterrence from deterrence in general. This is not pos-

sible in a nuclear age.

We have always had deterrents, but in the nuclear age the winner will also be the loser. This is new. In practical terms, and because of the likelihood of escalation, credible nuclear deterrence is always combined with self-deterrence. You can never solve the problem. You can only minimize it by shifting from nuclear to conventional arms, or by shifting from nuclear to conventional strategy, or, most importantly, by dealing with the potential military opponent, the Soviet Union, in a different way, combining sufficient defense capability with détente.

The idea of America leaving NATO or of Europe creating an independent nuclear deterrent in order to remove the threat of nuclear escala-

tion will not work.

TUCKER: If we assume that the principal stake over which we might go to war with the Soviet Union is Europe, I don't see the logic of your argument. Irving Kristol says that ending the American nuclear guarantee would lower the risk of nuclear war with the Soviet Union. You're saying that if we got out of Europe, that risk would not be diminished. Why not?

VOIGT: Even if you did remove your conventional or nuclear weapons, you would still have to intervene in the event of a Soviet attack. The American stake in Western Europe is so great that, if there is an attack, you would be involved. If that is not the case, if it is no longer in America's interest to be in Europe, then you are defining your future role as inferior to that of the Soviet Union. If that is what you want, if that is your purpose—to give a signal to the Soviet Union that you don't have anything at stake in Western Europe—then you can discuss withdrawal. But I don't think that that is a signal you ought to give.

HENRY R. BRECK: Mr. Voigt has brought the argument to the point. I think it is not inconceivable that the United States would sit by and watch a Soviet attack, either conventional or nuclear. proceed against Western Europe, so long as our troops were not there or so long as we had no missiles in place or so long as we were suffering

no casualties.

Frankly, Europe does not matter that much to us economically. It is the Eastern or "Pacific Rim" countries that will be increasingly important to us technologically and economically. China, with a billion people, is much more important than Europe. The case isn't compelling that we have to defend Europe at the risk of our own population.

SUMMERS: Ten years ago I was in the Army General Staff. Each week any action officer could present a controversial idea to the director of plans and

his division chiefs.

A colleague appeared before the group and said, "Suppose I am the president of the United States and you are the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Russians have just attacked in Europe and the NATO commander has asked for a release of nuclear weapons. I am willing to give the release; all I want from you is an assurance that the Russians will not respond by launching a strategic nuclear attack against America. I know you can't give me 100 percent. I don't ask for that. But give me a 60 percent assurance the Russians won't respond with a strategic nuclear exchange." And there was a deafening silence in the room.

He went on, "I know that as a nation we can survive without the continent of Europe. We did it from 1940 to 1945. But you told me a strategic nuclear exchange would cost us X percent of our population. Given that trade-off, there is no logical reason why I should allow the use of nuclear

The point he was trying to make is that we were building-and you must understand that he was deliberately challenging established defense doctrine—a war-fighting capability and weapons systems that wouldn't be used. If we're not going to use them, we ought to face up to that fact.

General E. C. Meyer, until recently Chief of

Staff of the Army, said not too long ago that the United States, by and large, has seen nuclear weapons as a substitute for conventional forces. The Russians, on the other hand, have seen the development of nuclear weapons as a way to validate their longstanding superiority in conventional capability. It seems to me that we have to come to grips with what parity at every level means. What we have now is a kind of Mexican standoff at the nuclear level, which puts a new premium on conventional forces. We are in many respects back to where we were in 1939.

Nevertheless, to reinforce what General Goodpaster said, I think we may be arguing the wrong point if we discuss everything in terms of war fighting. I think the real issue is alliance politics. We have only begun to recognize—since Vietnam—how the United States can aid an ally without undercutting the independence and self-reliance that it seeks to build.

RAVENAL: However crass and unpleasant, we have to ask about the problems of NATO from an American viewpoint. And when we do that, we find that a missing ingredient in most analyses is

#### The Terms of Debate

The debate about NATO is as old as the organization itself. Two of the treaty's original critics were Senator Robert A. Taft, "Mr. Republican," and Henry A. Wallace, vice president during Roosevelr's third term and, in 1948, the standard-bearer of the Progressive Party. Their opposition during the ratification debate, although dissimilar in origin, raised fundamental issues of war and peace, freedom and national independence, that still haunt the alliance.

ROBERT A. TAFT (to the Senate, July 11, 1949): By executing a treaty of this kind, we put ourselves at the mercy of the foreign policies of eleven other nations, and do so for a period of twenty years. . . . The Monroe Doctrine left us free to determine the merits of each dispute which might arise and to judge the justice and the wisdom of war in the light of the circumstances at the time. The present treaty obligates us to go to war if certain facts occur.

HENRY A. WALLACE (to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, March 1949): The pact is not an instrument of defense but a military alliance designed for aggression. It bypasses the United Nations and violates its charter in a most flagrant manner. It takes away from Congress the power to declare war and lodges it in the hands of a military staff 3,000 miles from the seat of our government. . . . It divides the world permanently into two armed camps. And it provocatively establishes military bases on the borders of the Soviet Union.

In the late 1950s the NATO debate provoked a now classic exchange between George F. Kennan and Dean Acheson. Kennan, one of the original advocates of containment, wondered if "disengagement" might be the only way to pre-

serve peace. Acheson, secretary of state during the Truman Administration and one of NATO's architects, disagreed sharply.

GEORGE F. KENNAN (in his BBC radio Reith Lectures, 1957): NATO had, as a military alliance, its part to play; but I think every one of us hoped that its purely military role would decline in importance as the curse of bipolarity fell from the Continent, as negotiations took place, as armies were withdrawn, as the contest of ideologies took other forms. . . . What flows from what I have said is . . . that war must not be taken as inevitable; that one must not be carried away by the search for absolute security; that certain risks must be assumed in order that greater ones may be avoided . . . [Ilf there could be a general withdrawal of American, British, and Russian armed power from the heart of the Continent there would be at least a chance that Europe's fortunes might be worked out, and the competition between the two political philosophies carried forward, in a manner disastrous neither to the respective peoples themselves nor to the cause of world peace.

DEAN ACHESON (in "The Illusion of Disengagement," 1958): [T]here would be no Power in Europe capable of opposing Russian will after the departure of the United States from the Continent and the acceptance of a broad missile-free area. Then, it would not be long, I fear, before there would be an accommodation of some sort or another between an abandoned Germany and the great Power to the East. Under this accommodation, a sort of new Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement, the rest of the free world would be faced with what has twice been so intolerable as to provoke world war-the unification of the European land mass (this time the Eurasian land mass) under a Power hostile to national independence and individual freedom.

the cost of NATO to Americans. Yet it is on the grounds of cost that the future of NATO is going to be decided. It is not a matter of pure values. Thus, when General Goodpaster suggests that NATO has been an immense success, we must realize that we have paid a price to achieve it. According to my calculations, the cost of NATO to the United States has been roughly \$1.5 trillion to \$2 trillion over the thirty-four years of its existence. And the costs have accelerated: we will spend another \$2 trillion in the next decade.

GOODPASTER: I'd have to question Earl's numbers.
That the United States has spent \$2 trillion on NATO is news to me. When I was NATO commander, I didn't see a lot of that.

RAVENAL: Of course, the supreme allied commander in Europe doesn't see all those funds. The American forces he commands are just the tip of the iceberg; most of the costs involve support units and Pentagon overhead. The money is spent right here in the United States, but it is directly attributable to our commitment to defend Europe. NATO-related costs have been between 40 and 50 percent of our defense budget.

Now it is not enough to say, as many people do, that this is a great bargain, that our ability to "rent" European territory for a hypothetical war is greatly advantageous to the United States. It is not even sufficient to say, as almost everyone does, that paying the immense price of NATO is only a matter of "political will," as if political will were some sort of all-purpose solvent.

When you get down to the question of cost, Continued on page 59

#### The Nuclear Bottom Line

NATO's credibility has always depended on an American nuclear guarantee. Since the 1950s, that guarantee has drawn its strength, in part, from nuclear weapons deployed in Europe. This inventory of NATO's nuclear weapons includes devices in the possession of U.S. armed forces and those deployed by NATO (delivery systems controlled by Europeans and weapons by Americans). It does not include weapons controlled by France or Britain alone.

	····			Number of Weapons	
	Type of Weapon	Yield*	Range (miles)	U.S. forces	European forces
	Aerial Bombs	10-1,000	_	1,515	320
LAND BASED	Atomic Land Mines	<1-15		370	0
	Eight-Inch Artillery	<1-12	18	105	430
	155-Millimeter Artillery	0.1	18	595	140
	Pershing IA Missiles (Surface to Surface)	400	460	195	100
	Lance Missiles (Surface to Surface)	1-100	3-75	325	370
	Honest John Missiles (Surface to Surface)	1-20	22-23	0	200
	Nike-Hercules Missiles (Surface to Air)	1	72-96	300	390
	Pershing II Missiles (Surface to Surface)	5-80	1,100	9	0
	Cruise Missiles° (Surface to Surface)	50-150	1,500	32	0
	Aerial Bombs	<1-1,000	_	720	0
	Depth Bombs	<1-20		45	190
A A BASED	Terrier Missiles (Surface to Air)	1	21	135	0
	ASROC Missiles (Antisubmarine Surface to Subsurface)	1	7	350	0
	SUBROC Missiles (Antisubmarine Subsurface to Subsurface, Through Air)	1-5	35	175	0
	Poseidon Missiles (Subsurface to Surface)	50	2,875	400	0
			TOTAL	5,271	2,140

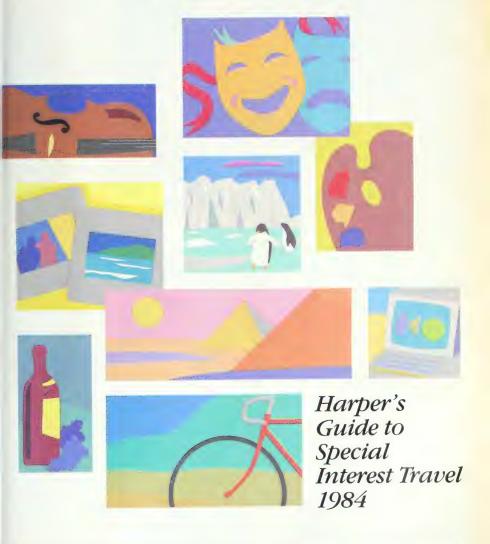
<sup>\*</sup>Yield: tre in kilotons (1,000 kilotons = 1 megaton). A range of yields indicates that there is more than one weapon of a given type or that individual weapons can be programmed for different yields.

<sup>\*</sup>Pershing ils are replacing U.S. Pershing IAs in Germany. By 1988, 108 are scheduled for deployment.

<sup>°</sup>By 1988, 464 are scheduled for deployment.

Source: Center for Defense Information.

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17

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nce much of our information ust be gathered in advance, we ggest you verify dates, places, ad events.



Special-interest tours are so special that sometimes only a handful of folks get to experience their treasures each year. Tour groups are intimate, maybe numbering ten or twelve, and the tour guide has a consuming passion to lead this private party to pursue their hobbies, dreams, and special interests — like strolling along the surface of Arctic pack ice, or joining in a west Nepalese trek in search of the elusive snow leopard, or perfecting the perfect soufflé under the tutelage of one of France's master chefs.

There are hundreds of tour operators worldwide who exist solely to plan special-interest vacations. These prize excursions are almost never advertised in the Sunday travel section or written about in travel guidebooks. Costs run high—often more than \$200 per day—and there is sometimes an element of danger or risk involved. But these should certainly not be obstacles to the worldly wanderer pursuing a long-lost dream, learning a special hobby or sport, or joining an expedition to a faraway land.

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In Harper's 1984 Annual Travel Planner, we're presenting a compendium of special-interest vacations, in guidebook format, so that you can easily obtain a general overview of the sort of special-interest vacations which are available this vear. For some excursions, you'll want to do some advance planning bone up on a foreign language, run a few miles a day, and read into the subjects you'll be studying. Audio Forum, a self-instructional audio cassette system, is a good way to learn the foreign language you'll soon be using every day. (This is the system used to train U.S. State Department personnel.) Also, be sure to inquire of the tour operator in advance as to how fit you're expected to be - some of the tours require long treks, or bicycling 35-40 miles per day.

The greatest souvenir from a special-interest vacation is your own enrichment in myriad ways. So go on, plan that trip to the North Pole to sip champagne... to the hills high above Cannes to master French cooking... to the rain forests of New Guinea to photograph the hill tribes... tocross the plains of Siberiain a 19th century restored rail carriage....



#### USIC TOURS

The world over, 1984 promises to be an extraordinary year for music extravaganzas, be it the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina, the 100th Anniversary of the Metropolitan Opera in New York City, a 14-day music cruise to the Mediterranean, or a Christmas tour to Paris, Vienna and Milan.

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For music lovers, this is a special opportunity to mingle with such music greats as Elena Rostropovich, Dimitris Sgouros, Jean Yves Thibaudet on piano, Victoria Mulova and Henryk Szeryng on violin, Marisa Robles on harp, Maurice Andre on trumpet, and others. They join you on this 14-day cruise of the Mediterranean.

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U.S. not included, limited to 20 persons, (Dailey-Thorp offers music festival excursions worldwide.)

Paris, Milan and Vienna are the holiday highlights on this classic tour to Europe at Christmastime. The performance schedules have not yet been set, but performances at the Paris Opera, the Theatre de l'Athenee in Paris, Teatro alla Scala in Milan and the Vienna State Opera in Vienna are all definites. Contact Dailey-Thorp directly for full schedule of events.

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#### APRIL WEEKEND MET CENTENNIAL SEASON

April 5–8, 1984 from \$685.00 4 days at \$171.25 per day includes: accommodations, meals, performances, and lectures, airfare to New York not included, limited to 20 persons, (Great Performance Tours offers music festival excursions worldwide.)

During the Metropolitan Opera's historic 100th anniversary season, the finest achievements of the past decade will be revived. At the top of the list of unqualified successes are two John Dexter productions unanimously acclaimed by critics and audiences alike: Verdi's grandiose "Don Carlo" and Britten's compelling "Billy Budd." A special lecture on Britten's "Billy Budd" by Bridget Paolucci, a New York music critic and lecturer who has frequently contributed to musical America and lectured for the Met Opera Guild and the New York City Opera, is planned the day before the performance.

Guests stay at the Berkshire Place Hotel, at the beginning of New York's pleasant spring weather, to enjoy the musical wealth of these exciting evenings. In addition to the performances, a special cocktail reception is planned at New York's Knickerbocker Club to meet the other members of the tour and special meals have been arranged throughout the weekend. This is an extremely well-planned weekend in New York for the music-lover.

Great Performance Tours. 1960 Broadway / New York, NY 10023 / 212/580-1400.

If you are making your own travel arrangements to New York, you may want to stay at the Gramercy Park Hotel. Situated on the only private park in New York, in a neighborhood filled with European charm, guests enjoy proximity to Greenwich Village art galleries and jazz clubs.

#### A SPRING WEEK IN LONDON

May 6-13, 1984 from \$1,585.00 / 8 days at \$198.12 per day includes: airfare from New York, accommodations, meals, performances, lectures, limited to 20 persons, (Great Performance Tours offers musical festival excursions worldwide.)

A Spring Week in London, a rich musical program in early May, is a perfect opportunity to enjoy the excitement of London in optimum weather and before the crowds of summer tourists. With this small group you will attend two performances each at Covent Gardens and the innovative English National Opera: Mozart's comic masterpiece "Cosi fan Tutte" and a revival of Sir John Gielgud's historic production of Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," both by the Royal Opera; and Richard Strauss's haunting "Der Rosenkavalier" and Verdi's grandiose "Sicilian Vespers," both in English translation at the London Coliseum

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Dance and drama tours are just beginning to come into their own as special-interest vacations—and it looks like they're here to stay! This is the 350th anniversary year for Oberammergau, the religious passion play performed every ten years in the tiny village of Oberammergau, Germany. There are more "Murder Weekends" offered in 1984 than ever before. The Siskel & Ebert film review weekends at Arrowwood were well received last year, and will be offered

again in 1984. And, special for 1984 a square dance tour of China . . . a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for square dance enthusiast to swing the partners in Beiling.

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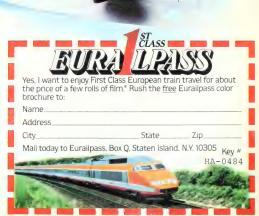
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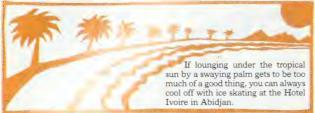
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emony, the guards are a ctacular sight to see. Visit the Royal Mews see all the Queen's ches and horses, inling the Coronation

There will be over y Highland Gathigs in Scotland. e largest is the val Highland Gathig at Braemar, Dee-2, on September 1. The Edinburgh rnational Festival turing music and ma will be held m August 12 ough September 1.

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to be had. These are the true travel gems, where you'll be joined by only a handful of fellow adventurers, and the tour escorts can tailor the excursion to meet the individual needs of each participant.

#### AMAZON RIVER CRUISE ADVENTURE

December 21, 1984–January 6, 1985
January 5-19, 1985
from \$2.660.00
15 days at \$177.00 per day includes:
airfare from U.S., accommodations, meals, shore excursions, lectures. (Sun Line Cruises offers cruises to the Mediterranean, Caribbean, and Brazil.)

Loren McIntyre, a retired U.S. Naval Captain and free-lance writer and photographer for National Geographic, leads these 15- and 17-day adventures up and down the Amazon. McIntyre is most famous for discovering the most distant source of the Amazon (there is a lake there named after him—Laguna McIntyre). Throughout the cruise, he conducts lectures, on-shore study groups, and slide presentations on the Amazon.

Special highlights of the cruise include a special performance by a Brazilian dance troupe at the Manaus Opera House and shore excursions in dugout canoes.

Sun Line Cruises. One Rockefeller Plaza / Suite 315 / New York, NY 10020 / 212/397-6400 / 800/445-6400

#### NEW GUINEA

departures from June through September, 1984 from \$2,200.00 16 days at \$137.00 per day includes accommodations, meals, services of professional rafting guides, airfare from U.S. not included, group limited to 10 participants, (Overseas Adventure Travel offers other excursions to Peru, Africa, Australia, Japan, Borneo, Bali & Bangkok, Asia Overland

Overseas Adventure Travel offers one of the best selections what adventure vacations for those willing to rough it a bit and sometimes travel quite far off the beaten path to get the best views. OAT claims that their trips are not tours, but that expedition members participate in the action

This trip combines the best of Papua New Guinea's rugged central mountains with a dynamic navigation of the roaring Watut River. A special visit to Kundiawa, in the heart of the highlands, is planned before the rafting trip—where the local people gather and create magnificent festivals of dance, song and laughter. The trip also stops at the impressive limestone mountains around Chauve, home of the mudmen of the Asaro Valley.

OAT is a good tour operator that doesn't commercialize its excursions to the world's adventure hot spots.

Other Tours to New Zealand: Journeys. 1120. Clair Circle / Ann Arbor, MI 48103 / 313/665-4407 or 800/521-3268. 8 days from \$200.

Society Expeditions. 723 Broadway East / Seattle, WA 98102 / 800/426-7794. 17 days from \$2,200.

#### PROJECT NORTH POLE

April 9 through April 20, April 16 through April 27, April 19 through April 30. 1984 from \$8,050.00 11 days at \$731.81 per day includes: airfare from Edmonton. accommodations, meals, lectures, taxes and gratuities, airfare from U.S. not included. limited to 12 members, (Society Expeditions offers other tours to Morocco and West Africa. Antarctica, Indonesia, Arabia, Iceland & Greenland. New Guinea. the Amazon, on the Orient Express & the Trans-Siberian Special, China, and the Sevchelles.)

This is truly a rare travel opportunity for those seeking to sip champagne on top of the world! Throughout this adventure the sun never sets as you travel by dogsled across Jones Sound at Grise Fjord, meet Inuit Eskimo hunters, and learn to construct an igloo.

Dr. George Llano, former head of the Polar Science division of the National Science Foundation, meets each expedition and lectures informally on the history of arctic exploration and wildlife.

At the moment you reach the North Pole, the spot to which all magnetic compasses point, the compass needles spin crazily, and the champagne flows freely. You're then, quite honestly, standing on top of the world!

Society Expeditions, 723 Broadway East / Seattle, WA 98102 / 800/426-794

#### EVEREST MONASTERY TREK

October 13-November 5, 1984 from \$1,395 24 days at \$55.62 per day includes: airfare from New York or Seattle, accommodations, meals, lectures, taxes and gratuities, limited to 12 persons, (Journeys offers other excursions to the Himalayas, Sri Lanka, Peru, The Amazon, New Zealand and the Galanagos).

This trip offers an extraordinary opportunity to experience the Buddhist cultures of Nepal by vis, remote monasteries and sacred sit the Mt. Everest area of the Himala Tom Laird, a professional photographer and tour guide, is fi in Nepali and has lived in several the monasteries and local villages the tours. Also joining the trek wi Topkhay, a Buddhist monk who highly respected by the lamas and villagers of his homeland.

While Buddhism and Sherpa cu are principal attractions of the trip you will also be immersed in the mystique and aura of the "Mother Goddess of the World." Mt. Evero

Participants must be in excellen physical condition, capable of wa 4-7 miles per day with a light pac and down steep trails. All camp chores, however—carrying of gregear and cooking—will be the responsibility of the Nepalese staf

Journeys. 1120 Clair Circle / An Arbor, MI 48103 / 313/665-440 C 800/521-3268

Other Tours to Nepal and the Himal Overseas Adventure Travel. 10 Mt. Auburn St. / Harvard Squar Cambridge. MA 02138 / 617/876-0 25 days for \$1.480.

InnerAsia. 262 Lombard Street San Francisco. CA 94123 / 415/922-0448. 16 days from \$1.59

#### ASTRONOMY ISLAND CRUISE

July 21 through July 28, 1984 from \$1.135.00 7 days at \$162.14 per day includes: transportation from New York, meals, accommodations, lectures, membership in the Bermuda Astronomical Society.

Astronomy buffs who want to g at the stars with the best in the fie are all invited on this seven-day cr from New York to Bermuda this Ju Isaac Asimov, special lecturer on board, will lead the star-gazing ons, and will give a special lecture ne search for intelligence on other ds. Other special guests include red C. Hess, lecturer at the rican Museum/Hayden Planetar-Mr. Edwin Hirsch, a solar expert; craig Small, space shuttle and eclipse historian; and Mr. Al er, president of Tele Vue Optics. articipants on "Astronomy d" become one-year members in Bermuda Astronomical Society. ie World of Oz, Ltd. 3 East 54th et / New York, NY 10022 / 751-3250 or 800/223-6626

#### TIC LAPLAND TOUR

ughout June, July and ist \$289.00 ys at \$96.30 per day ides mmodations, meals, re from U.S. not

nnish Lapland is one of the most tic destinations in Europe. The pital" of Finnish Lapland. aniei, was designed by Alvar o. Rovaniei sits almost directly on Arctic Circle.

ided.

utside the city, native Lapps still I reindeer as their ancestors did centuries. In summer, Lapland is a oded wilderness with crystal clear s and hundreds of species of llife roaming the area. The sun er sets in June and July. candinavian National Tourist ices. 75 Rockefeller Plaza / New k, NY 10019 / 212/582-2802

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31 through June 10,

12 through August 2,

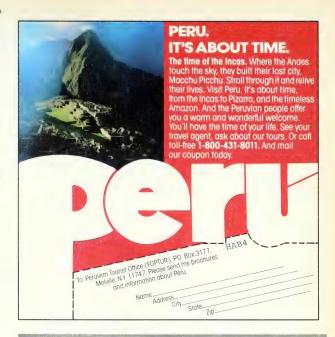
n \$3.519.00 days at \$167.57 per day

ludes: are from New York. ommodations, three als daily, surface isportation, taxes, and

tuities, (Questers offers er tours to the Americas. ope, Asia, Africa, and stralasia, all emphasizing

natural history, culture, customs of the intries visited.)

This is a real nature-lover's tour to stland, visiting many places off the iten track. The trip devotes seven 75 to the Hebrides, six days to rthern Scotland, four days to the etland Islands, three to the Ork-



neys, and an air excursion to Fair Isle. These tours are designed for the curious and intelligent traveler who truly has an interest in the area visited.

Questers Worldwide Nature Tours. 257 Park Avenue South / New York, NY 10010-7369 / 212/673-3120



OOD AND WINE VACATIONS

Every vacationer knows the perils of poundage gained during a twoweek whirlwind tour, so how does one explain the popularity of gourmet dining tours to the best restaurants and vineyards in France? Or a floating barge tour through the Champagne region? Or a two-week cooking course in Florence, to master Italy's finest recipes?

No explanations necessary, say most travelers, and they do tour to eat. Some of this year's special offerings include a course to learn Italian festival specialties in Florence, touring throughout China to master her culinary favorites, and a French cooking school located high above the hills of Cannes.

#### L'ECOLE DU MOULIN

departures year-round from \$1,780 8 days at \$222 per day includes: accommodations, meals, five classes, airfare from U.S. not included.

Roger Verge, one of France's top chefs -- "Maitre Cuisinier de France" since 1966, and "Meilleur Ouvrie de France: Medaille D'Or' in 1972leads this cooking excursion to the top floor of his restaurant, L'Amandier, in the hills above Cannes.

Participants enjoy a welcome dinner at Roger Verge's three-star restaurant, Le Moulin de Mougins, a shopping tour to markets and professional culinary utensil stores, a visit to Ceneri, a master cheesemaker, and a special tasting of Ott Wines.

The World of Oz. 3 East 54th Street / New York, NY 10022 / 212/751-3250 or 800/223-6626

#### THE CHINA CULINARY EXPLORER

May 21-June 9, 1984 from \$2,775.00 20 days at \$138.25 per day includes: airfare from San Francisco. transportation within

China, meals, accommodations, six cooking demonstrations.

The China Culinary explorer is one of the most comprehensive culinary tours to China, highlighted by visits with gourmet Chinese chefs from the cities of Beijing, Shanghai, Guangzhou, Xi'an and Hangzhou

One of the first steps in learning Chinese cooking is to watch the masters - top chefs from several regions have their special techniques explained to the participants and the interpreter, and each gives recipes for his special dishes

Tracy Travel. P.O. Box 1310 / Tracy, CA 95376 / 209/835-6844

#### SECRETS OF BURGUNDY

vear-round departures from \$2,190 8 days at \$273.75 per day includes: accommodations, meals, five cooking lessons, airfare from U.S. not included, limited to 12 persons.

Society Expeditions, famous for planning the most special excursions to out-of-the-way spots, has planned this 8-day adventure to Burgundy to expand your understanding of the

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culinary arts, refine your taste for the wines of the Cote d'Or and enrich your enjoyment of fine food and drink

Only 12 persons are involved with each departure, and guests reside at the Chez Camille, a charming inn with its own gourmet restaurant. Master Chef Armand Poinsot conducts the cooking courses, which are bolstered with visits to restaurants, bakeries, creameries, farms and markets in the area.

Exceptional, top-of-the-line cooking tour, which you can combine with Society Expeditions' Nostalgic Istanbul-Orient Express, hot air ballooning, bike riding through vineyards, or other sidetrips in the area.

Society Expeditions. 723 Broadway East / Seattle, WA 98102 / 800/426-7794

#### GIULIANO BUGIALLI'S COOKING IN FLORENCE

June 21-June 27, 1984 from \$1,250.00 7 days at \$178.57 per day includes: accommodations, meals, 4 classes, airfare from U.S. not included, limited to 12 students, (Giuliano Bugialli's Cooking in Florence has other cooking programs throughout the year.)

Cooking in Florence offers a series of week-long cooking adventures in Florence, Italy, under the tutelage of Mr. Giuliano Bugialli, the first to offer a cooking course in Italy in English. In his teaching kitchen, small groups of students of varying nationalities try their hands at Florentine specialties and special regional dishes - from a little-known "torta" of Genoa to a classic fish dish of Sardinia.

Special weeks are also planned for 1984, like "Feasts and Festivals during the festival week of San Giovanni, or Le Quattro Regioni, a visit to Piedmont, Liguria, Tuscany and Veneto to study regional cuisine.

Cooking in Florence. 2830 Gordon Street / Allentown, PA 18104 / 215-435-2451



For those of us who long to travel in the Victorian days, when every excursion was an adventure, here are several trips which recreate those deperfectly. (That's not to say, howev that some of the Victorian amenitie like a portable lavatory disguised as hat box, will be included on every woman's packing list.)

For those who like to ride in restored trains, sipping vintage champagne while watching the scenery slide by, or those interested joining an excursion up the Nile exactly as it was in 1884, historical excursions are for you.

#### GORDON NILE CRUISE CENTENAL

August 18-September 1, 1984 from \$1,794.26 15 days at \$117.61 per day includes accommodations, meals,

Thomas Cook Travel led the original expedition of General Gordon's 18,000 troops up the Nile 1881. In August of this year the trip will be recreated, with accompanyi historians and Egyptologists on boa to set the scene

This is a deluxe tour from Cairo t Giza, and down the Nile to Abu Simbel. This trip offers a unique combination of history, plus all the famous sights of Egypt and the majesty of the Nile

Thomas Cook Travel. 380 Madisc Avenue / New York, NY 10017 / 212/916-0300

#### ORIENT EXPRESS

regular departures yearround from \$680.00 2 days at \$340 per day includes: transportation, accommodations, meals.

The Venice-Simplon Orient-Expre was painstakingly restored in 1982, and now plys the rails between London and Venice. Passengers trav in authentically restored carriages. while sipping champagne and enjoying fine French cuisine.

Venice-Simplon Orient-Express. One World Trade Center / Suite 284 New York, NY 10048 / 800/223-158

#### A VERY SPECIAL TOUR TO FLORENCE

April 9-20, 1984 October 1-20, 1984 from \$2,200.00 12 days at \$183.33 per day includes: accommodations, meals, visits to galleries and museums, private lunches, airfare from U.S. not

ed, limited to

ing the week in Florence, the of Renaissance art in both and public galleries unfolds, e introduced to Italian rats who open their private s and offer you a warm me. Special lunches are arranged are palazzos and estates. This is private tour for those sted in viewing the private, as s public, sides of Florence's asures.

Intry Homes and Castles, 6265





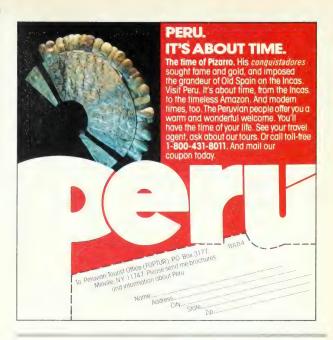
bably the best art galleries in the are located in local markets. ackle artisan studios, or the ining stalls found in every city iral setting worldwide. rized art tours are one of the best to unearth these art-laden ire troves, when you've got the ssional advice of an art expert to t you as you make your ases, and guide you to the est hideaway spots. ne of the more interesting art this year are to Romania to art history and preservation, to to collect primitive art, and to a and France to study some of

# reatest art collections of all times. EATIVE NEEDLEPOINT TOUR RITAIN

mber 8-23, 1984 \$2,130.00 ys at \$133.00 per day des:

amodations, meals, to private homes and s, private lunches, ses, airfare not ded, limited to 30 ms, (Country Homes & so operates other tours goot the country homes asstles of England.)

ils is a very special tour for those ested in the history of needlet in England and Scotland. The features visits to private ctions in ancestral homes and ductions to the owners, prunities for shopping trips, the hunting and introductions to



fellow enthusiasts in the world of needlepoint.

Highlights of this 16-day tour include a private visit to Gawthorpe Hall in Lancashire to study the Rachel Kay-Shuttleworth collection of needlework and crafts, dating from the 17th century to the present day, plus two days on the idyllic Scottish island of Gigha.

Country Homes and Castles. 6265 Courtside Drive, NW / Norcross, GA 30092 / 404/448-2185

#### WESTERN AFRICAN ARTS ADVENTURE

departures year-round from \$3,874.00 14 days at \$276.72 per day includes: round-trip airfare from U.S., accommodations, meals, lectures and visits to artisans' villages.

A tour to West Africa is an adventure, offering face to face contact with proud people with colorful traditions, rituals and rites. Visit with a craftsman as he carves intricate masks. Bargain-with the market Mamas. Ride a mammy truck.

This tour is designed to take in the major destinations of West Africa.

including Ivory Coast, Benin, Ghana, Mali, Nigeria, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Togo and the Gambia. There are unique opportunities for visiting artisans' villages to purchase art, and special lectures and museum visits.

Scantravel. P.O. Box 13248 / Tuscon, AZ 85732 / 602/622-0361

#### SOUTH AMERICAN CULTURE THROUGH FOLK ARTS AND CRAFTS

September 1–20, 1984 from \$1,785.00 20 days at \$89.25 per day includes: accommodations, meals, transportation, airfare from U.S. not included, limited to 15 people, (Journeys operates many other nature and culture explorations worldwide.)

This in an interesting trip for those seeking to learn firsthand of Peru and Bolivia's stonework, woodcarving, goldsmithing, ceramics, carved gourds, dolls, filagree, costumes, and traditional dress and masks. Bradley Cross, an artist and businessman who has served as a Peace Corps volunteer in Colombia and as a conservation consultant throughout Latin America

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Call or write **Audio-Forum**, Room 313 On-the-Green, Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794 for the World Wildlife Fund, leads this 20-day expedition.

After signing up for this trip, Journeys will tailor the itinerary to meet personal goals whenever possible. Highlights of the trip include visits in the homes and workshops of local artists and craftspeople. The trip will also seek out traditional fiestas, folk music and dance.

Journeys International, Inc. / 1120 Clair Circle / Ann Arbor, MI 48103 / 313/665-4407

### ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN ROMANIA

June 6-25, 1984 from \$1,495.00 21 days at \$71.19 per day includes: airfare from New York, accommodations, meals with wine, lectures, special exhibits included, limited to 40 persons.

Preservationist and educator James Marston Fitch, who is considered the father of formal historic preservation education in this country, will conduct this study tour of the art and architecture of Romania this spring. Art historians and architects, along with tourists interested in seeing Romania's rich treasures, arts, architecture and landscapes—from the Carpathian Mountains to the Black Sea—are invited. No special knowledge or background in art or architecture is required.

Special excursions to meet professionals involved in restoration of landmark sites in Romania are planned, along with visits to various artisans' studios. Other stops on this 21-day motorcoach tour include visiting Moldavian churches, museum villages, historic sites and structures. Special lectures, visits with artisans and private lunches with Romanian experts are planned throughout this excursion.

Thomas Cook Travel. 18 East 48th Street / New York, NY 10017 / 212/310-9466



Travel experiences—and experiencing travel—are what visiting a foreign destination is all about. Perhaps that's why there are so many thousands of bicycling vacation

enthusiasts throughout the world today—all realizing that they hav that inside secret to fully experient the smells, sounds and sights that bus, car and plane passengers will miss.

The tulip-pathed roads of Hollathe rain-forest beauty of New Zean and the majestic Rockies of Canacare all special bicycling adventure offered in 1984.

#### BICYCLE TOUR IN CHINA

May 21-June 7, 1984 June 18-July 8, 1984 from \$1,450.00 20 days at \$72.50 per day includes: accommodations, meals, free bicycle air transport, airfare from U.S. not included, limited to 15 persons.

China Passages is the first tour operator to offer bicycling tours i China, and they have planned a fa extensive itinerary for this 20-day excursion. This particular excursio offers an exciting and unprecederoverland and sea journey across t eastern part of the country. After visiting the Great Wall, through thebei province and the Shandong Peninsula, members will have thre days of exploration by bicycle at the resort city of Oingdao.

Biking through China is the most affordable way to get an extensive view of the countryside and its inhabitants.

China Passages. 302 Fifth Avenu New York, NY 10001 / 212/564-40 or 800/223-7196

# CYCLING ISRAEL— THE HOLY LAND May 27-June 8, 1984

October 27, 1984– November 8, 1984 from \$899.00 13 days at \$69.15 per day includes: accommodations, meals, airfare not included, limited to 20 people, (Country Cycling Tours, Ltd. offer bicycling trips throughout New England, New York, France, Ireland and Israel.)

Israel is a country of stunning contrasts: ancient archeological rui are found within modern cities; fer oases bloom amid barren deserts; snow-capped mountains rise steep above verdant valleys—all the vist stimuli you could want on a two-w bicycle excursion through the Holy Land.

ntry Cycling Tours. 167 West street / New York, NY 10024 / (\*4-5151

#### KANANASKIS PARK

-July 6, 1984 5-July 17, 1984 340.00 at \$68.00 es: modations at askis Ranch, camp

askis Ranch, camp neals, airfare from ot included, limited persons. (Rocky ain Cycle Tours offer bicycling trips

those wanting to hook into a biking through Canada, this is a organization to contact. Each sion is well-organized, and a ort vehicle is always available to equipment and to tail the group, ig and riding are available once each the Kananaskis guest ranch. cky Mountain Cycle Tours. 395 / Banff, Alberta, Canada o / 403/762-5477

#### LE INN-TO-INN through October, 1984

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\$365.00
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ountry Cycling Tours offer a good tition of bicycle trips, all with y departures throughout the on. Their five-day, inn-to-inn wheelers are a great and nomical way to vacation, taking to both eastern and western nont, as well as through the adnock and Sunapee Lake regions outhwestern New Hampshire. Duntry Cycling Tours. 16<sup>-3</sup> West 1 Street / New York, NY 10024 / 8<sup>-4</sup>-5151

#### DEN TOUR OF HOLLAND BICYCLE

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The BritRail Pass is not sold in Britain—so see your Travel Agent *before* you leave. And send for our free "Easy-Guide-to-BritRail" color brochure.

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### accommodations, meals, limited to 16 persons.

Holland is the "Bulb Basket of the World"—smagne bixing allone heat fields of multicolored tulips that stretch toward the horizon like rainbows. Holland is truly a bixer's dream, with flat countryside and more than 600 miles of separate bicycle paths in the cities and side. These biking tours make staps at the Keukenhof Gardens, Baskoophome of a thousand nurseries interconnected by waterways and the Aalsmeer flower auction. The pace is leisurely, and there are stops for dining, shopping, sightseeing and relaxing.

International Bicycle Tours, 12 Mid Place / Chappaqua, NY 10514 /

#### TOURING IRELAND

July 20-August 1, 1984
August 3-August 15, 1984
rom 8-99,00
Lavy at 561 46 per day
includes
accommodations, meals,
airfare not included, limited
to 20 persons, (Country
Cycling Tours, Ltd. offer
bicycling trips throughout
New York,
France, Ireland and Israel,)

Ireland is remarkably green, beautiful and unspoiled, and the congenial hospitality of its people is legendary—perfect for a two-week bicycle excursion. The tour winds around jagged coastlines, through insular fishing villages, stopping at

warm sandy beaches heather-come moorlands, wooded hillsides and rugged mountains. The cycling on tour averages about 30 miles a day with plenty of additional riding available for those interested.

Country Cycling Tours. 16" Wes 83rd Street New York. NY 1002-111.87-5151

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Continued from page 38

you are reaching the factor that will determine the future of the NATO alliance. And it will be disposed of within the American political, economic, and social process. To speak solely of political will is deceptive, because the sources of foreign-policy decisions are very diffuse, and they include factors such as opposition to social regimentation. That opposition affects our ability to conscript an adequate military force.

We can trade off a certain amount of cost by decreasing conventional defense, which would increase the risk by lowering the nuclear threshold. But we can do that only up to a point. As long as the United States is in the alliance whether as a "partner," a "member," an "ally," or whatever-we will be faced with a choice: either insupportable cost or untenable risk. Neither alternative is palatable.

GOODPASTER: But if we are not in the alliance we are faced with costs and risks, too. Even if it cost \$60 billion a year or more, if Europe remained free of war, free of domination, free of browbeating, then, even with the risks, I would say this would be an excellent transatlantic bargain. If we were not involved, and if Europe were lost. there would be a real question whether it could again be liberated.

KRISTOL: I think any alliance is an entangling alliance, but only within limits. The United States is not going to get involved in a nuclear war with anyone over Israel. The Israelis know that. Similarly, if we continue to have an alliance with NATO, there will have to be a limit, and the limit will be that we are not going to have a nuclear conflict to defend Western Europe.

Now I think that is a fact. I do not see any president or Congress permitting that to happen, even though I really do cherish Europe. That leaves our European allies with a choice: either they become very strong at the conventional level, very self-reliant, very tough and recalcitrant, à la Israel, or they seek détente with the Soviet Union.

My view is that they will first seek détente, and that it will fail; but I think they are going to try, and the sooner they fail the better.

Then the question will be: Are the nations of Western Europe ready to pay the price—and I don't regard it as such a high price, for goodness sake-to have a large army and a large air force? Are they ready to make the necessary economic sacrifices to build up a conventional military establishment capable of defeating a Soviet conventional attack or of coming so close to it that the Russians will be loath to launch one? That would be real deterrence.

I think that in the end the nations of Western, Europe are going to have to choose. If they cannot reach détente with the Soviet Union-and I

don't think they can-they will have to become more militarized societies. They don't want to be, but they are in the wrong part of the world. What else can I say?

BARTLEY: It seems to me that U.S. interests in Europe are really enormous. I am not saying that we would necessarily consider Europe worth a nuclear exchange with the Soviet Union. But a Russian conquest of Western Europe would be a tragedy of unimaginable proportions. The idea that we could just pick up, walk away, and save ourselves some money doesn't have any relationship to the kind of interests at stake. We are talking about one of the biggest concentrations of human capital in the world, about a huge decrease in American influence and a huge increase in Soviet influence. We are talking about the possible destruction of half of the democracies left in the world. If it is just a matter of money or just a matter of troops, I think it is worth an awful lot.

ROPER: Irving Kristol's parallel between Europe and Israel is misleading. If Europe were left on its own, it would probably not move toward conventional defense, because nuclear weapons are the cheap option. Look what has happened in France, which has developed its own Pluton and Hades short-range and medium-range missiles. And if West Germany went nuclear, all bets would be off. At the least, both the British and the French would want significant nuclear capabilities. If there were a nuclear war, it would not be a conflict like Israel fighting with its neighbors, but one affecting the entire Northern Hemisphere.

I can understand that the United States might not get involved, as Mr. Breck says. But the ecological costs and the costs to human society would be very, very high. That is why both conventional and nuclear arms have been chosen by the alliance-to ensure that we don't have to choose between being Red or dead. I don't see why, in spite of Soviet parity in strategic nuclear systems, we cannot go on with the doctrine of extended deterrence, although that would mean greater conventional forces in Europe.

EDMUND G. BROWN JR: It seems to me that the issue here turns on what you think the possibilities are of having a stable relationship with the Russians. If the European countries and the United States cannot develop a strategy of coexistence that would reduce the risk of confrontation, then we are escalating significantly the risk of destroying the values of our society, or our society itself. through an actual war.

It strikes me that Irving Kristol's fundamental point is that Europe should become troublesome, recalcitrant, and self-reliant because of the assumption that the evil empire is implacably expansionist—and that the only way to escalate the confrontation is to get Europe to spend more money on its own defense and to reduce the constraints on American global activities that NATO presently imposes.

I think we should recognize that Europe and America are linked. We have common values, and we have to figure out how to defend them; at the same time, we must find a way to have a stable relationship with the Soviet Union—on the assumption that it is not an evil empire. It is managed by some very corrupt, nasty, and expansionist people, but there must be a way we can share the planet. If we can't find it, then I think we are risking the end of history as we know it, or the end of our society as we know it.

KRISTOL: I don't understand the references to détente. We have a kind of détente with the Soviet Union. It's known as the cold war. That's détente. It has not changed in the last twenty years. Our strategy includes avoiding outright confrontation, and theirs does also. That's détente. And that's all détente has in fact meant. TUCKER: Are you saying that you don't see a difference between the years from 1957 to 1962 and

from 1967 to 1972?

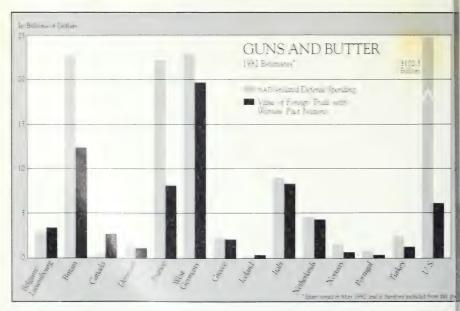
KRISTOL: The difference is that during the latter period they were winning the cold war and we were losing it. But there was no diminution of the cold war from the Soviet point of view.

VOIGT: To a certain degree détente is a combination of sufficient défense and cooperation. It is always difficult to combine them. To develop cooperation you must not have an illusory perception of the nature of the Soviet Union, as Jimmy Carter did. (Of course, he later said he was disappointed in the Soviet Union.) At the same time, a strategy of increased cooperation is not easy to sell in the United States.

Here, as people in government have told me, the only way you can get increases in defense spending is to sell the notion of a growing political and military threat. In Germany, we had higher defense spending, in relative terms, during the period of détente. It seems to me that the underlying problem of our discussion is not only a difference of interest but also a difference of political culture in terms of how to deal with the problem of East–West conflict and cooperation.

KRISTOL: I think American foreign policy in the future will reflect a changing American mood. Americans are clearly becoming more nationalistic and patriotic. As that happens, I suspect that America will be more inclined to act unilaterally, regardless of what our European allies say.

### The Paradox



Most Americans now, at least when it comes to Latin America or the Far East or the Middle East, regard our European allies as a pain.

In a post-NATO world we would play a role similar to the one Britain played in the nine-teenth century. If we wish to remain a world power, we will become primarily a maritime power, with the ability to land 100,000 troops here, 200,000 troops there. We will need a large air force with foreign bases or with carriers, a large navy, and so on. I think the marines are the key to future American military policy. They are the ones who are going to be seeing most of the action.

BROWN: Who is going to be the enemy in all this? KRISTOL: The world always supplies you with enemies.

BROWN: If you think there are a whole host of little guys out there who can be beaten up as part of our new nationalistic program, does that mean that we are opting out of the East—West conflict and looking for new areas for muscle-flexing?

KRISTOL: The East—West conflict is not the only conflict we are in. Iran is not a communist country, after all.

summers: There are some problems with the concept of the United States as a maritime power on the model of Britain in the nineteenth century. British foreign policy in the nineteenth century was based on military superiority. As Hilaire Belloc said, "Whatever happens, we have got the Maxim guns and they have not." Well, all those bastards have got Maxim guns now; even the small countries have advanced weapons.

And even as a maritime power, Britain had to put troops on the ground in order to prevail during the Napoleonic wars. The fact that Nelson won at Trafalgar was nice, but it didn't decisively affect Napoleon's war-fighting capability.

RAVENAL: I consider the maritime role a chimera, simply another attempt to fabricate an apparent strategy out of a handful of verbalisms. The maritime strategy assumes that we can choose the times and places of our military encounters. But we cannot compel our adversaries to make these times and places convenient for us, and we cannot decide, ourselves, how long these encounters will last or how intense they will be. What if the trouble cannot be eradicated in a week, as it was in Grenada? What if these encounters are extended, and therefore become cumulative? That is the more likely prospect, if not by accident then by the design of our adversaries. Soon we will find that we are running out of marines for these simultaneous military tasks, as well as out of airlift and sealift capabilities and the capacity to control the sea lanes to reinforce our overseas forces.

It may be true that, on the level of so-called public opinion, the United States has become

more nationalistic, more unilaterally inclined, more prone to use force—in other words, sufficiently bellicose to support the strategy that Irving Kristol proposes to fall back upon. However, public opinion is not a reliable thing; in fact, when it is really tested, it proves to be insubstantial. This supposedly unilateralist, aggressive public mood will dissolve when we are presented with military conflicts all over the globe.

My conclusion is that in the long run we will have to settle down to a global strategy of disengagement. We cannot continue to commit ourselves to the defense—whether conventional or nuclear—of half the world against the other half. Thus, the question "Should the U.S. Stay in NATO?" cannot be answered in itself, as a simple proposition. The answer has to be part of a comprehensive global strategy.

BROWN: Mr. Kristol, do you really think that if we decoupled from Europe, the substitution of a European nuclear deterrent would reduce our risk of getting involved in a nuclear confrontation with Russia? If Europe and Russia started to go at it at the nuclear level, wouldn't Russia be tempted to launch a pre-emptive strike against America?

KRISTOL: Not if the Russians have any reason to think that we will stay out.

BROWN: How can we give them that assurance? KRISTOL: I would be for moving toward a doctrine of no first use. We would have to build up our conventional forces over the next three or four years to the point where it became a credible doctrine, and I think that could be done. Whether the Russians would believe it is another matter. My own view is that if they had a nuclear exchange with Western Europe, it would be senseless for them to strike at us pre-emptively, because obviously they would know we would retaliate. So, if there were a nuclear war between the Soviet Union and Western Europe, what would the United States do? In my opinion, sit back and wait.

I would say there will not be a nuclear war in Western Europe unless the Russians start it. I don't believe any of the nations of Western Europe should—and I don't believe they would—use nuclear weapons first. If the Russians use nuclear weapons first, then I have no answers to any questions. Then I don't know what to do, and I suppose I would do whatever my impulse moved me to do. The whole thing becomes irrational if they use nuclear weapons first.

I think it would be very unwise, in fact I think it would be incredibly stupid, for Western Europe to use nuclear weapons first. And I am afraid that Mr. Roper is correct, that the Europeans will move toward reliance on nuclear weapons if the United States disengages not from the alliance but from NATO as currently constructed. I think that would be a very foolish mistake. But it would be their mistake.

## **Up from Slavery**

The road to racial equality spans the history of the Republic. At first the Constitution counted blacks as three-fifths of a person. They were deemed a chattel by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision. Then, in 1863, the slaves were emancipated. Two years later, ratification of the 13th amendment to the Constitution made black Americans equal in the eyes of the law. They have struggled ever since to achieve full equality.

Racial justice has drawn fundamental strengths from legal guarantees. Yet the position of minorities in our society is defined not only by our laws but also by our actions. It has not been dispassionate judges but impassioned people who ultimately have been responsible for helping awaken the American conscience to the evils of

racial injustice.

They were people like Roy Wilkins who, in the last lines of his autobiography, proclaimed that he would die believing 'in our country' and 'our Constitution' and 'that the Declaration of Independence meant what it said.'

Jackie Robinson, who broke big league baseball's color barrier, wrote that at the beginning of the 1947 World Series, "I experienced a completely new emotion when the National Anthem was played. This time, I thought, it is being played for me, as much as for everyone else." At his funeral, it was said that Jackie Robinson turned a stumbling block into a steppingstone.

Martin Luther King devoted his life to the thesis that an eye for an eye would only make the whole world blind. On the steps of the Lincoln Memorial he said: "I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood."

Jesse Owens' victories at the 1936 Berlin Olympics established records that lasted more than 20 years and demolished instantly the Nazi hope of

giving rationality to racism.

Even hardened sensibilities had to be moved by the grace with which Marian Anderson responded when, in 1939, she was refused permission to sing at Constitution Hall because of her color. In a devastating rebuke to prejudice, more than 75,000 people came to her substitute concert at the Lincoln Memorial.

In the roaring '20s, when the rest of America was caught in a social whirl, the class valedictorian at UCLA spoke to a more fundamental issue. "Humanity's problem today is how to be saved from itself," he said. "If we are to develop our personalities to their fullest, we must...expand up and out from our narrow, immediate world." Decades later Ralph Bunche brought meaning to his own words when he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Despite the progress that has been made because of these people and so many others, much remains to be done. No one knows how long it will take people to recognize that character is more important than color. The struggle for racial justice goes on. And so it should.



## WHAT THE RUSSIANS REALLY WANT

A rational response to the Soviet challenge By Marshall D. Shulman

unmarked fork in the road, we find ourselves obliged by the change in leadership in the Soviet Union to stop and think. The transition, with all the uncertainties it presents, compels us to consider where we are going in our fateful relationship with the Russians, and why, and whether we should be going in another direction.

Almost seven decades have passed since the revolution that led to the founding of the Soviet Union. For most of those years, relations between that country and our own have been animated by hostility, relieved only by brief intervals of abatement and passing hopes of some easement.

Each such interval, however, has been followed by an ever stronger expression of the conflict of power, beliefs, and purposes between the two nations. That conflict is now so deeply rooted and so intense that it evokes the destructive energies of both societies, weakening them and the fabric of the international system, threatening the possibility of catastrophe.

That hostility did not grow out of any natural antipathy between the peoples of the two countries, but with the passage of time each has come to be so persuaded of the malign intent of the other that it has become difficult to distinguish what is real and what is fancied in the perceptions each holds of the other.

In the conduct of our foreign relations, Walter Lippmann observed, we operate on the basis of "pictures in our heads." The images of the Soviet Union held most widely in this country are stereotypes, and they warp our thinking in a number of ways. They are simple caricatures of a complex society. They are static and do not take into account the changes that have taken place, particularly since the death of Stalin. They are based on prevalent assumptions that do not bear critical examination. They misrepresent the ways in which the Soviet people react to our actions and to our words. They do not distinguish between atmosphere and substance. Finally, as oversimple images informing oversimple policy, they make it difficult for us to resolve the dilemma of whether we should try to change the Soviet system or try to improve our relations with it.

After almost four decades spent studying the Soviet Union and about thirty trips there, what continues to strike me most forcefully is the sharp contrast between the complex reality of that country and the primitive

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The realization of apocalyptic goals has been put off to the indefinite future. Peaceful coexistence, which to Lenin meant a breathing spell, has become a long-term political strategy of competition by all means short of war

perceptions of it that dominate our discussions, and the contrast betien the way the world looks from Moscow and the way it appears from Washiton. Even more troubling is the problem we face in bringing our values mentions, our apprehensions, and our judgments about the Soviet Uia into some kind of reasonable balance with our relations with it.

To many Americans, including many specialists on the subject, it sees contradictory to recognize that the Soviet Union is repressive and expensionist and also to believe that we should seek to manage rationally fundamentally competitive Soviet—American relationship. What has be absent from our thinking is the maturity to carry such apparently contractory notions in our heads at the same time.

Good and reasonable people often come to hold fundamentally differences of the Soviet Union. There is much about that secretive society we do not know. Into this uncertainty people tend to project either fears or their hopes, according to their temperaments or their political pidices or, perhaps, their experiences: a businessman who has been rotreated on his visits to the Soviet Union will have a very different pictural his mind than an émigré who may have spent years in a labor camp or battling bureaucrats for an exit visa; a military game theorist will see Russians as the enemy, ruthless, omnicompetent, poised to attack.

The problems presented by the Soviet Union are serious. But stereot do not provide us with an adequate basis for responding intelligently, purpose here is to suggest a way of thinking about these problems, begin with a realistic view of the Soviet Union and its behavior and ending some guidelines for the conduct of our relations with Moscow. Not evone, and certainly not all of those who study Soviet behavior, will agree what I regard as realistic or with my conclusions. But I believe that the is overdue for us to address head-on some of the questions that underlie

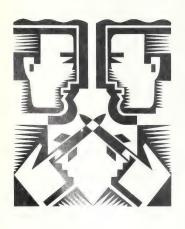
present thinking about that country in order to contrib to a more rational discourse, beyond the level of part polemics.

ne: In seeking to expand its power and influence around the world, the Soviet Union's aspirations unlimited? Does it accept practical limitation realizing its status as a superpower? Might it even become willing to live according to the norms of the international system?

Over the last sixty-seven years, we have witnessed the ascendance nation-state interests over revolutionary expectations and ideology as a primary motivation of Soviet foreign policy. It became apparent to Soviet regime in its early years—and even more so after World War II—the proletariat of the West was showing no signs of the revolutionary pot tial that Lenin had ascribed to it. In response to this fact, Soviet policy adapted to address the bourgeoisie of both the Western industrial societ and the developing world for the purpose of influencing government act in ways favorable to Soviet interests. Although revolutionary ideol is still part of the official rhetoric and although it is bolstered by a bure cratic apparatus that has a stake in it, it has been modified in such a way a put off to the indefinite future the realization of apocalyptic goals. Pea ful coexistence, which to Lenin meant a breathing spell, has become a loterm political strategy of competition by means short of war.

While it is impossible to predict whether Soviet foreign policy will evo in directions we would wish, it can be said that it has evolved more that generally appreciated, largely as a result of Soviet efforts to adapt to chanin international politics, including options created by policies of the Uni States.

Coincident with this development—which has inclined Soviet potoward favoring traditional balance-of-power maneuvers—has been a citinuous movement away from the autarkic reliance on the Soviet econopromised by Stalin's commitment to "Socialism in One Country." In father Soviet Union has become ever more deeply involved in the world econopromised by Stalin's commitment to "Socialism in One Country."



, and the proportion of its gross national product derived from foreign e has risen steadily.

While it does not seem likely that these trends will be reversed, it is clearly much to say that they will necessarily lead to Soviet acceptance of the rnational system to the extent of being willing to act as a partner in erving the system's stability. The Soviet Union has an interest in maining the status quo in Eastern Europe, but not elsewhere. A broader

commitment would require a much greater departure from its residual faith that capitalist systems contain the seeds of their own destruction than any signs now indicate is likely.

wo: Are Soviet leaders, then, guided by the ideology of Marxism-Leninism? fyou were to ask them that question, their answer would be "Of course," e of them would say otherwise, and they seek sanction for every action, ech, article, or book by quoting from the storehouse of the writings of

rx, Engels, and, especially, Lenin.

Marxist-Leninist ideology, of course, is based on the prediction that capist systems are doomed to decay and collapse, that they will seek to stave this outcome by imperialist aggression, but that, in the end, "socialism" he Soviet Union defines it will prove more effective and will emerge as universal form of social organization. In practice, Soviet theoreticians we had to take into account the fact that these predictions from the eteenth and early twentieth centuries have not received much confirmant. The lesson has not been lost on Soviet theoreticians, who have reinterted some parts of the ideology while clinging to others, seeking legitical in hoped-for improvements in performance, or what Khrushchevied "goulash communism." In truth, there is as much variance in the viet interpretation of Marxism-Leninism today as there is in American testantism.

To say that Soviet political figures and writers claim consistency with rxism-Leninism is not to say that their actions are derived from ideology. retainly the historical analysis of capitalism influences the way the older viet political elites interpret events, but the sacred texts offer less and less dance for making the practical decisions demanded by the complex socitates the Soviet Union has become. With rare exceptions, even those who aspire to become members of the Soviet establishment master circatechism with cynicism (the sound of shuffling feet during lectures on amat"—dialectical materialism—is reminiscent of the noise during leces for GIs on social hygiene), suggesting that when they take the levers of

power into their hands, the ideas that will shape their thoughts and guide their actions will bear only the slightest resemblance to the ideas that inspired the Revolution.

hree: Is the Soviet Union nevertheless inherently expansionist? Some have argued that the answer to this question is yes. Should that be et al., it would follow that in order to move Soviet behavior in the direction greater restraint and responsibility it would be necessary to change the riet system in fundamental ways, and that this should be the primary sective of American policy. Those who take this position claim that it is y by external aggrandizement that the Soviet leadership can cement its ver, claim legitimacy, and validate its view of history. Some even argue t there is a parallel between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany, and t just as appeasement served to whet the Nazis' appetite, any accommotion with the Soviet Union can "only lead to disaster."

The study of Soviet behavior, however, suggests that Soviet actions are reconsistently explained by reference to the pursuit of nation-state intersiting than by some inner compulsion related to the structure of the system, eleadership is strengthened by successes and weakened by failures, as is case in any country, but there is no sign that Soviet adventures abroad we resulted in increased popular support. On the contrary, foreign adventiges and the contrary of the contrary.

Predictions of doom for the capitalist system have not been confirmed. This has not been lost on Soviet theoreticians, who have reinterpreted some parts of their ideology and clung to others. There is now as much variety in Marxism-Leninism as there is in American Protestantism

Unlike the Nazis, Soviet leaders do not seek war. No one doubts that who has seen firsthand how fresh are the memories of World War II, or how universal is the appreciation of the consequences of nuclear war (much more universal than is the case in the United States)

tures, whether in Hungary or Afghanistan, are regarded uneasily by Societizens.

There is an expansive tendency in the Soviet Union's behavior, but a impelled not by the nature of the system but by the sense that the cours has grown into a great power. Moreover, it has been activated by opportutes that the Soviet Union itself has not created, and it has been guided a careful calculus of risks and gains as well as by a capacity for prudence. It was illustrated most recently by the absence of an immediate Soviet reactive to the attacks on Syria during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon.

The Nazi parallel is particularly misleading. Unlike the Nazis, So leaders do not seek war. No one doubts that who has seen firsthand I fresh are the memories of the destruction and loss of life in World War II how universal is the appreciation of the consequences of nuclear war (m more universal than is the case in the United States). Soviet leaders h accepted and accommodated themselves to the practical constraints on the expansionist tendencies. They may hope that the future will bring m

favorable opportunities, but faith in their historical inevbility has become ritualistic, and is advanced on national holidays with diminishing conviction.

us to maintain peaceful relations with it so long as it seeks to maximize its power influence?

We have to accept the fact that the Soviét–American relationshi fundamentally competitive and is likely to remain so for the foresees future. What we must decide is whether it is in our interest to compete high level of confrontation or whether it is more sensible to manage competition at lower levels of tension. If we seek to force the pace of milit competition and to maximize pressure on the Soviet Union by cutting be diplomatic contacts, trade, and all forms of cooperation, the effect will be increase the level of conflict and the risk of war and to push both societ toward greater, and destructive, militarization.

It is sometimes said in this country that the so-called détente of the ea 1970s was a failure and a deception, and that it proved that the effor moderate relations is bound not to work, leaving us at a disadvantage, the principal reason why détente was not successful was that neither sfulfilled the two main requirements for reducing tensions. Those requirements are the management of the nuclear competition at lower and mostable levels and the codification of the terms of political competition in Third World. On each side there were impediments to exercising the straint that is essential to reducing the risk of war.

On the Soviet side, the main impediments to the stabilization of nuclear competition appeared to stem from the influence of the milit bureaucracy in Soviet politics; tendencies toward overinsurance in milit matters; an inclination to think in prenuclear terms; a fear of the Usadvantage in advanced military technology; a fear of appearing weak a therefore vulnerable to American pressure; and a mistaken belief the strengthened military posture would make the United States more plian negotiations. In the Third World, the main impediment to restraint was Soviet Union's commitment to expand its influence wherever it could do at acceptable costs and risks, which it rationalized as support for wha chose to call national liberation movements. The increase in Soviet logical capabilities and conventional weapons and forces made such intervations more tempting.

On the American side, the impediments to the stabilization of the nucleompetition included a lack of rationality in defense policy-making, result of which decisions were dictated by parochial economic and servinterests; a residual commitment to superiority rather than parity as the b for national security; a post-Vietnam fear of appearing to be weak; an mistaken belief that a strengthened military posture would make the Sovership of the strengthened military posture would make the strengthened military posture would make the strengthened military posture would make the strengthened military posture would make the strengthened military posture w

on more pliant in negotiations. Moreover, a resurgence of nationalism, iversal phenomenon throughout the industrialized world, made any of accommodation with the Soviet Union politically difficult. The impediments to stabilizing the U.S.—Soviet competition in the Third ld were America's inexperience in international affairs, its parochial-and its ignorance of the areas involved. That led the United States to rd countries of the Third World as abstract counters in the East—West petition, driving all radical movements into the Soviet camp, and to primarily on military instrumentalities for dealing with them.

addition, there have been external impediments to a regulation of the petition. This period of international politics has been characterized by straordinary turbulence involving dramatic transformations in the in-rialized nations, post-decolonization travails in the developing ones, and

anarchy in the international system. Under the best of circumstances, it would have been remarkable if Soviet–American relations had not become roiled.

\_ive: Has Soviet foreign policy, emboldened by what some analysts see as ary supremacy, become more aggressive in the years since détente?

here is a two-part answer to the military question. Certainly the imrements in the Soviet Union's conventional capabilities, the increase in
firepower and mobility of its forces, and its greater logistical capabili—demonstrated in the impressive airlift of matériel to Ethiopia—have
le it possible to intervene where it might not have been able to a decade
But despite the expanded Soviet strategic nuclear arsenal, it is wrong to
lk of supremacy, and there are no grounds for believing that the strategic
nce influenced the Soviet decisions to act as it did in Angola, Ethiopia,
fighanistan.

he lack of restraint shown by the Soviet Union in exacerbating local flicts cannot be justified, but its interventions have represented a conation of its longstanding policy of seeking to exploit opportunities, tever their cause. The 1975 intervention in Angola, for example, was a onse to the collapse of the Portuguese position in Africa. (The Soviet on was able to respond to that collapse more effectively than was the ted States, tied as we were to our Portuguese ally and restrained as we by the post-Vietnam inhibitions against foreign interventions.) In opia, it was Chairman Mengistu Haile-Mariam's alienation from the ted States and his turning to the Soviet Union for support that created Soviet opportunity, and there, as in Angola, the messianic mission of l Castro gave the Soviet Union the benefit of Cuban soldiers. (In cont, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was a response not to an opportubut to a perceived threat; it can best be understood as a gross political military miscalculation, reflecting Soviet paranoia about the security of orders.)

of course, even though these Soviet interventions were responses to ortunities rather than manifestations of a more aggressive policy, they still a matter for concern. But it lies within our power to reduce such

opportunities by understanding better what local factors generate upheavals and conflicts, and by responding to them more appropriately ourselves.

ix: Does the Soviet Union's military buildup indicate that it has accepted the of nuclear wor?

he great increase in its conventional forces does raise the possibility that Soviet Union is prepared to intervene in behalf of its newly acquired particles. And in its production and deployment of nuclear weapons the SS-18, an intercontinental missile capable of delivering ten wards of 500 kilotons each with great accuracy, and the SS-20, an intermeerange missile targeted on Europe and the Far East, it has not shown onable restraint and has aroused concerns in the West that have had the

Despite the expanded Soviet strategic nuclear arsenal, it is wrong to speak of supremacy. There are no grounds for believing that the strategic balance influenced the Soviet decisions to act as it did in Angola, Ethiopia, or Afghanistan



General Secretars
Konstontin
Chernenko, Minister
of Defense Dmitri
Ustinov, and Chief of
the trivial Nuff
Nikolai Ogarkov have
all shown unequivocal
awareness that
nuclear war would be
a danger to the
security of their own
country



effect of reducing its own security. (In this respect, neither Soviet nor Arcican defense policies have been marked by much rationality or foresign But it strains any plausible scenario to see Soviet strategic forces as capably anything other than preventing a military attack or political intimidati

Monetary measures of the Soviet Union's military effort have sometisbeen used to show that its programs are alarmingly larger than ours, but thare not å reliable basis for comparison. The statistics cited in such comparisons are questionable: they depend on estimates of what it would cost uproduce Soviet weapons using American labor costs, and also on calcutions of dollar-ruble equivalencies; they do not take into account the aci Soviet production costs; and even if it is argued that the percentage of Soviet gross national product devoted to military programs is twice that the United States, it must be borne in mind that the Soviet GNP is half own. Moreover, the CIA has recently revised downward its estimate Soviet military expenditures; those estimates now suggest that after any increases of about 4 percent a year beginning in the early 1960s, the rat increase began to level off in the mid-1970s, once the Soviet Union reac parity with the United States.

Judgments about parity are, of course, inexact, seeking as they do compare quite different force structures (the Soviet Union has three quar of its strategic force in land-based intercontinental missiles, compared wonly one third of ours; the rest is in bombers and submarines). The So Union fears that America's superior industrial technology may give us edge in the future, and it continues to develop new weapons, duplicating innovations when it can and compensating for others simply by doing mof what it can do. By any measure, however, it is apparent that given destructiveness of nuclear weapons, neither side has or can hope to have usable military superiority over the other. But neither country has had self-confidence to regard a secure retaliatory force as sufficient.

It has been said that Soviet military writings imply that Soviet lead believe they can fight and win a nuclear war, but that argument reflect superficial reading of the literature. Soviet military doctrine has evol considerably since the time of Stalin, when nuclear weapons were discus in pre-nuclear-age terms, and the authoritative statements of Yuri Androv, Konstantin Chernenko, Minister of Defense Dmitri Ustinov, (1998).

Chief of the General Staff Nikolai Ogarkov have shown u quivocal awareness that nuclear war would be a danger to security of their country.

even: Does it follow, then, that the Soviet Union is prepared to eng seriously in arms-control negotiations?

Arms-control negotiations about nuclear weapons seemed a radical is to the Russians when they were first proposed in the Baruch plan in 1946 the early years of the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty negotiations, wh began in November 1969, the Russians were obviously reluctant to consignificant to ensure the security to such arrangements—perhaps because they die feel strong enough, or their military was resistant, or they did not trust us more than we trusted them. Most of the SALT proposals were advanced by American negotiators, and many of the Soviet proposals (for nonaggress agreements, a ban on first use of nuclear weapons, and international contences to discuss disarmament) had an agitprop character. Although Soviet Union accepted the American proposal for strategic arms limitat talks, it did not appear to have accepted the fundamental SALT conceparity, mutual deterrence, and strategic stability.

But the situation has changed in two respects. We have changed. Despour formal acceptance of deterrence as a guiding principle, we have more toward developing war-fighting capabilities. Our defense plans are no based on the requirement that we be able to prevail in a prolonged nucle conflict. In this respect, both the declaratory and the actual policies of two countries have moved closer.

he Soviet Union has also changed: it became more than a passive partin the negotiations. In the SALT II talks, it offered considerably more or concessions than did the United Stares; it was also prepared to agree one land-based intercontinental missiles be allowed, had we been

willing to agree to what had originally been an American proposal. The Russians were stubborn bargainers, but they manifested a serious interest in limiting the nuclear competition.

ight: What does this say about the belief that the United States must lop "positions of strength" in order to make the Soviet Union negotiate in good

or accept our deterrent as credible?

o the Soviet Union, it appears that a military balance now exists and American efforts to secure "positions of strength" mask attempts to seve superiority. The Soviet reaction will be contrary to what is exceed. Instead of feeling pressured to make concessions at the negotiating e, the Soviet Union will match every new American program with one to own (as it has done in the past, for example when we introduced tiple-warhead systems). It is for this reason that the search for such sitions of strength" will lead to an upward spiral in the nuclear milicompetition, involving weapons that are less stable (the MX missile the proposed space-based defense system) and less verifiable (cruise

missiles) than those now in existence, with the consequence that it will be increasingly difficult to achieve any

agreement.

ine: Is the Soviet system capable of change?

ris here that we come to a question that is absolutely fundamental to the we think about the Soviet Union, and it is here that our stereotypes are it strikingly out of date. Since the Revolution, the Soviet Union has lived from a predominantly peasant society to one that is largely urban industrializing. Although the process of industrialization has moved and unevenly, and although large parts of the country do not seem to e changed in the past 100 years, the spread of education and the growth address of specialists have made for a much more complex society, in which trols have been increasingly internalized and "privatization" stubbornly tects pockets of autonomy from intrusion by the central authorities. Ving the intellectuals aside, for most people the system works, since they upare their living standards not with those of other countries but with the own in the past.

he engine of change is the emergence of new generations, with new ectations and experiences, and a vast generational shift is already in gress. Although it is not yet reflected in the composition of the top party learship, it is to be seen at lower levels of the party, in the military, and in various bureaucracies. The younger elite are well educated and compet. Not liberals in a Western sense, their thinking is nevertheless far more histicated than that of high-level party members, which has been characted by parochial fundamentalism. They are free of the formative influes of the Revolution and the Stalinist terror and are relatively knowleable about the outside world and prepared to learn from it.

he prevailing Western images of the Soviet elite, based on monolithic liltarian models, tend to stereotype Soviet officialdom, leading some ervers to conclude that the system is brittle and cannot change without of collapse. This obscures the spectrum of views to be found even within party establishment, which encompasses not only those who are careerand bureaucrats supreme but also those who might be called "withinem critics," those who, within the bounds of loyalty to the system, sess and sometimes express unorthodox views about modernization. Bese the changes they favor may provoke resistance, in the short run their wities may reinforce or even increase the authority of the political police, ether in the long run such changes will moderate the repressiveness of

It is when we come to the question of change that our stereotypes are most strikingly out of date. Since the Revolution, the Soviet Union has evolved. Leaving the intellectuals aside, for most people the system now works It should be clear that if we are perceived to be bellicose, or if we declare our intent to undermine the Soviet order, we strengthen the backward elements in the Soviet political system

the Soviet system may depend in part on the international climate.

In the end, one must wonder if the system will be able to cope with enormous problems. That is a question no one can answer, not even soviet leadership. The decline in the country's growth rates is symptom of the contradiction between the rigidities of its political structure and requirements of advanced industrialization. No one was more severe cataloguing the deficiencies of the Soviet system than Yuri Andropov. In the leadership is also aware of the problems it faces. But it must deal with profoundly conservative society, changing but resistant to change, feat above all, of the effects of reform on the party's control.

How these contending forces will resolve their differences is the nintriguing question of all, and the answer, when it becoclear, will affect our thinking about our future relations with the Soviet Union.

here are, of course, other questions that we might wish to ask, the issues we have already touched on point toward something that she be taken into account far more than has been the case: the factor of char If instead of viewing the Soviet Union as a static system we view it as on the midst of a historical transformation, then the starting point for thin through our own policies should be to ask ourselves how they are likel affect the processes of change in the Soviet system, Soviet conduct in world, and opportunities for peaceful relations between the two counts.

Our capacity to influence the nature of change in the Soviet Unio limited. At the very least, however, we should exercise care lest our act and words impair the prospects for changes we would like to see. It shoul clear from past experience that if we are perceived to be bellicose, or is declare our intent to undermine the Soviet order, we strengthen the believed to the Soviet political system.

It follows that our long-term policy should have an evolutionary purp it should be designed to encourage future generations of Soviet leaders to that acting with restraint and enlarging the area of genuine cooperabetween the United States and the Soviet Union serve their own dinterest. The main objective of our policy should therefore be to respon the Soviet challenge in ways that will protect our security, our interests, our values, rather than to try to force changes in the Soviet Union or bring about changes in its foreign policy indirectly by seeking to undernothe Soviet system.

This does not mean that we are not interested in what happens inside Soviet Union, nor that we should put aside our humanitarian concern and its repressive practices. None of us can remain unmoved by the cruelty with which the Soviet police apparatus deals with dissidents or with those with the emigrate. But we should have learned from our recent experied that it is counterproductive for our government to make the human risi issue an instrument in a political offensive against the Soviet Union an engage the prestige of the Soviet leadership by frontal, public ultimarum it did with the Jackson-Vanik amendment and in the tragic cases of And Sakharov and Anatoly Shcharansky. We should also remember that though decreased international tension may in the short run inspire of paigns of ideological vigilance designed to control the spread of bourgideas within the Soviet Union, increased levels of international tension reduce the restraints on the Soviet police apparatus and encourage gree pressures for retrogressive movement toward neo-Stalinism.

Perhaps the best that can be hoped for in our relations with the Soc Union, in the aftermath of the transition to the Chernenko leadership. Cold Truce, an improvement in the climate of confrontation that is patently leading toward greater military competition and a greater is misperception and miscalculation in responses to local crises. Beyond immediate period, we should recognize that the only sensible alternative relationship based on confrontation is one that seeks a modus vivenda.

der to manage the competition between us at a less destructive level of nsion.

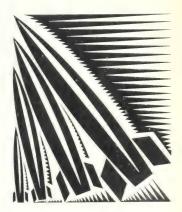
The most important aspect of such a policy is the military competition. learly, a military balance is required, but what kind, and at what level? If ir political leaders and the public really accept the proposition that our curity is better safeguarded by a stable nuclear balance than by unregulated ompetition, it follows that we should accept stability, parity, and mutual eterrence. We pay lip service to these concepts but have not been guided by 1em in practice. Their genuine acceptance would make possible serious egotiations that would take into account legitimate Soviet security conerns, as well as our own. Neither in the negotiations on strategic systems or in those on theater nuclear weapons in Europe are the positions of the vo sides so far apart that they cannot be bridged. That is also true of the egotiations on treaties for a comprehensive test ban and on the use of nemical weapons, among others. Meanwhile, it does not make sense for us introduce systems that are destabilizing, systems that will make us more igger-sensitive. There also must be a balance in conventional weapons. here, too, our long-term objective should be to seek a balance at a moderte level through negotiations, on the basis of the same kind of mutual eterrence that should guide our nuclear weapons policy.

In the political competition between the United States and the Soviet Inion, containment by military force is clearly an inadequate response. here may be occasions when we will need sufficient forces on the ground to revent Soviet intervention, but this is only a negative capability. More nportant, we must learn to respond to the causes of the strains and instabilies that create opportunities for exploitation by the Soviet Union. For xample, we have allowed our relations with our allies among the industrialed nations to become strained by economic tensions and by their growing ack of confidence in the sobriety and wisdom of our leadership. Yet it ought be the very heart of our policy to maintain the closest possible ties with hem. In the Third World, we must show greater awareness of the sources of astability than we have so far. If we are prepared to deal with the causes of evolutionary change, to address the issues of health, food, literacy, and quity with more understanding, we will be able to respond to these probems before all hope of peaceful resolution is lost and the only solution ecomes military arbitration between equally unsavory extremes.

In our relations with the Soviet Union we should rely on incentives as rell as on constraints. This means that we must sustain a reasonable level of rade and exchanges and encourage limited measures of cooperation. Holding out the prospect of widening ties as the Soviet Union shows its readiness of act responsibly is a token of our hope that the relationship can move to a test dangerous stage. This, indeed, is the link to our longer-term policy. We annot assume that Soviet behavior will evolve in this way, but we can let uture generations of Soviet leaders know that if they do move in this direction we are prepared to accept this more productive relationship.

At the center of our thinking should always be the concern that the rotection of our security and our values depends not only on the sensible management of relations with the Soviet Union but on the condition of the international system itself, on those fragile restraints on the behavior of attions that have been created so slowly and painfully over the years. It must be strengthened against the anarchy and chaos that now threaten it. To do his we must seek not to preserve the status quo but to codify processes of conviolent change. We must work toward placing constraints on the use of orce to produce or to prevent change, and we must be willing, ourselves, to the produce of the produce

One more thing needs to be said. Essential to a modus vivendi are diplonatic communications with the Soviet Union, firm but not bellicose, conucted with civility and common sense—recently so uncommon in Amerian politics. Perhaps the best that can be hoped for is a Cold Truce, an improvement in the climate of confrontation that is patently leading toward greater military competition and a greater risk of miscalculation



# JOCKEY CLUB OF THE APOCALYPSE

Malibu wrings status from its storms
By Anthony Haden-Guest

hazy afternoon in Malibu. The air was thick with a covert sparkle that made the eyes smart. The ocean barely moved. Norman Jewison's lunch party was sauntering along the Colony Beach. The director was sporting a beard and a mariner's navy blue cap, and dangling from a neck chain were mementos: a tiny fist from James Caan, a piglet from Goldie Hawn, a St. Christopher medal from his wife, Dixie. We passed people sitting on their decks, sprawled on beach towels, a solitary jogger. Nods were exchanged, and greetings, but nothing too warm. Malibu makes something of a point of sticking to the protocol of a London club.

A walker approached. It was Jerry Perenchio, the movie producer. He, too, sported naval headgear. It was Perenchio who had acquired nine acres between the Colony and the Pacific Coast Highway for several million, walled them in, and built himself a jogging track. This track is said to be equipped with subsoil heating and a sound system geared to the jogger's vital signs, and even Malibu was rather amazed by this enterprise.

"How about some tennis?" he asked Jewison. Jewison couldn't make it.

"What about next weekend?"

"We'll be in Austin, Texas," Jewison said. It was unnecessary for Jewison to explain that he would be moviemaking. It's a nomadic place, Malibu. We walked on, and I stooped to pick up a piece of sea glass. Sea glass is what beach people call fragments of glass that have been scoured by the waves. "When people start collecting sea glass or driftwood, you know they've been here too long," Jewison said. "They're just out there. On

Anthony Haden-Guest writes for New York magazine. He is finishing a book about the last capitalist heroes.

the beach," The seductions of Malibu.

Jewison was once discussing a screenplay with ewiter William Goldman, who didn't seem be concentrating. "I told him, 'You have heard a word,' " Jewison said." 'Oh, yeah!' tells me. 'I've been listening.' But out there the beach a girl is riding a horse bareback. Sh backlit. And he's warching her as if he's hypritized. Then Goldman is talking. And I'm locing at the waves. You know how that can you! In the end, we went upstairs to a small rocand pulled the curtains. We might as well habeen in New York."

Malibu is famously seductive, as it is, simp famous. It is famous because many famous peoplive here, or have lived here. Malibu is a gher of the rich in a place where the rich are creat by industries—movies, music, "entertain ment"—in which fame is part of the produ

Indeed, Malibu has become a place name li Monte Carlo, say, used by columnists and cor writers for a dash of color. A TV series last yea, which was called Malibu and produced by a m who had rented a house here, depicted a commity whose principal diversions appeared to cocaine and extramarital sex. A cover story People last August described the place as a "lebrity sandbox" and devoted three dozen lirs of solid type to listing the celebs, from A (lpe Herb) to Z (adora, Pia).

But to spend time in Malibu is to learn that is not obsessed with fame, and certainly not win morals. Malibu's obsession is property. Endagered property, especially. Malibu, you see, also famously hazardous. The hazards are fin and winds, earthquakes, mud slides, and oce gales, to say nothing of such rococo byproduc of the above as nervous rattlesnakes in the hil.

Attention is now focused on the sea. Early lar year the Pacific smashed up hundreds of expesive houses. The fourteen that were wholly stroyed included the "Mildred Pierce" house-

called for the movie-which, like many of the ler houses built by movie-studio carpenters. d no foundation. Also destroyed was the use that Billie Jean King had repossessed from r ex-lover after a much publicized court case. aseasonable storms struck again last August. venty-foot waves inflicted \$2 million worth of mage on properties including Barbra reisand's pink-and-green edifice, sometimes ferred to as "the Easter Egg."

Signs of destruction were everywhere last oril as Jewison and I approached the end of the plony Beach, and headed back. A sandbagged n emplacement turned out to be Dyan Canin's house. Behind a makeshift Stonehenge rked the abode of Bruce Dern. Halfway down e beach I ran into a young woman of my quaintance. She was, she said, planning to oot a video movie on the beach. It would be mical.

What was the subject?

"Celebrity feces."

The latest Malibu hazard, she explained, was at various storm-damaged cesspits had become sound. That milky-green water from which I ad recently emerged had been characterized by coastal commissioner as "an open sewer."

We reached Jewison's stretch of beach. A shirt as dangling from a pole atop a particularly bat-

red house.
"They did everything they could," he said. Then they hung up the white flag. They surrenered to the storm.'

There have always been storms in Malibu, resents point out: the storms come and take away ne beaches, and then they go and the beaches ft back, and winter memories are expunged by mmer fun. So things have always been.

The trouble is that things have not always en so. In the mid-nineteenth century, accordg to Jerry Kuhn, a geologist at Scripps Ocean esearch in La Jolla, mariners described the eather in Santa Monica Bay as "worse than ape Horn." He believes that the last thirty ears of mostly excellent beach weather may be anomaly, a sort of blip on the chart. Other searchers study the Peruvian anchovy and the regrinations of that mass of weather-altering arm water called (a sweet touch) El Niño de avidad, meaning "the Christ Child." They are cheerier. Malibu environmentalists prepare udies about the impact of the proposed oil drillig in the bay, and find other causes for alarm. leanwhile, the godfathers of the present-day ocalyptists, the earthquake men, listen to the um in the globe's tectonic plates and periodially cry wolf.

Their cumulative message seems to be that the ture of Malibu may be less than jolly, insofar as has one. But it was the attitudes of the California rich that I found oddest of all. "We used to think weather was something for poor people," I was told by Joan Axelrod, a decorator and wife of George Axelrod, author of The Seven Year Itch. She spoke with unmistakable glee. The battered millionaires of Malibu hug their catastrophes with a sort of pride. It's as though the rompings of the Four Horsemen confer a status, turning Malibu into a Jockey Club of the Apocalypse.

Lalibu was Humaliwo to the Indians of the region, the Chumash, who had a sizable settlement here. They were an attractive, unambitious tribe. "They lived a very uncomplicated lifestyle materially," said anthropologist Joanna Van Tilburg, who lives in the Malibu hills. "They didn't have monumental architecture. The Spaniards had contempt for them."

We, seeing what can happen to monumental architecture in southern California, might well decide that the Indians knew a thing or two the Spaniards didn't. The last full-blooded Chumash died in the 1950s, but there is a community of part-Chumash in Oxnard, north of Los Angeles. One is told they are not pleased that their burial ground on Point Dume is now a mobile-home park.

In 1802 Malibu was established as a Spanish estancia. Eighty-five years later, all 17,000 acres of it were acquired by Frederick Rindge, a Massachusetts tycoon who dreamed of a private Riviera. He died in 1905 and left the property to his wife, May. She became a formidable figure, battling homesteaders and the U.S. government, which had the impertinent desire to run a highway through her property, connecting Los Angeles with San Francisco. Things became so fraught that a 1916 headline in the Los Angeles Times ran: "War Threatens in the Malibu.

Mrs. Rindge lost her battle with the government in 1925 and, drained by years of expensive litigation, began to lease plots on the beach. The early renters were mostly movie folk, and it was in this period that Malibu acquired its racy reputation. Even nowadays, a realtor-and realtors like Posey Carpentier and Vicki Pierson are the only Malibu personages with the heft of a major producer—may try to pique a customer's appetite with the nugget that such and such a property was the scene of an assignation of, say, Claudette Colbert.

Malibu enjoys this racy reputation to this day. Or, perhaps, doesn't enjoy. "People come out here to make a quick buck by ripping it to shreds," director Billy Wilder told me. "In Malibu, they have diamond-studded surfboards and are already snorting before breakfast! It's the People magazine syndrome."

Well, technicolor episodes are not unknown.

The last thirty years of beach weather may be an anomaly. In the mid-nineteenth century, mariners described Malibu's weather as worse than Cape Horn's

Technicolor episodes continue.
There was the woman who found out her husband was having a fling. She drenched her rival's house with kerosene, and set it off like a Roman candle

There is the tale of the young wife. She was last seen on the beach, talking with a lifeguard. "They walked off into the sunset," I was told. "She didn't pack. She didn't even take her beach towel."

Then there was the woman who found that her husband was having a fling with a female producer. She drenched her rival's house with kerosene. It went up like a Roman candle and—life occasionally refuses to imitate art—the marriage has been a model of decorum ever since.

But, by and large, Malibu is now a staid enough place. Malibu, the TV series, was not well received. Kathryn Altman, wife of director Robert, happened to be in Manhattan when it was aired, and noticed some tittering at her aerobics class. Her sweatshirt was lettered: MALIBU. "It's a very solid community," she told the class. "I raised a family there."

Some rather regret the jazzier days of yore. They attribute the change to economics. Malibu used to be where people partied in their beach houses. Not today. "We're here the year round," said Mickey Ziffren, wife of the entertainment lawyer Paul. "We don't have all that stuff, like starfish and the rattan you picked up in Hong Kong. We live here."

Domesticity remains one of the last words people associate with the place, though, and Malibuites tend to blame that on "the media." Who are certainly all over the place. I called on the president of the Colony one sunny afternoon and found him splendid in a tux. Town & Country was setting up in his living room. A few days later, a French movie magazine was photographing Stephanie Audran on the beach, in gold

lamé and black fur. "It's mink," she informed me. "But not serious mink."

The distinction between the Summer People and the Winter People is only one of several, and there is more to this twenty-six-mile stretch of coast than the grandees in \$20,000-a-foot properties on the beach. There are local tradesmen. There are middle-class professionals—doctors, lawyers, Pepperdine University faculty—on the other side of the highway. There are bikers and a few truculent hillbillies in the mountain gulches, and a community of followers of that pudgy young godhead, the Maharaj Ji. All, except perhaps the last—the surfer kids call them "Q-Tip heads" or "diaperheads"—must be hooked on Malibu, because they all have to deal with the local prices.

There are also emphatic distinctions between ne different segments of Malibu Beach. The Melibu Colony proper certainly regards itself as "Malibu," but unlike such stretches of expensive seafront as South Hampton, Palm Beach, and Newport, it doesn't sit there, exhaling lucre.

It's true that many of the original shacks have been replaced by more grandiose structures L.A.-styled to resemble mortuary chapels of jumbo saunas, but only a few—Neil Diamond' for one—occupy double lots, and the only Howe Garden type place, the Sterling House, look as at home as a Brancusi among garden gnome Actually, what the Colony most resembles from the sea is one side of a street in one of London frowstier suburbs.

Carbon, the stretch of Malibu Beach jur south of the Colony, is home to, for instance Johnny Carson, and thinks itself far mor blessed. "Everything is so crowded in the Coony. It's like a kibbutz," said Nancy Bryson whose photographer husband, John, is a long time Carbon resident. Dwellers in Trancas, a the northern tip of Malibu-Billy Wilder, A McGraw, novelist Brian Moore-agree that the Colony is too crowded but think that Carbon practically in downtown Los Angeles. "Tranca is just inconvenient enough," said McGraw. Co ony folk, for their part, say how sorry they are for the poor wretches in Carbon and Trancal breathing in the fumes off the Pacific Coal Highway, and they feel rather nifty behind the white, well-guarded gates.

These gates, by the way, have sparked a dipute with yet another group: the people who a technically of the Colony, but live beyond the gates on Malibu Road. In February 1982, Burge Meredith was moved to send the Malibu Color Association a letter. He pointed out that "fa about twelve years I have been scrupulous above paying dues to the Malibu Colony Association but complained that promises of security patrohad not been kept. "Outergate benefits," I wrote, seemed to consist only of a "few casu beach-sweeping benefits." Tongue more or lefirmly in cheek, he threatened to secede, corolluding, "Meantime, I'll follow up with the outresidents. Maybe we can join up like NATO."

Copies of this missive were sent to, amor others, Rod Steiger, Bruce Dern, and Lar Hagman. There was some to-ing and fro-ing—one point Meredith felt that Don Rickles coube persuaded to accept the presidency of the Malibu Colony Rejectionist Front—but the situation seems to have sputtered back to the state quo.

That was not the last of Meredith's problem. Few things incite more wrath in Malibu than neighbor's building something that might in pinge on one's view. Larry Hagman lives nex door to Meredith, and had been for many years close friend. Two years ago, he began to enlarshis house. As the house waxed, the friendsh waned. "Everything man does pretty much d creases the beauty of things," Meredith sai "With the possible exception of the Taj Mahal

ase. "Except I'm getting that next door."

He sued. A few years before, down in Carbon. is B. Mayer's granddaughter had prevailed in milar suit against Johnny Carson. But Mere-1 was less fortunate. For a while, he consid-I building a wall between his property and gman's, and there was some talk of commising the artist Dong Kingman to do a mural it. "What I think I'll paint is a view of what view would be if Larry's home weren't re," Kingman proclaimed.

t is not to be. "I'm just going to try and forget Il," Meredith has decided. He has returned to more urgent business of lodging some masboulders between himself and the seaney cost about as much as gold ore"-and

increasing the size of his already formidable sea wall.

Ver the years, chunks of Malibu's cliffs re been slipping away. Charles Laughton, in t, confided to Billy Wilder once that he med himself for one particularly disastrous page. He had returned to Europe to make a vie and had left the lawn sprinkler on.

n the 1960s, Malibu, like the rest of the state, nd a new focus for unease: the San Andreas lt. And, whenever popular attention drifts m this potential apocalypse, the earth seems pains to give a sharp nudge. One occurred ile writer Cynthia Lindsay, who lives on the d Colony Beach, was being visited by a cousin o had acquired rather a grand husband, a Rusn prince from Palm Beach.

'Troubletskoy had gone upstairs for a hot h," Lindsay said. "There was quite a shock, d the cesspool backed up on him. We all had

go and stand on the beach."

Understandably, earthquakes are what most turb the world's most richly endowed art mum, Malibu's Getty. "Don't talk about it," one ator said. "Everything is going to slide into : sea one day.''

Gillian Wilson, curator of decorative arts, is a more sanguine. "All my objects are in a case ted to the wall," she said. "They'll be OK up

five points on the Richter scale.'

The museum John Paul Getty founded was pired in part by a ruined villa he had seen as a ing man, sightseeing in Herculaneum and mpeii. A blowup on one wall of the Getty seum carries a translation of Pliny the Youngfine eyewitness account of the overwhelming those locales: "The sea appeared to have unk, as if withdrawn by the tremors of the th. . . . In the other direction loomed a horriblack cloud ripped by bursts of fire. . . . We re enveloped in night—not a moonless night one dimmed by cloud—but the darkness of a iled room without light. To be heard were only the shrill cries of women, the wailing of children, the shouting of men."

A major earthquake in Malibu remains a possibility. Rainstorms and ocean gales are a certainty. Until last year, the worst in recent memory had been the storm of 1979. It was then that Governor Jerry Brown, the belami of Linda Ronstadt at the time, declared the Malibu Colony a disaster area. The National Guard came in to sandbag, helicopters buzzed overhead (Will Dr. So-and-so call his office?), and there was help from the students at Pepperdine and convicts from the honor farm. Various Malibu Colony members got together and proposed building a strong sea wall. Bruce Dern, however, declined to have anything to do with it. His house, he declared, was safe. One can't have a partial sea wall, of course, so the scheme was aborted.

The heavy rains make the vegetation grow. Then the sun dries it out and the fires start. They are kicked up by the Santa Ana wind until they less resemble fires than explosions. Ivor Davis, a British journalist, was living in Malibu during the fire of 1979. He heard about it on the car radio at ten in the morning, and drove home. "I told my wife to get out. She asked why. I pointed to the ridge. There was a sea of flame half a mile away. It was like lava."

His wife and children left, but Davis decided to save the house. "At 12:35 the mailman turned up to deliver my mail as if it was a normal day. The Santa Ana was so strong it blew my glasses off. On the land side, the smoke made things black. It was like midnight. Out to sea, it was a clear day. There were guys up and down the beach in their wet suits, like seals . . . sitting on their surfboards . . . watching Malibu burn.

Davis, at least, was prepared. He had a fireproof chest filled with family snapshots. It was the loss of her snapshots that devastated Tuesday Weld, whose house burned down a couple of years ago. "Everybody says, Oh my God! The art," said Mickey Ziffren. "But you can replace the art. You can't replace the childhood of your

family. Or that old sweater."

"I watched," said Ali McGraw. "The fire was weird, and sinister. My son and I each took a dog. We had the cats in a box. We collected our snapshots and a bunch of towels. We were going to walk into the water with the towels wrapped around our heads. You lose object obsessiveness. My friend Katharine Ross's house was burned to

the ground. She just galloped down the beach with her horses.'

disaster lore has been created, a sort of grand guignol sur mer. There is the tale of the elderly actor whose career earnings were sunk into his beach house. It was shaking during a storm—"Like a loose tooth," I was told—and

'The fire was weird and sinister,' said Ali McGraw 'We collected a bunch of towels. We were going to walk into the water with them on our heads'

I was looking out of the urindow,' said director Hal Ashby. I knew we were in trouble when I saw Bruce Dern's garacter furniture floating into John Frankenhamer's

deputies entered to evict him. "He locked himself in the bathroom. He velled he would slit his wrists if they didn't go." They went. The house

There is the scooper plane story. These are the planes that, pelicanlike, gulp ocean water and dump it on a conflagration. The story, for which various locales are given, runs that an incinering in the scrub. There is the story of the honeymooners who were neatly plucked off the highway by a leisurely wave. And of the family that took refuge from the flames in its pool. A poor idea, it turned out. The flames suck the oxygen away. The water then boils.

Yes. But one begins to realize something one had not expected. Catastrophe anecdotes are polished, like pebbles worn by handling. Polaroids of wreckage are shown off. Larry Hagman's son, Preston, runs video clips recorded from the TV news. "Welcome to Malibut." he said.

"It's a bit like being a pioneer," Dyan Cannon said. This theme is persistent. "Roughing it" in the beach houses. The movie stars aren't just so many Marie Antoinettes, milkmaiding it around the Petit Trianon. "People on Winding Way are still living a bit in the old frontier spirit," Stacy Keach said of his own Malibu dell. "You do things most urban dwellers don't even

think about. You look at weather reports, you check storm warnings."

ast winter was rough. There was a fire in the mobile-home park and a minor quake. "You know what somebody said to me?" John Frankenheimer asked. "'Thank God! It's only an earthquake.' Where else would you hear that but Malibo!"

The rejoicing was premature. Storms struck in January, and returned with increasing savagery in February and March. Christ Polos, owner of the Malibu Sea Lion, is ninety-six. He went through the San Francisco earthquake. "This was the worst," he said. Dvan Cannon had just returned from making a movie in London. "I was dropped off by limo," she said. "It was another night of rain. I didn't think it was any big deal."

She got home to find her pool flooding. "I thought, Tonight of all nights," she said. "When I was so tired. I worked outside for four hours."

She went to bed at four. "At six it sounded as if a jet had landed." The house was full of wind and water. "I'm usually very calm," she said. "But I got quite hysterical. I kept thinking, Why don't they turn off the special effects? Why don't they turn off the wind machine."

Lee Majors was making a movie at the time with a number of stuntmen. When the storm battered his Malibu house, many of them turned up to help, but he lost the front of it anyway. "The sound of the ocean was constant," ob-

served producer Paul Mslansky. "There werfordips or decibels. It was at night. We went out the deck, and I watched the house congapart. It was unreal." "The most dangerous to was the driftwood," producer Alan Landssaid. "Pilings from the piers were being hurle us. It was scary. The only reason for being or beach is to have as much glass facing the supossible." The Landsbergs moved into to Their losses: the innards of their hot tub. exterior hi-fi speaker, and a two-person raf

"I was looking out of the window," said detor Hal Ashby. "I knew we were in trouble we I saw Bruce Dern's garden furniture floating a John Frankenheimer's house."

Dern himself had an unexpected guest: a Malibuites took this news with surprising enimity. Next time around, they believed, Emight be induced to contribute to the sea v

For the most part, the raging storms induced degree of camaraderie, even among the most clusive of Malibuites. Whatever private a sions people have been making concerning future of their property, few admitted to the ing of quitting.

So-and-so just lost his teahouse, one was t

"Anybody in it?"
"Nobody bankable."

Robert Joseph, a rotund Fox producer, facing a battery of TV cameras while the ray were fiercest. "What are you doing here?" he

asked. "Why are you here?" "Becait's cheap," he explained.

At is distressing to report that not everyly takes these problems with proper serious; George Miller, a Democratic congressman California, was telling a Midwesterner of they cessity for federal assistance for those who lost their homes.

"Oh," the Midwesterner said. "You mean other house down from the canyon on the bewhere his third wife, his hairdresser, and his friend all sit in a hot tub."

"Now you see what it's like trying to get deter aid for California," Miller complained.

Aid, though, will certainly be needed. Ye prognosis for Malibu still looks dark. The cre ing problem is worsening, for instance. "T are transients everywhere," Ali McGraw s"Bad people. A girl was raped on Zuma Beat

There are also the crazies. An actress finanuscripts stuffed into her mailbox. They of the writer's adoration, and skill with sa arms. He is waiting for her in a car down road. Another lunatic, who had shotgunned members of his family, traveled 1,600 mile to call on Olivia Newton-John. "I know acabout Apollo and the Nine Muses," he had assured her in a letter.

wo years ago," said photographer Nancy El-, "a young man sat on the beach in front of house and read all day. He got up in the ining and turned around a couple of times, as gh he were performing a ritual. Then he we he book into the water.

walked out on the beach later. The book floated ashore. It was Helter Skelter. I

ight, Oh shit!"

oon, moreover, Malibu will be voting again hether to incorporate itself into a township. It time, the vote will quite possibly be yes, h means that the community will have more rol over its own affairs—the Malibu strip even stop looking like the Jersey Turn—but which also means that taxes will rise, ich, in turn, means that the development—sls, condos—resisted for so long will follow. was on the beach on July 4," realtor Tim a said. "There were maybe a hundred people e. Go out on the Pacific Coast Highway and millions. It's going to go someday. It'll have The slaves will overthrow the castle."

ut nature remains the most worrisome prob."In the years since we've been civilized
and here—say, 1941 on—we seem to have
urbed the environment," said Chuck Con, a meteorologist. "It's basically a sandpit out
e. They've tampered with Mother Nature.
I she is trying to reclaim her territory."

erry Kuhn, at Scripps, has documentation t is detailed. "Last year they complained ut ten-foot waves at Malibu," he told me. you know what we recorded there in 1939? yes of more than forty feet."

The whole thing is that this historical per-

spective has been ignored," Kuhn added. He spoke with a degree of mordant humor, and his own belief is that we are at the end of the freak cycle of good weather and are returning to earlier conditions, which one might describe as interesting. And where will Malibube then?

Jerry Kuhn gave an exquisite shrug.

illiam Blatty, the writer, had received a thought-provoking report from his geologist. The geologist had told him that the peculiarity of Malibu was that the water table was very close to the surface. "Like in Alaska," the man had said.

"What does that mean?"

"If there's a quake, the sand liquefies."

"And what does that mean?" Blatty had asked.
"Well, in Alaska everything dropped thirty feet."

Blatty put his house on the market.

"I took it off after two weeks," he told me later. "L.A. takes the view that there isn't going to be an earthquake."

Dyan Cannon is also staying, after having firmly decided to leave. "But now the sun is shining," she said. "After all, you have to deal with stuff everywhere. Don't you?"

Some people—Linda Ronstadt, Rod Stewart, Allan Carr—have left, and one would have to describe the property market as soft. But some people are coming in. Meshulam Riklis, for instance, cannily bought a house in a stormy month. "I got it for half price," he said.

And the gloomy prognostication for Malibu? Mrs. Riklis, better known as Pia Zadora, was unperturbed.

"If it happens, it happens," she said.

Pia Zadora was unperturbed about gloomy prognostications. 'If it happens,' it happens,' she said

### A COMMON FOR

1040's hidden agt

The first 1040 form was issued seventy years ago. It came with one page of instructions, which anyone earning \$3,000 or more a year was to follow. Enforcement was feeble: the Internal Revenue Service had one lawyer. Less than one half of one percent of the population filed, and · ... 357 548 citizens paid taxes at rates of trom. one percent to seven percent. Congress had expected the personal income tax to bring in \$70 million, but only \$28 million was collected. Cordell Hull, the Tennessee congressman who drafted the income tax law of 1913, nevertheless remained confident it would redress the inequities of a tax and tariff system "virtually exempting the Morgans and the Rockefellers with their aggregated billions of hoarded wealth."

The "65 or over" exemption was not to be found on the first 1040. It was added in 1948 on the grounds that the aged are more likely to be poor. In 1981, 1.815 individuals over 65 declared incomes of more than \$1 million, more than one third of all those who did so. All of these wealthy aged took their \$1,000 exemption.

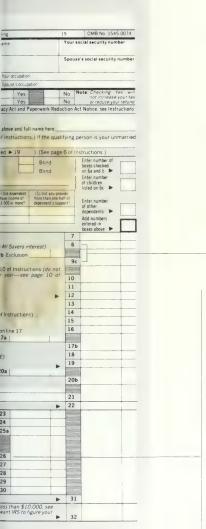
The government originally made no distinction for tax purposes between sources of income: all profits from the sale of such capital assets as stock and real estate were fully taxable in 1913. That has changed over the years, and today just 40 percent of long-term "capital gains" are taxed. In 1980, this tax break was worth \$21.5 billion, one percent of Americans-those earning \$100,000 or more annually. Only \$1.5 billion went to the 80 percent of Americans who make less than \$30,000 a year. Those who make more than \$200,000 a year make an average of 40 percent of it from the sale of capital assets. With the percent. According to a study by the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities, "The top rate on such 'capital gains' now is actually lower than the marginal income and Social Security tax rate paid by a wage earner with a family of four earn-

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## EQUITY TAKES

### bert Lekachman



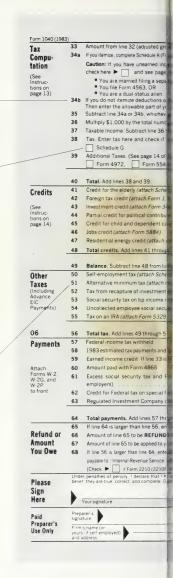
Taxes on interest payments and dividends were originally withheld "at the source" by banks and corporations, as taxes on wages still are. But withholding of interest and dividend taxes was eliminated in 1916, and since then the IRS has merely received reports of such income. While 99 percent of all wages are now declared, according to the IRS, only 89 percent of interest payments and 85 percent of dividends actually get declared. Annual loss to the Treasury: \$8 billion. In an attempt to recapture that revenue, withholding at the source became law again in 1982, but Congress and the President, under heavy pressure from the banks, repealed it once more last year. "Banks and savings and loan institutions can contribute at election time," the chairman of the Taxpayers Committee, former U.S. Senator Floyd K. Haskell, noted on the Op-Ed page of the New York Times.

The Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981 increased the tax savings from a contribution to a Keogh plan, a retirement fund established by someone self-employed. The idea, as argued by proponents of tax cuts, was to spur personal savings and, thereby, capital investment and economic growth. By last spring, however, the personal-savings rate was at 4 percent of income, the lowest in thirty-three years. Wharton Econometrics of Philadelphia predicts only a modest increase this year, to 5 percent. The Treasury Department believes that most of the money going into Keoghs represents assets shifted from other bank accounts carrying lower interest rates or fewer tax advantages, and not fresh savings. Keoghs have also provided opportunities for arbitrage, a form of "investment" that yields no economic growth. A taxpayer in the 50 percent bracket can come out ahead simply by borrowing money at 18 percent (9 percent after taxes) and investing it in a 12 percent tax-sheltered Keogh account. In 1981, Chase Manhattan Bank solicited upper-income taxpayers by mail, offering to lend them \$7,500 to do exactly that.

Deductions for contributions to charity have been allowed since 1917. They are meant to provide an incentive for cash contributions and gifts-in-kind to institutions recognized as working for the public good. But for those with the resources to make the most of it, charity not only begins at home but remains there. When an art collector donates a painting to a museum, for example, he may take a deduction equal to the market value of the work (and rarely is a museum-quality painting worth less than \$100,000). But a museum eager for a painting is likely to give the collector an option: sign a contract "donating" the painting, but keep it in your living room until you die. The Treasury collects less. The taxpayer forfeits nothing.

> "Income averaging" (Schedule G) has been offered to certain taxpayers since 1964. By doing so, the government acknowledges that taxing income on an annual basis can lead to inequities. These occur because the progressive tax structure penalizes someone—such as an inventor. author, or athlete-whose income increases dramatically one year but declines the next. Allowing such people to average their income over five-year periods was meant to smooth out the tax rates for those in feast-or-famine professions. But according to a report done for the Democratic Study Group, those who have gained the most by using Schedule G have been young doctors and lawyers—those "likely to have rapidly rising incomes" but, unlike authors and inventors, to "have little expectation" of seeing them drop again. In 1981, the income-averaging provision was used by 6.5 million taxpayers, most of them "unintended beneficiaries." The cost to the Treasury: \$3.8 billion.

In 1968, Treasury Secretary Joseph Barr revealed that there were 154 Americans who had made more than \$200,000 a year but had paid no federal income tax. The following year, a "minimum tax" was introduced in an attempt to require payments from wealthy individuals who had escaped taxation, through tax breaks and loopholes, on most or all of their income. Today, the alternative minimum tax is a flat 20 percent, minus a \$30,000 exemption for single persons (\$40,000 for married couples) as well as certain deductions. This flat and modest rate is an anomaly in an otherwise progressive tax structure-a structure in which people making \$200,000 a year are meant to be taxed at a rate of 50 percent. In 1981, the alternative minimum tax showed up on 137,113 returns. Despite the tax, 304 Americans who made more than \$200,000 paid no federal income tax at all.



33 34a your parent's return f the Instructions if ions, OR rksheet on page 14. 35 36 e 6e 37 Form 4970. 40 49 50 51 54 56 65 66 m 1040" on it 68 Spouse's signature (if filing jointly, BOTH must sign) E I No

Deductions, credits, shelters, and exemptions have all taken their toll, eroding the underpinnings of the progressive tax structure. Data compiled by the Treasury Department indicate that from 1978 to 1981 the effective tax rate on income earned by the bottom half of all taxpayers increased 50 percent. At the same time, the effective rate on incomes of more than \$200,000 declined by 16 percent.

The investment credit first appeared on the 1040 form in 1962. The Kennedy Administration wanted to stimulate investment in new, more productive plants and equipment, and felt that a credit against taxes due (and not merely a deduction on taxable income) would be the most efficient way to do it. The administration hoped that small-businessmen, farmers, and individuals operating businesses at home would, in particular, benefit. Two decades later, this credit is costing the Treasury about \$18 billion annually, but individuals and small businesses are not the main beneficiaries: 75 percent of the credits are going to the biggest one tenth of one percent of U.S. companies. "Even without a special tax break, profitable companies would be investing constantly in new machines," argues Robert S. McIntyre of Citizens for Tax Justice. Many studies in the last twenty years have reached the same conclusion. Perhaps the most famous taxpaver to benefit from the credit is Jimmy Carter. In 1976 he owed no tax on an income of \$55,000 after he took a large investment credit for new peanutprocessing machinery.

In 1776 Adam Smith endorsed the idea that tax-payers "ought to contribute toward the support of the government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities." President Reagan also endorsed that idea when he pushed through the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981. According to the Congressional Budget Office, however, the tax and budget changes mandated by that law and others in recent years will cut the disposable income and benefits of families earning less than \$10,000 a year by \$17 billion between 1983 and 1985. During this same period, those making more than \$80,000 a year can expect tax benefits totaling more than \$55 billion.

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# DENIGRATING . THE RULE OF REASON

The 'new history' goes bottom-up By Gertrude Himmelfarb

Among the books discussed in this essay:

Structures of Everyday Life: Civilization and Capitalism, 15th to 18th Century, by Fernand Braudel. Translated Sian Reynolds. 623 pages. Harper & Row, \$30.95.

Wheels of Commerce: Civilization and Capitalism, 15th to 18th Century, by Fernand Braudel. Translated by S Reynolds. 670 pages. Harper & Row, \$35.

The Crisis of the Aristocracy, 1558–1641, by Lawrence Stone. 378 pages. Oxford University Press, \$10.95
The Family, Sex and Marriage in England, 1500–1800, by Lawrence Stone. 687 pages. Harper & Row, \$30
Young Man Luther, by Erik Erikson. 322 pages. W.W. Norton, \$5.95.

Time on the Cross: The Economics of Negro Slavery, by Robert William Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman. 286 pages. Little, Brown, \$12.95.

Montaillou: The Promised Land of Error, by Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie. Translated by Barbara Bray. 404 pag George Braziller, \$20.

English Social History, by G.M. Trevelyan. 480 pages. Longman, \$35.

History of England from the Accession of James II, by Thomas Macaulay. 6 vols., 3,105 pages. AMS Press, \$210

The Whig Interpretation of History, by Herbert Butterfield. 213 pages. W. W. Norton, \$4,95.

The Future of the Past, by Geoffrey Elton. 32 pages. Cambridge University Press. (Out of print.)

A Mad People's History of Madness, by Dale Peterson. 385 pages. University of Pittsburgh Press, \$11.95

The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State, by Frederick Engels. 285 pages.

International Publishers, \$2.75.

few years ago, in a discussion of recent trends in the writing of history, one young historian proudly described his work as being on the "cutting edge of the discipline." He was working on a study of a New England town in the latter part of the eighteenth century, an "in-depth" analysis of the life of its inhabitants: their occupations and earnings, living and working conditions, familial and sexual relations, habits, attitudes, and social institutions. He regretted that he had to confine himself to the one town, but some of his colleagues were doing comparable studies of other towns, and their collective efforts would constitute a "total history" of that time and place.

I asked him whether his study, or their collec-

Gertrude Himmelfarb is Distinguished Professor of History at the Graduate School of the City University of New York. She is the author of several books on Victorian England; her Idea of Poverty: England in the Early Industrial Age was published this year by Alfred A. Knopf.

tive studies, had any bearing on what I, adm tedly not a specialist in American history, to to be the most momentous event of that time a place, indeed one of the most momentous even in all of modern history: the founding of United States of America, the first major rep lic of modern times. He conceded that from subjects and sources—parish registers, tax rocensus reports, legal records, polling lists, la titles—he could not "get," as he said, to founding of the United States. But he den that this was the crucial event I took it to What was crucial were the lives and experien of the mass of the people, and it was this that the subject of his history, the "new history," " cial history." My rebuttal, that even ordin people, perhaps most of all ordinary people, le been profoundly affected, in the most ording aspects of their lives, by the founding of the public, by political events, institutions, and ideas that had created a new polity and a reety, seemed to him naïve and old-fashioned. here was, in fact, something anachronistic It this exchange, since the "new history"—ther the new "new history," as distinct from old "new history" sired by James Harvey inson and Charles Beard early in the cen--is no longer new. It is often said to have nated in France in 1929 with the founding, larc Bloch and Lucien Febvre, of the Annales toire économique et sociale. Revived by Febvre · World War II under a slightly altered name, journal became even more influential after and Braudel assumed the editorship in Braudel's own works are exemplars of the ales school, The Mediterranean and the Medinean World in the Age of Philip II being his ic work and Civilization and Capitalism, 15th 8th Century his most recent. In America rence Stone established himself as one of the t distinguished writers in this genre with The is of the Aristocracy, 1558-1641 and The illy: Sex and Marriage in England, 1500–1800. classic work in psychohistory (or, more acitely, psychobiography) is Erik Erikson's ng Man Luther; in quantohistory (or "cliometas it is called), Time on the Cross, by Rob-William Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman; and nentalité history, Montaillou, by Emmanuel Le Ladurie.

low a half-century old, the new history is inning to exhibit some of the symptoms of dle age. Indeed, it is so firmly entrenched in profession that while young novitiates flaunt it boldness and originality, they are comforter enjoying the perquisites of a well-endowed ablishment. And some of the founders one, most notably), taking stock of their crent, have found reason to complain of the execution of the execution of the terms and rigidities of what has become the new nodoxy.

he new history is not as monolithic as the l suggests. It encompasses various subjects methods, some of which are mutually exclu-. Yet there are characteristics that unite it, even more that differentiate it from the old ory. The new history tends to be analytic er than narrative, thematic rather than pnological. It relies more upon statistical ta-, oral interviews, sociological models, and choanalytic theories than upon constitus, treaties, parliamentary debates, or party nifestoes. Where the old history concerned f with regimes and administrations, legislaand politics, diplomacy and foreign policy, s and revolutions, the new focuses on social ips and social problems, factories and farms, es and villages, work and play, family and birth and death, childhood and old age, ne and insanity. Where the old featured s, presidents, politicians, and distinguished individuals, the new takes as its subjects classes and masses, the anonymous many rather than the identifiable few. The old was "history from above," "elitist history," as it is now said; the new is "history from below," popular (or populist) history.

The new history is old enough to have drawn the fire of critics. The analytic approach, it has been said, fails to capture the dynamic movement of history; the quantitative method narrows and trivializes history by limiting the scope of inquiry to subjects and sources capable of being quantified; psychoanalytic interpretations derive more from a priori theories than from historical evidence; sociological models are too abstract to have much bearing on specific historical situations; the prevalent ideological bias disposes the historian to identify with his subjects (the working class, for example) and endow them with his own ideology (alienation and revolution); the populist bias cannot accommodate the great actors and thinkers who did, after all, help shape history. There are such conspicuous methodological weaknesses in the genre as a whole as to suggest a permissiveness that truly, finally, makes "every man his own historian." On all these issues there is ample ground for discussion. But there is another issue that has received less attention and that may be more significant: the relation of social history to political history.

What does it mean to write history that cannot "get" to the founding of the American republic (or, in the case of English history, to the English revolution)? What does it mean when this mode of history becomes the dominant mode, when it is practiced not on the periphery of the profession but at the very center, not as an ancillary field but as the main field, indeed as "total history"? What does it mean about one's sense of the past and of the present, about a past and a present devoid of the ideas associated with the Founding Fathers, ideas of liberties and

rights, checks and balances, self-government and good government?

Lt was more than forty years ago, in his English Social History—one of the first British works to deal exclusively with social history, and under that label—that G. M. Trevelyan offered the famous definition of social history as "the history of a people with the politics left out." He hastened to add that it was difficult to leave the politics out of history, especially in the case of the English people. All he hoped to do was to "redress the balance," to recover that part of history, the history of daily life, that had been sorely neglected. And he proposed to do so knowing that others were engaged (as he himself had been for most of his professional life) in the writing of conventional, political history. He

What does it mean to write history that cannot 'get' to the founding of the American republic? What does it mean to have a past and present devoid of ideas about rights and liberties?

If the new historian thinks at all about the discrepancy between his account of the past and those of contemporaries, he assumes that they. His is the 'true consciousness,' theirs the 'false'

would have thought it a travesty to redress the balance so far as to make social history the dominant form of history, to have it supplant rather than supplement conventional history.

Trevelvan, like his great-uncle Macaulay, was preeminently a Whig historian, cherishing the political institutions and traditions that had made England the liberal, progressive, enlightened country that he, like Macaulay, thought it to be. Even his excursion into social history was in the family tradition. The famous third chapter of Macaulay's History of England from the Accession of lames II covers many of the subjects that are now the preoccupation of the social historian: the distinctive classes in society, the standard of living of the working classes, the size of the population, the state of agriculture and industry, the growth of towns, the means of travel, the availability of newspapers and books, the quality of science and art, the problems of child labor and pauperism. But this is only one chapter (albeit a long one) in the first of six volumes and not, as Jacques Barzun has shrewdly pointed out, the first chapter but the third, a static interlude in the midst of a dramatic political narrative. And it is the narrative that dominates the history, that tells the story of the "Glorious Revolution," a revolution that, with little or no violence, created a system conducive to civil and political liberty, constitutional and representative government, religious tolerance, material prosperity, and national strength.

This Whig interpretation of the revolution, like the Whig mode of writing history-the "Whig fallacy," as it has been called—has fallen into disrepute. When Herbert Butterfield exposed that fallacy half a century ago in The Whig Interpretation of History, he meant only to caution against the insidious habit of reading history backward, of seeking in the past the sources of those ideas and institutions we value in the present, thereby ignoring the complexities, contingencies, and particularities that make the past peculiarly, irrevocably past. But he did not mean to counter a too intrusive "present-mindedness" with a too austere "past-mindedness," to deny the continuity of past and present. If it is unhistorical to permit the present to determine the past, it is surely as unhistorical to prevent the past from informing the present. And it is surely unhistorical to belittle or ignore those political ideas and institutions that were so large a part of the past, that contemporaries agitated and agonized over, sometimes to the point of waging revolutions over, and that were also a large part of the bequest of the past to the present.

It is the zealous social historian—not a Trevelyan or his modern counterpart, for whom social history complements and supplements conventional history, but the new historian, who regards social history as the only meaningful kill of history—it is he who is truly guilty of te Whig fallacy. For it is he who permits the preser to shape the past, who projects into the past la own idea of what is important and meaningfult was once only Marxists who regarded politics's the "epiphenomena" of history, the "superstruture" or "reflection" of the underlying econon and social "infrastructure." Today that view politics has so penetrated the culture that might well be said, "We are all Marxists now" Having failed in so much else—in providing example of a socialist society that is not tyran cal or authoritarian, in fulfilling Marx's predtions of the pauperization of the proletariat, the proletarianization of the petty bourgeoisie, ta collapse of capitalism, the worldwide revol tion—having failed in all the essential tenets the creed, Marxism has triumphed in this: I demeaning and denigrating political forms, stitutions, activities, and ideas.

In a sense, the social historian goes even fi ther than the Marxist. Where the Marxist feels necessary to prove, or at least assert, a caus relationship between economics and politic between a particular form of government at the dominant mode of production, the new h torian may simply ignore the political dime sion, making the social reality so comprehensi and ubiquitous that any form of governmen any law or political institution, is automatical perceived as a form of "social control," And i stead of the classic Marxist infrastructurethe mode of production and the social relation deriving from that mode—the new infrastru ture is the daily life of ordinary people: the rel tions of the sexes as well as the classes, the trea ment of criminals and the insane as well workers and peasants.

For the new historian, however, as for the Marxist, the infrastructure is what the historia thinks it is, not what contemporaries may have judged to be the basic and most significant a pects of their lives and times. Like the Marxis the new historian finds it all too easy to convihis subjects of "false consciousness," of not ut derstanding their own reality. If he thinks at a about the discrepancy between his account the past and those of contemporaries, he assume that he is wiser than they, that the advantages hindsight and the latest analytic techniqueseconometrics, prosopography, or whatevergive him a more objective, more accurate view the social reality. His is the "true consciou ness," theirs the "false."

The new historian does this in good cor science, because the reality he attributes to the past is the reality he recognizes in the present. he makes so much of work and play, sex an childhood, it is because these are the things the

occupy him, that he believes to be a more portant part of the existential reality than the erely formal" processes of government and litics. If he interprets the religion of the Victons as a form of psychic compensation, a sublition of social distress, an expression of alienan, it is because he cannot credit, for himself or peers, religious convictions or experiences it are essentially religious. If he puts more creace in local history than in national history. folk traditions than in political traditions, in land informal evidence than in written docunts, in popular myths about witchcraft than theories of statecraft, he is unwittingly telling more about our own political and intellectual ture, about the skepticism and populism of own times, than about the past.

in imposing his own sense of reality upon the t, the new historian exhibits all the faults of Whig fallacy without the redeeming features the Whig interpretation. However fallacious Whig assumptions about the origins, in Engd or America, of liberty and tolerance, of istitutional and representative government. ere is nothing fallacious, nothing anachronis-, about attributing to the past a deep concern h political, parliamentary, and constitutional airs. The new history, in devaluing the politirealm, devalues history itself. It makes meanless those aspects of the past that influential ntemporaries thought most meaningful. It kes meaningless not only the struggle over pocal authority but the very idea of legitimate litical authority, of political rule that is not rely a euphemism for "social control," of hts and liberties that are not (as Bentham ought them) "fictitious entities," "nonsense stilts." The new historian who professes to ite a "total" history of England or America ile leaving the politics out is engaged in a far more radical reinterpretation of his-

The truly radical effect of the new enterprise o devalue not only political history but reason elf, reason in history and politics—the idea it political institutions are, at least in part, the duct of a rational, deliberate attempt to orgae public life so as to promote the public good I the good life. In that respect the new histon is only following the example of the political entist, who sees politics as essentially a game, h politicians jockeying for position, power, I the perquisites of office, playing on the inests, passions, and prejudices of their constitats. This process is presumed to be rational on part of politicians only with respect to the ans of attaining and retaining power, not the ds of power; and rational on the part of elec-'s only with respect to the satisfaction of their

tory than even he may suspect.

particular interests, not the public interest. (The language of political science is suggestive: "politicians" rather than "statesmen," "constituents" or "voters" rather than "citizens.")

On those occasions when the new historian applies himself to politics, it is this conception of politics that shapes his research. He quantifies the economic interests and class status of members of parliament and their constituents; he psychoanalyzes the motives and behavior of those who seek power and those who install them in power; he describes the relationship of rulers and ruled in terms of "hegemony" and "deference"; he sees in the bureaucracy and the "administrative momentum" the explanation of laws and social policies. He does everything, in short, except utilize the kinds of sources-constitutions, laws, judicial decisions, debates, commentaries, treatises-that might suggest a rationality and deliberation that were not self-serving, that were directed to the ends rather than the means of power, that embodied some conception of the national interest and the public welfare. The new historian finds precisely these sources suspect, as if formal documents are less trustworthy than private communications, as if forethought and deliberation imply Machiavellian attempts to conceal the truth, as if ephemera, a casual remark or hasty note, are more revealing than considered reflection and judgment—as if ideas, in short, are less real than interests.

In "The Future of the Past," his inaugural lecture at Cambridge University in 1968, the eminent historian Geoffrey Elton commented on the title of his new chair.

The chair is the chair of English Constitutional History. Now I chose that title myself, and I don't think I could have chosen worse, could I? I damned myself twice over. English Constitutional History, in the present climate of opinion. One adjective might have been forgiven. Perhaps Chinese Constitutional History would have been all right. Perhaps English Social History would have been wonderful. But no, I will pick them both: English Constitutional History.

Elton, whose Tudor Revolution in Government was something of a revolution in Tudor history and whom no one can accuse of being a stodgy historian, went on to explain why he had chosen that outlandish title.

The purpose of constitutional history is to study government, the manner in which men, having formed themselves into societies, then arrange for the orderly existence, through time, and in space, of those societies. It is therefore, like every other form of history, a form of social history, a form of the history of society. But it takes particular note of the question of government. It is concerned with what is done to make that society into a properly structured, continuously living body, so that what

The new history makes meaningless not only the struggle over political authority but the very idea of political authority

Rationality is now consciously denied or unconsciously undermined by every manner of the neu history. Historical evidence is sparse and unreliable: history is speculative, subjective, and dubious

goes wrong can be put right, so that the political action of which that society is capable can be efficiently and effectively conducted. Machinery, yes. But also thought, the doctrine, the teaching, the conventional notions. What does the society think its government is, how does it treat it, what does it do to amend it? What forms of change are possible, what reforms, and so on and so forth.

Constitutional history, Elton argued, is central to an understanding of the past because it represents the efforts of a people to organize and govern itself as rationally and effectively as it can. It is also central to the historical enterprise, because it represents the efforts of the historian to discover the objective truth about the past and to discover it in those written documents that are the objective evidence of the past. Those documents may be, must be, interpreted and reinterpreted, amplified and supplemented, by other kinds of evidence; but they cannot be denied, falsified, or ignored. And those documents, the bequest of the past to the historian, are also the bequest of the past to the present.

Therefore, from the point of view both of the continuous work of historical research and from the point of view of teaching history, and from the point of view of conveying to the world and to the future a sense of the past and an understanding of the past, the study of government maintains, to my mind, its primacy. It can be most fully explicated, it can be most thoroughly described, it can be most clearly understood, it leaves fewer absolutely open questions, it can instruct in the use of reason better than anything else.

"It can instruct in the use of reason"—that is the heart of the matter. And that is what the new history denies. No one knows better than Elton the degree to which politics consists in the struggle for power, privilege, position, wealth. But he also understands that part of the political process consists in the attempt to restrain these self-serving motives, to create out of them, or to impose upon them, a structure of government that will serve society as a whole. The historian has many tasks, Elton tells us, but his main task is "the creation of a right mind, and a right reason." "To discover the truth as best he can, to convey that truth as truthfully as he can, in order both to make the truth known and to enable nan, by learning and knowing the truth, to disguish the right from the wrong reason"-Elton assures us, is the task of the his-

A peat deal is at stake in this simple task, nothing less than the restoration of reason to history—not Hegel's reason, a transcendental spirit or idea infusing history, but a more mundane, pragmatic reason: the rational ordering and organization of society by means of constitutions, political institutions, and laws; and the

rational activity of the historian seeking to scover and transmit the truth about that socy so that later generations may be structed about the past.

hen Elton delivered that lecture, he of not have foreseen the present state of the da pline. Or perhaps he did foresee it and was be as canny about the future as he was about past. In any event, his remarks are more ponent today than ever. For it is not only political history that the new historian denies or belit It is reason itself: the reason embodied in polity, in the constitutions and laws that per ted men to order their affairs in a rational m ner (or, on occasion, in an irrational manwhich other men perceived as such and rati ally, often heroically, struggled against); the son transmitted to the present by way of the constitutions and laws and the means for the amendment and reform; and, finally, the reinherent in the historical enterprise, in search for an objective truth that always ell the individual historian but that always (d it was once thought) informs and inspires

This rationality is now consciously denie unconsciously undermined by every manna new history: by sociological history positir social infrastructure that supposedly goes dethan mere political arrangements; by anthro logical history exploring such nonrational, deed primitive, aspects of society as kins mating customs, and eating habits; by choanalytic history dwelling on the irratio unconscious aspects of individual and collect behavior; by structuralist history emphasi the long-term geographical and ecolog "structures," or the "conjunctures" of med duration, at the expense of "events" in wh individuals figure more prominently; by ment history giving greater credence to popular be and attitudes than to the "elitist" ideas of pha ophers and intellectuals; by oral history rela on spontaneous reminiscences rather than mal, written documents; by engagé (and enrihistory that is as much a work of advocacy a analysis; by social history seeking to recover only the lives of ordinary people but their ra intimate feelings, feelings which, by their w nature, are unknowable; by the new histor every description asking questions of the that the past did not ask of itself, for which evidence is sparse and unreliable and to will the answers are necessarily speculative, subtive, and dubious.

Again I must say—I cannot repeat it too ten—that it is neither the subjects nor the m is ods of the new history that are at issue but to dominance, and the assumption, which is ling ever more common, that these subjects methods represent a higher form of history, e real and significant, more elemental and ntial, than the old history. About this tency there is no question; one need only look at programs of the latest annual meetings of the serican Historical Association, or at the ver historical journals, or, better yet, at ret and prospective dissertation titles. If the cess is not even more advanced, it is because old generation of historians has not yet died -although some of the leading lights of that eration have (as one of them put it to me) tooled" themselves, taken courses in comer science or gone to Paris to sit at the feet of Annalistes.

t is tempting to think of this as a passing fad, of those paroxysms of enthusiasm to which versities are so prone. Unfortunately, univeres have a way of institutionalizing such fads; it alled the tenure system. By now a generation new historians-or several generations, as se are calculated in academia—are tenured ofessors, busily producing students in their im-For many young professors, and more gradustudents, the new history is the only kind of tory they know, certainly the only kind they pect. Rather than being a fad, the new history ore nearly resembles a revolution in the discine; one recalls the revolution in education nered in by the progressive school three quars of a century ago and in philosophy by the alytic school half a century ago, both of which Il dominate their disciplines (although they e now beginning to come under attack). This is to say that social history is or will become the ly mode of history. Political, constitutional, plomatic, and intellectual history will survive. it not in the mainstream of historical studies; ey will be on the periphery, as social history ice was.

In America this revolution has already filtered wn from graduate programs to undergraduate hools and even high schools. A recent docuentary/essay question on the College Board adniced placement examination in American story was: "How and why did the lives and atus of Northern middle-class women change tween 1776 and 1876!"—a question described the bulletin of the American Historical Assoation as a "mainline topic." A similar question

mong the most distinguished practitioners of convenmal history (hardly mere "survivors") are Gordon A. raig (Germany: 1866–1945), John Julius Norwich (A istory of Venice), Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (Age of osevelt), Donald Kagan (History of the Peloponnean War), and J. H. Hexter, whose forthcoming work, he Making of Modern Freedom, promises to be in the assic tradition of English constitutional history. There 'e, of course, numerous others—but far fewer, propormately, than there once were. on the European history examination dealt with methods of child rearing in England from the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries. Again, the point is not the propriety of such questions but their prominence. These examinations send out signals to high schools throughout the country telling them what kind of history is to be taught if their students are to do well on the exams; in effect, they establish something very like a national curriculum. And given the limited time available for the study of history in the high schools, the new subjects do not merely supplement the old; they supplant them.

The practitioners of the new history will say: And about time. Why should not women and children supplant kings and politicians? Why should not the way ordinary people lived, loved, worked, and died take precedence over the way they were governed? Such a reordering of priorities would be eminently reasonable and humane-were it not for the cost of that enterprise, a cost borne precisely by those ordinary people about whom these historians are most solicitous. If ordinary people are being "rescued from oblivion," as has been said, by the new "history from below," they are also being demeaned, deprived of that aspect of their lives that elevated them above the ordinary, that brought them into relationship with something larger than their daily lives, that made them feel part of the polity even when they were not represented in it, and that made them fight so hard for representation precisely because they themselves

attached so much importance to their political status.

hen Macaulay prepared his readers for the chapter that described "the history of the people as well as the history of the government"—the way they lived and worked, their manners, morals, and conditions—he said that he would "cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history." But it never occurred to him to go so far below the dignity of history as to dwell upon the history of the people to the exclusion of, or even at the expense of, the history of the government. Still less did it occur to him to impugn the dignity of the people by dwelling upon the least dignified aspects of their history. A recent book entitled A Mad People's History of Madness, consisting of extracts from writings by the mad, was hailed by one reviewer as "a welcome contribution to history from below." It is only a matter of time before other critics will fault it for being insufficiently "from below," for including such eminences as the medieval mystic Margery Kempe instead of the truly lowly, anonymous madmen (and madwomen, one must now hasten to add) in Bedlam and Bellevue.

It is tempting to think of it as a passing fad. But universities have a way of institutionalizing such fads: the tenure system. By now several generations of new historians are busily producing students in their own image

The new historian rejects Aristotle's idea of the 'good life.' He seeks only to understand any life, regarding it as a triumph of the historical imagination to explore the lowest debths

For Macaulay, the "dignity of history"-what an archaic ring that now has—was tantamount to the meaning of history. If political events, institutions, and ideas loom so large in his history, it is because he saw them as shaping and defining the past, giving form and meaning to the past as contemporaries experienced it and to the story of the past as the historian tries to reconstruct it. From a different perspective, Marxists have taken exception to the new mode of history, which deprives the past of the meaning they find in it. Thus Elizabeth Fox-Genovese and Eugene Genovese have charged that the new history, by romanticizing the ordinary life of ordinary people, has denied the theory of immiseration that is the Marxist impulse for revolution and, by focusing on daily life at the expense of politics, has obfuscated the class struggle. which is a struggle for power and hence a political struggle. Against this privatization and depoliticization of history they cite Engels's Origins of the Family, Private Property and the State, whose very title, they say, "called attention to the decisive, political terrain of historical process." Like Lenin rebuking the "left deviationists" for playing into the hands of the counterrevolutionaries, they rebuke those "ex-Marxists, ex-New Leftists, and ex-Communists" who perpetrate a "bourgeois swindle" by dwelling upon the lives of the lower classes instead of the class struggle.

One can sympathize with the Marxist who finds that social history, once his ally, has turned against him, not deliberately but unwittingly, by distracting attention from the revolutionary struggle. One can also sympathize with the social historian who, for all his radical intentions, finds Marxism inadequate or patently false in explaining the ordinary lives of ordinary people, to say nothing of the abnormal lives of deviants, criminals, and the insane. And one may forgive the conventional historian if he takes Schadenfreude in what he may see as a falling-out of thieves, each of whom is confirming what he has

long said: that it is as much a distortion of historio ignore politics as it is to make the class strugthe determining fact of history.

After several decades of the new history, scan better appreciate what we are in danger losing if we abandon the old. We will lose tronly the unifying theme that has given cohence to history, not only the notable ever people, and institutions that have constitutiour historical memory and our heritage, not on the narrative that has made history readable amenorable—not only, in short, a meaning past—but also a conception of man as a ratior political animal. And that loss will be even midifficult to sustain, for it involves a radical recipition of human nature.

An eminent social historian has appealed Aristotle for the ultimate vindication of enterprise. "There is no better definition of l man nature than Aristotle's, translated as he derstood it: 'Man is a social animal.' " W Aristotle said, of course, is: "Man is by natur political animal." It is not, he wrote, in "household" or in the "village" but in the "pol that man is truly human, decisively differ from "bees or any other gregarious animals." latter, after all, also inhabit households and lages-societies, as we would now say; they a eat, play, copulate, rear their young, prov subsistence for themselves, have social relation and social structures. What they do not have polity, a government of laws and institutions means of which, and only by means of while Aristotle believed, man consciously, rational fulfills his distinctively human purpose, "good life." The new historian, rejecting such "elitist" idea as the good life, seeking of to understand any life, in fact regarding it a triumph of the historical imagination to expl the lowest depths of life, of unconscious, ur flective, irrational life, denies that man is distinctive, indeed unique, animal Aristo thought him to be—a rational animal, which to say, a political animal.

# ETTERS

tinued from page 5

# ecasting the ennedy Myth

Christopher Lasch's effort to demyologize John Kennedy ("The Life of nnedy's Death," Harper's, October 831 winds up recasting and buttressthe mythology of his life and assasation. Lasch simply places the nnedy myth within an explicitly issical framework, focusing on Kendy's purported character weaksses, including his unfortunate iste for fast women." According to sch. Kennedy was "the victim of ngling interventionism . . . killed, all likelihood, not by a sick society by some supposedly archetypal, rentful common man but by a political inspiracy his own actions may have lped set in motion." In other words, ennedy, the classical "tragic hero," ossessed obvious character flaws. ixed with vengeful fate, these efcted a series of actions that brought out his downfall.

Seeking to demystify the legend of ennedy as a tragic hero, Lasch inead furnishes an argument for emacing it—and in the process gives oquent testimony to his observation the Kennedy myth's remarkably rotean character and enduring sigificance for Americans.

ohn Rodden Iniversity of Virginia harlottesville, Va.

# leagan Revolt Redux

Newsstand copies in Washington, ).C., of the February issue of Harper's ad a tip-on that read: "Why Reagan ost His Nerve-A Conservative conomist Laments the End of the eagan Revolt-by Herbert Stein. his notice totally misrepresents my rticle in that issue. I offer several reaons why there was no Reagan ecoomic revolt, but none of them was hat President Reagan had lost his erve. Moreover, I do not lament the bsence of such a revolt. As I said in



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the article, the country did not need or want that.

Herbert Stein Washington, D.C.

# Sartre and Man's Soul

Simone de Beauvoir's memoir ["Sartre's Last Years." Harper's, February] is an elegant, sensitive portrayal of one of the century's most spirited human beings and powerful intellects. Yet one doesn't know whether to weep or to laugh at the muddle-headed insights that pervaded his approach to the life of the mind and to political and social realities.

Particularly troubling is the way Sartre confronted one of the most profound philosophical issues: the meaning of human life and its relationship to God. Neither Sartre nor de Beauvoir seems to have been aware that the idea of the survival of the soul is not merely, as de Beauvoir says in interviewing Sartre, "a survival such as the Christians think of."

Long before Paul and Augustine, let alone the Hebrew prophets, the Greeks and other ancient "pre-Christians" dealt with such matters as God and the survival of the soul in terms not grounded in theology, and arrived at judgments quite opposite to the despairing outlook of Sartre.

Thus, in the Metaphysics, Aristotle argued that "life also belongs to God, for the actuality of thought is life, and God is that actuality; and God's self-dependent actuality; is life most good and eternal. We say therefore that God is a living being, eternal, most good, so that life and duration continuous and eternal belong to God; for this is God." From this it followed that man's highest good consisted in the possession of the "highest object" of thought—that is, God—both in this life and beyond.

Sartre never grasped his inability to deal with issues of this nature. He made his judgments on politics and on life itself on the basis of the experiential, existential stance. Like the Stoics centuries ago, he produced a philosophy of conduct that was essentially one of "escape" from and "revolt" against the given condition

of human nature and of the human intellect.

Bur as Aristotle and the classical philosophers argued, it is precisely because the ends of society are found not in man but beyond him in God that man can be truly free—and restrictions can be placed on governments or individuals that would attempt to defraud human beings of their dignity and freedom by brute force.

Place the ends of man within man himself, as Sartre, the Stoics, and Marx (following Feuerbach) did, and neither individual nor political freedom is possible.

Francis X. Gannon Silver Springs, Md.

Simone de Beauvoir asked Jean-Paul Sartre if he had "the idea of the survival of the soul," that is, if he believed in the Christian God. I think he answered that question earlier, when he described death as "a return to nature and the assertion that I was a part of nature."

Sartre, as legend has it—and as de Beauvoir documents—gave away nearly all his earnings during his lifetime. Dare one say it? Sartre was a practicing Christian all his life, and didn't need to take refuge in the Scriptures.

James Collins Washington, D.C.

It puzzled Sartre that he experienced feelings of "being called forth" for some purpose. His atheism could not contain that feeling. His work has reaffirmed my faith in God; perhaps this has happened to others. If God in his final judgment considers how we by our lives and actions direct others toward him, where does that put Sartre? Where does that put hokey evangelists who, by their ravings and hypocritical lives, turn people away?

Penelope Reedy Fairfield, Idaho

Was it simply an expression of Sartre's egoism when he said: "I don't see myself as so much dust that has appeared in the world but as a bein that was expected, prefigured, calle forth"? In any case, this "self" canne be reconciled with Sartre's publicd held belief in atheistic materialism.

Amelia Burton Cleveland, Ohio

# De Beauvoir's Bent

I would merely like to point of that your footnote on Simone d Beauvoir's nickname is incorrect.

De Beauvoir was not called Cast (French for "beaver") as a play o "Beauvoir." She was named "Th Beaver" by André Herbaud becaus "beavers like company and they have a constructive bent," qualities that I felt characterized the young beauvoir. Sartre later took up th nickname.

Geraldine Heng Cornell University Ithaca, New York

# Classic Bias

Christopher Lasch's choice of cla sical music as the art form upon which to base his discussion of the crisis arts education ["The Degradation Work and the Apotheosis of Ar Harper's, February belies a particul regional and class outlook. Classic music is institutionalized, kept aliby universities and symphony orche tras. The museum pieces played by c chestras are soothing to the ears ar minds of both musicians and listener but are not invigorating to the sou New music is rarely explored by pr vincial musical organizations, which depend on the conservative class f their existence.

Educational leaders would enge der true cultural democracy by insting respect for popular and folk msics—jazz, bluegrass, rock, ar gospel. Americans spend a signification of their leisure time producing and listening to these types of musical Like classical music, they are part the Western tradition.

Richard Mikulak Detroit, Mich.

# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 16

# n Thomas H. Middleton

he diagram, when filled in, will contain a nuotation from a published work. The numbered quares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the W. RIS. The W. RIS form macrostic: the first letter of each spells the name the author and the title of the work from which he quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of this square indicates the WORD containing the etter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on

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Baal Shem-Tov
K. Blocked, stumped
L. Scot. royalist and author (1611–1660), translator of Rabelais

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# SOLUTION TO THE MARCH PUZZLE: NOTES FOR "SIXES AND SEVENS"

Across: 1. U/S-E/R; 6. AFTERTASTE, anagram; 7. L(I'M)IT; 8. O(VI)NE; 10. S(TUMBLE-B. . .) UM; 12. ELAN, hidden. Down: 1. P-ELF; 2. SH-ARK; 3. M-ULTI-PLIED (anagram); 5. RE(COUNT)ING, anagram of reign; 9. PLANE, anagram; 11. UR(chi)NS. Six-letter words: a. I(c.o.)MMUNE: b. SP(IRE)A; c. A-CAP-LA, reversed; d. TOPHET, anagram; e. MEASL (anagram)-Y; f. A-P-P.O.-S...E; g. C-LICKS; h. TINGLE(e), partial anagram; i. ERSATZ, hidden; j. (re)HEARSE; k. DAM(AG) E; 1. F(EUD)AL(1), reversal of due. Sevenletter words: a. I.(D)E.-AMEN; b. UNGLUED, anagram; c. HOLIDAY, anagram; d. LEA(SHE)D; e. RAVIOLI, hidden; f. G.I.-N-S-ENG.; g. NEGLIGE, anagram; h. ARMOI (anagram)-RE; i. BURBLER, anagram; j. SEA L(E.G.)S; k. RUM-MAGE (anagram); 1. EMIT-SAP, reversed.

Α	Ρ	Р	0	S	E	1	М	M	U	Ν	Е
L	E	Α	S	Н	Ε	D	Ε	U	S	Е	R
Р	L	S	R	Α	S	Ε	Α	L	Ε	G	S
Α	F	Τ	Е	R	Т	Α	S	Т	E	L	Α
С	L	1	С	Κ	S	Μ	L	L	Μ		T
Α	R	М	0	1	R	E	Υ	Р	В	G	Ζ
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Р	Τ	S	Т	U	М	В	L	Ε	В	U	Μ
Н	0	L	1	D	Α	Υ	Α	D	L	R	Α
Е	L	Α	Ν	Α	G	Τ	Ν	S	Ε	Ν	G
Т	1	N	G	ī	Ε	Н	Е	Α	R	S	Ε

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the number, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 16, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 14 (February) are Joanne Blythe, Rangeley, Maine; Ruth K. Hall, Charlotte, North Carolina; and Gerrit Storm, South Pasadena, California

SOLUTION TO MARCH DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 15): Much madness is divinest sense / To a discerning eye; / Much sense the starkest madness. / Tis the majority / In this as all, prevails. / Assent, and you are same; / Demur,—you're straightway dangerous, / And handled with a chain.

# PUZZLE

# MILESTONE

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.
he four unclued entries (shaded) describe an occasion that, naturally, manifests itself in the rest of the puzzle. Note that most of the clue answers are not the same length as the spaces provided in the diagram, which suggests that some logical alteration must be made to these answers before they can be entered.

Clue answers include three proper names (one of which has an apostrophe) and an uncommon word (22D). As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 95.

# Across

- 7. Change of rule can obscure (7)
- 9. Reno pairs taking sides in divorce (4)
- Long-lived reptiles—in the vernacular, they certainly sound like old broken-down things (5)
- 11. One could use this for printing. Possibly two could. But not fifty (7)
- 13. Escape cutpurse's heartless swindle (6)
- 14. Well, Chekhov initially is "The Sea Gull" (7)
- 17. It's inherent in the villain! (4)
- Marginally operatic—an air blown with wind instrument (7)
- 20. Being intimate in the morning creates snafu, for instance (7)
- 21. "Laid back," "grody," etc. How you talk (7)
- 24. Implement that's partially broken, for certain (7)
- 27. Call to dinner is said to be for just a taste (7)
- 28. Mexican Indians converted to Celts (7)
- 32. Nuclear device could result in crater, with nothing left over (7)
- 33. Piece of aspic in galantine for flavoring (7)
- 34. Take it on chin . . . good . . . this could start from scratch (7)
- 35. Drink one finishes off after company's doubled (5)

# Down

- 1. Relative almost raised energy to open the drain (6)
- 2. Resented nucleus from uranium rocks (4)
- 3. Way at Party alternative (4)
- 4. Chose to go topless, and still chosen (5)
- 5. Art, in anties, takes coed astray (4)
- 6. The arum . . . t often initially yields this! (4)
- 8. Famous colust—and what he can do with his laurels! (6)
- 12. Last month you dimost brought up phony enticement (5)
- 14. Awful scarred woo! atherers? (7)



- 15. There's no central piece in evidence, but it's still evidence (6)
- 16. There's little credit behind cunning (5)
- 17. It's in the heart, getting a rise when libidinous (6)
- 18. Flimsy, fancy material (4)
- 22. Bum to prince, and just a beginner (8)
- 23. Vaudeville acts said to be for the birds (5)
- 25. Supreme Court justice reversed Reagan after hint of OPEC scam (7)
- 26. Light science topics—head must be elsewhere (6)
- 29. Bunch of spies set up labor leader first—that's upprofessional (4)
- 30. Dog food (4)
- 31. Notice skin peeled off of the ear (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed lingram with name and address to "Milestone," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be a ceived by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's, line solution will be printed in the May issue. Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of the February puzzle, "Videntine," are Louise Farr, Van Nuys, California; Henry B. Hoover Jr., Alexandria, Virginia; and Alice Lonsdorf, Narbeth, Pennsylvania.

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# PRESENTING

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FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 268, NO. 1608 MAY 1984

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Lewis H. Lapham

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"A Dream"

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Blacks and Baseball And . . .

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A PRESS GUIDE TO PARADISE To know someone's vision of Eden is to understand his view of the world. Where do those who bring us

the world go when they dream?

Essav

IF POOH WERE PRESIDENT Henry Fairlie A tory's riposte to Reaganism

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# The New Harper's

I am a bit of a conservative; I do not take to change very well—particularly if the change occurs in something I enjoyed as it was. I began reading Harper's a number of years ago on the advice of John Wilson, now president of Washington and Lee University. I have suffered cover, format, and editor changes, and remained faithful through it all.

But having just finished the March issue, I am compelled to comment: I most emphatically approve! Your

changes are for the best.

Lee B. Liggett Burlington, Vt.

I like the new *Harper's* very much. You are publishing the first new magazine in years in which the subtext is as important as the text.

Arthur H. Samuelson New York, N.Y.

As a third-generation subscriber to *Harper's*, I must confess I was deeply concerned about your announcement of a complete change of editorial direction for the magazine.

The March issue has put my fears to rest. I have lived most of my adult life in Washington, in and around the media. If you're here long enough, you get jaded, frustrated, and cynical about current events. And your thinking, or mine at least, falls into a rut. Your March undertaking opened my mind to a lot of refreshing and varied thought.

It's a smashing new magazine.

Anthony F. Merrill Washington, D.C.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment. I have been reading Harper's for seven years, and your March 1984 is sue is the best ever.

Linda Elston Ashland, Ore.

Well, I've got to hand it to you. was skeptical when there was talk change. I liked *Harper's* the way was.

But I can't put the March isst down. It's been years since I read magazine cover to cover withou skimming first, or reading the first fe paragraphs of some of the articles b fore deciding I had the gist of the and moving on. Needless to say, I lov the Readings section.

Charley Wilhite Nashville, Tenn.

# READER'S INDEX

Number of magazine subscriptions: 10 Number of magazines read monthly: 19

Approximate annual expenditure on magazines: \$300 Approximate percentage of total

magazine pages read monthly: 23.2%

Number of magazines read cover to cover monthly: 1
Reader's satisfaction with *Harper's* 

Index: 9.8 out of possible 10
Gretchen Dykstra

While I am waiting here for myse to exit on page 104 of the Marc Harber's, can we talk?

Being captured by a magazine is new experience for me. I wonder you shouldn't warn others that you a now binding spells behind the cove of *Harper's*.

Bobbie Lehigh Eastport, Me.

New York, N.Y.



# The Bankers Trust philosophy at work, for Procter and Gamble de Mexico.

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I'd like to make a suggestion for ur Annotation section: How about explication of Lewis Lapham's "A ord to the Readers" insert in your arch issue? How should we interpret e list of "texts" from which the magine will select bits and pieces? Ined, can a magazine maintain a ficin of wholeness when there are so any bits and pieces lying about? 'hat is an "instinct for survival" in n age . . . accustomed to the techgues of film [which films?], to orter literary forms [People magane?l, and to juxtaposition both of eas and of images [the evening news ckage 4"? Does this undermine the atement: "At the very least, Harr's ought to be easier to read"?

Finally, I'm a bit confused about ow to "read" the "text" by Steve arnett ["Selling the New Wave Genation," Readings, Harber's, Marchl. Tho is the author here? I mean, who the narrator? Harper's? Are you aving the old "unreliable narrator" I arned about back at "Halston or loomingdale's" (see your ad on page 5)? Of course, it's obvious Barnett is ixed up about the distinction beveen "pro-technology" and the onic and conspicuous fetishes of the lew Wave. The juxtaposition of leas and images is most amusing hen the idea is the reference to the vlized anarchists as a "market," hile the image in my head is of some unker picking this article up off the oor of a bus and laughing laughing jughing. Then I heard somebody else aughing, and over my shoulder I eard the Janus-faced editors of Harer's snickering. The exact geography fall these discourses and writers and eaders was a bit much for me, and I dmit I had a difficult time discerning he figure in the carpet, but I neverheless knew that I had found myself n the midst of the new fabric of Harver's. I think I understand. You laven't quite evaporated, have you 10w? Please accept my ticket into our new house of mirrors. You renind me of old Miss Havisham; ou've given me this new format, and now you say, "Play, Pip, play."

Charles R. Lewis Minneapolis, Minn.

Continued on page 79

# HARPFRS SCHOLARSHUP WIEIEIPSTAKI

For 134 years, HARPER'S Magazine has offered its readers a useful and lively compendium of news, opinion, and original fiction. HARPER'S has consistently been at the forefront of American arts and letters, but it cannot exist without educated and thoughtful readers. With the hope of sustaining that literate constituency, the HARPER'S Magazine Foundation is pleased to announce a Scholarship Grant Program for 1984. Three scholarships will be awarded to help students defray the escalating costs of their higher education so that they may pursue their dreams and goals. The HARPER'S Magazine Foundation is pleased to accept a small part of the responsibility of private institutions to support high standards of learning. The scholarships will be awarded as follows:

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- 3. Winners will be picked in a random drawing by the publisher and editor of HARPER'S Magazine on July 10, 1984, and notified by mail. An announcement of the scholarship winners will be made in the September 1984 issue.
- 4. Entries must be received by June 29, 1984.
- 5. Each entry must bear the name of the student, but need not be submitted by the student
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# NOTEBOOK

# On reading By Lewis H. Lapham

n first opening a book I listen for the sound of the human voice. By this device I am absolved from reading much of what is published in a given year. Most writers make use of institutional codes (academic, literary, political, bureaucratic, technical), in which they send messages already deteriorating into the half-life of vesterday's news. Their transmissions remain largely unintelligible, and unless I must decipher them for professional reasons, I am content to let them pass by. I listen instead for a voice in which I can hear the music of the human improvisation as performed through 5,000 years on the stage of recorded time.

I cannot read without a pencil in my hand, and in books that I have liked I discover marginalia ten and twenty years out-of-date, many of the observations revised at intervals of two or three years to accord with shifting angles of perception. In an edition of Flaubert's Sentimental Education I find a scribbled note in what I take to be my handwriting at the age of nineteen, a note subsequently crossed out and contradicted by the remark "foolishly romantic." Usually I read three or four books at the same time, preferably by authors of different centuries. It sometimes happens that I find myself reading about different periods in the history of the same landscape (Herodotus and T.E. Lawrence on the deserts of Arabia; George Orwell and Samuel Johnson on the seductions of London); when this device is compounded by the superimposition of marginalia reaching across twenty years and written while traveling in cities as unlike each other as Chicago and Rangoon, I begin to understand the analogy between music and what modern physicists have in mind when they try to describe the continuum of space and time.

As a student, and later as an editor and occasional writer of reviews. I used to feel obliged to finish every book I began to read. This I no longer do. If within the first few pages I cannot hear the author's voice-no matter if he promises to introduce me to the court of Cyrus or the inner councils of the Democratic Party-I abandon him at the first convenient opportunity. I do this even with authors of great reputation, preferring to blame myself for whatever fault can be assigned. After some years I return to the author in question in the hope that I have learned enough to appreciate his greatness. When I was twenty I couldn't read Aldous Huxley or G.K. Chesterton. By the time I was thirty I no longer could read Hermann Hesse or F. Scott Fitzgerald.

I don't count myself a literary critic, which relieves me of the necessity of making judgments or forming consistent opinions. I can contradict myself without apology or embarrassment, and within a period of months I can declare a former enthusiasm inoperative. I look for writers with whom I can imagine myself holding a conversation, who have seen enough of the world to remark on its wonders and vanities without thinking that it has done them a disservice. It is for this reason that I prefer the ancient writers, who have survived the winnowing of time and the misfortune of inept translation. It is an understanding of the character of man that I seek. and so I don't much care whether the author chooses Paris in the 1840s or present-day Washington for his miseen-scene.

As a defense against the whims of literary fashion, I have adopted the

strategy of waiting at least three year before reading any book that receiv unanimous acclaim or purports to te an inside story. The truth, on fir hearing, usually strikes most people outrageous, indecent, and wrong, ar so when I come across a book abo which nobody can find anything u pleasant to say, I assume that it con tains a comfortable sermon. I dou the reliability of all inside stories, ar the interval of three years allows su ficient time for the politician to lo an election or for the revelation of the moment to exhaust the engines publicity.

The delay also grants sufficien time to modify my own ignorance Among the ancient authors, the fo of superstition take the form of rel gious or magical beliefs, throug which, living at a later period in th history of science, I can sometime see. The moderns entertain equiv lent superstitions, but these take the form of social and political prejudical to which I am also subject. With a fe contemporary writers (most notab Evan S. Connell Jr., Gordon Crail Gabriel García Márquez, Jorg Amado, Paul Johnson, Daniel Boo stin, Lewis Thomas, Heinz Pagel Robert Stone) I know myself to be the company of men wiser and le easily deceived than I, but in much what falls under the rubric of moder literature I hear little more than th quarreling of the faculty in a unive sity English department.

Perhaps this is the fault of the ag The wonders of science tend to intin idate writers who feel they cannot le cate a plausible image of man in whthey see as the rubble of his histor Thus their despair, their choice of narrow argument, their retreat behirn the walls of dogma or into the war d airless rooms of sexual fantasy, re ancient authors, at least those aong them who remain in print, em less frightened of the world. The ey approach the study of man as if were a universe unto himself, so st and so mysterious as to defy the omulgation of doctrine and the aking of smaller mystifications to meeal the fear of an empty stage.

Having learned to admire the spaousness of Montaigne, I have come think that the most astonishing oks are those that I can open at ranm. Books that must always be read sequence I think of as mediocre. e tricks of a magician at a child's rthday party as compared with the usical navigations of the blue whale. o matter where I take up the essays Montaigne, whether in the midst of discussion of cannibals or of premption, I do not feel that I have issed the first act. I notice the same fect with novels that I read more an once: I do not need to go back to ie beginning to remember the baldess of Vautrin, the silence of bueequeg, or the ardent expectations Dorothea Brooke.

From an author I admire I will lisn to anything and everything—to ports of marvels at Tarentum, to acounts of emperors gone sick with crulty, to stories of giant ants standing atch over treasuries of Aztec gold, to xplanations of the revolution of 848, to polemics against the music riticism of Rameau's nephew. It is all ne same story, all proof of the same aind, which, if I am to believe the vidence of the evolutionary record. also my own. Cicero seems no less eal to me than Ronald Reagan. They habit the same continuum, in hich everything takes place in the ame instant and in which they deend for their reality on an act of my nagination.

Despite yesterday's announcement rom Washington, I suspect that Cicro has more to do with the shaping of ny politics than Ronald Reagan or he New York Times. As a boy I read its philippics against Antony and Catiline; I will continue to read his etters to Atticus long after Reagan as returned to California, revising ny impression of politics in the light of later commentaries, not on Reagan

but on Caesar and the Gallic wars.

This is not merely a literary conceit. Cicero's execution coincided with the failure of the Roman republic, which in turn gave rise to the empire and its eventual ruin, which in turn gave way to the barbarians and then to the Jesuits, who provoked the mockery of Voltaire and the eighteenth-century philosophers from whom Jefferson derived the ideas that informed the writing of the Declaration of Independence.

If I knew enough about the art of history. I could begin anywhere, working the thread backward and forward through the loom of time, weaving the design of a single and continuous narrative, always and everywhere present. If I possessed the imagination of a poet or the knowledge of a biologist, perhaps I could discern aspects of the design not only in every civilization that man has had the temerity to raise up from the mud but also within the life and metamorphosis of every individual. I am told that in the space of nine months the human embryo ascends through a sequence that replicates 50 million years of evolution, that within the first six years of life the human mind recapitulates the dream of its travels through the 5,000 years of the historical journey from Sumer.

Occasionally I am reminded of these distances when I glance into the eyes of a child, or when I notice an expression on the face of an unknown man or woman seen in a foreign town. I don't know why the pang of recognition strikes me more poignantly while traveling in another country. At home, among friends and familiar dissonance, the human voice has a way of becoming muffled behind the screens of social convention.

But in the pages of a book it always can declare itself in a tone as unmistakable as that of woodwinds or the sea. Browsing among the shelves of a library, I can imagine myself surrounded by the sounds of an orchestra tuning its instruments. It is as if I were presented with the possibility of a thousand melodic lines, each of them subject to as many variations, all of them forming a counterpoint with a thousand other melodic lines and variations that combine in a music of brave and tragic beauty.

The very first African arts to attract the attention of travelers and historians were music and dance. A shield from ancient Greece depicts an African trumpet player African sculpture was not appreciated until the end of the 19th century.



Bargain for a beautiful Dan mask in the morning and enjoy a delicious martini in the evening. The excitement and sophistication of West Africa is waiting for you.

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To increase the power of the 2.3 liter, 4-cylar or EFI engine, the SVO engineers turbocharged i and added an air-to-air

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When we say, "Quality is Job 1," we are talking about more than a commitment. We are talking about results. A recent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S. And remember, get it together—buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford. lately?

# Ford Mustang SVO

# HARPER'S INDEX

Size of the national debt in 1984 as a percentage of the gross national product \$ 37.2 In 1945: 108.4

Percentage of congressmen who believe virtuous living is the path to salvation \$39 (see page 14)

Times Reagan has attended church since becoming president \$ 9

Days he has spent vacationing at his California ranch : 132

Rank of Mother's Day among all days in the number of long-distance calls placed \$ 1

Number of telephone bills subpoenaed each year : 20,000

Percentage of seats in the Lebanese parliament held by Shiites : 20

Shiites as a percentage of the Lebanese population \$ 40

\*Percentage of black baseball players in leadership positions (catcher, shortstop, second base) \$ 15 (see page 35)

Cans of soda Pepsi must sell to recoup production costs of its Michael Jackson commercial \$ 875,000,000

Number of firms listed in the 1978 edition of the Directory of Personal Image Consultants : 36

In the 1984 edition : 256

Bars of soap used by the average French person in a year \$ 2

Percentage of American women who use deodorant \$89

Of American men : 75

Percentage change in the U.S. divorce rate, 1981-82 : -3

Number of sexual fantasies the average person has in a day \$7-8

Number of laughs : 16

Percentage change in U.S. video game sales, 1982-83 : -10

In adult board game sales : +12

Percentage of Japanese with IQs above 130: 10

Percentage of Americans 2

Robot population of the United States \$ 8,000

Of Japan : 16,500

U.S. lawyer population : 650,000

U.S. inmate population (federal and state prisons) : 431,829

Percentage increase in government seizures of "tabs" of LSD, 1982-83 \$ 400

Number of American families who say they were refused medical care for financial reasons in 1982 \$ 1,000,000

Average income of American physicians \$ \$99,500

Percentage increase in suicides among American teenagers since 1959 : 300

Percentage of college students who attended a religious service last year \$86.2

Percentage of Americans who say they never read books : 45

Percentage of these who can't read \$ 13

Estimated number of scientific and technical articles published each day, worldwide \$ 15,000

Numbe: of documents currently classified "Top Secret" by the U.S. government \$ 1,434,668 (see page 68)

Odds that a taxpayer's return will be audited \$ 1 in 66

Number of armed robberies in the history of Iceland \$ 1

Percentage of Americans who believe that crime is increasing in the area in which they live \$45

Actual percentage change in the U.S. crime rate, 1981-82 : -4

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of March 1984.

# AIR FRANCE PREMIERE: WHERE MICHEL MARTIN'S CREATIONS SOAR.



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The man is a perfectio Your meal must not look taste like airline food. Ar must be served as it would in any of the great French taurants he's presided over both sides of the Atlantic.

So, even though you miles above the Atlantic, find your dining table be covered in linen, and set v Limoges and silver.

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And Air France gives 1 same kind of attention every other detail. From luxurious Jet Sleeper sea the expanse of your perso space, the sumptuousr of Air France Premi makes the difference

# READINGS

[Thesis]

# WHAT DO WE MEAN WHEN WE TALK ABOUT IRONY?

From "The Empire of Irony," by Wayne C. Booth, in the Georgia Review, Winter 1983. Booth is a professor of English at the University of Chicago and the author of The Rhetoric of Fiction and The Rhetoric of Irony.

begin with a strong temptation not to discuss the empire of irony but to conduct a requiem for the terms *irony*, *ironic*, and *ironically*. A couple of years ago I began to collect written and spoken claims that this or that event or statement was ironic, and the collection became so large, and the meanings so diverse, that I soon came to suspect that anybody who used the words could not possibly have any precise meaning in mind.

Surely we should be suspicious of any terms that are used as frequently, as broadly, and with as little evidence of thought as is now true of the "ironic" family. Apparently no author can feel entirely respectable unless one or another of these appears at least once in every article or talk. At a recent Modern Language Association meeting I kept a tally of how many times the words occurred in the papers I heard. It came to an average of one and three-quarters times per paper. Since then I've been keeping a file of conversational snippets, newspaper clippings, and quotations from scholars and critics. It is a most amazing collection, ranging from street talk-"You bein' ironic, or what?"-to the kinds of esoteric references you will find in the titles of papers read at academic meetings and published in scholarly journals.

The range of meanings is staggering. "I intend

this overview of this situation of senior English professors to be sympathetic, not *ironic.*" Here the word must mean something like "satirical," a usage that can claim a relatively long, respectable history. But what, then, of the following? "It is surely a bitter *irony* that the employment of excessively large numbers of teaching apprentices has resulted in punishing those apprentices who succeed in completing their graduate work." We might translate that as "an unintended but embittering social disaster," or perhaps "a bitter twist of fate."

Flora Lewis writes in the New York Times: "It is ironic that the United States, proud of its flexible approach to problem-solving and economic growth, should be digging in its heels on the principle of private finance and damn the consequences." Here the word seems to mean something like "inconsistent," or perhaps, judging from what she goes on to say, "lamentably inconsistent".—"a regrettable betrayal of our past principles."

"An *ironic* reminder of the neighborhood's past," a feature writer says of the Bronx, "is the somewhat shabby 'House on Stilts.' "Here we learn, reading on, that the author means much more than any word can convey; what was once an effort to achieve status now looks shabby. Should that be "tragic"? Or perhaps "pathetic"? No, it's ironic.

"Ironically, the UNHCR [U.N. High Commission for Refugees] received its accolade at a time when several donor countries were questioning its management." Here it may mean something like "embarrassingly" or "incongruously" or "paradoxically."

Could it be that the reason we are all so free about calling things ironic these days is that we are, as always, in need of ways to express our sense that there is, in the universe itself—in what used to be called "the whole of creation"—

an ironic principle? I think so. We all know that in things as they are, in the universe as it is, in man's nature as it is, there is a principle that renders our every move, our every word, inadequate, undercuttable, subject to corrective crosslights at least some of which are beyond our vision. And we need a language to express our sense of that principle. . . .

What is a writer addressing a typical academic or intellectual audience, or even writing a newspaper column, to do in a situation that in the past could have been met by saying, "God intended otherwise," or "God punished him for his overweening pride," or "God mocked his boastful endeavors," or "It was an act of God"? Can you imagine a syndicated columnist saying, rather than "ironically enough," "in the eyes of God the result must have appeared amusing"? The mystery of life, the frustrations it steadily offers to our lives, along with the wry sense we have that such frustrations have some kind of meaning, leave us with a desperate need for a language that does not simply say, "I was surprised," or "I thought it incongruous or paradoxical." So: "It" was ironic. The tornado struck ironically. Irony is in things as they are, not merely in my view of them, and lacking the older vocabulary for dealing with our finitude, we do what we can.

Of course, I know better than to expect anyone to accept any theological implications in what I am saying. I really do not want to claim that I have discovered a new proof of the existence of God, the ironological proof. All I would claim is that a serious look at how we use language ironically, and how we talk about irony, will lead us to recognize a striking parallel between traditional God-language and modern irony-language.

The strongest religious traditions have always celebrated the Being who by his very existence dramatizes our finitude, our insignificance. And their opponents have stressed, with increasingly dramatic force as modernism progressed, the absurdity of worshiping the inhumane force that frustrates our every wish and finally destroys us.

I submit that as we deal with the "it" that we say is "ironic," or with the even more impersonal force that leads us to say things like "ironically enough," we have a similar choice. As you would predict, my concluding hope is that we might acknowledge and delight in the cosmic irony that leads us to talk in those ways. In our quests for knowledge about irony, as in our ordinary language for dealing with inescapable anomalies and incongruities, we unwittingly rival "the other": that always elusive, sometimes even absconding center who alone knows what's what. And in doing so, we are always heading—as the fine old neglected myth puts it—for a fall.

# CENTRAL AMERICA, CHAPTER AND VERSE

From a "Declaration from Members of the U.S. Legal Community," which was recently published, it the form of a paid advertisement, in USA Today The ad, sponsored by the Legal Ad Fund Coalition, San Francisco group, claims that the U.S. government's actions in El Salvador, Nicaragua, an Grenada violate the following international an American laws.

### INTERNATIONAL LAW

Article 2 (4) of the U.N. Charter: Prohibits th threat or use of force against the territory canother state.

Article 55 of the U.N. Charter: Requires respect for human rights.

Article 56 of the U.N. Charter: Requires cooperation with the United Nations in the enhancement of human rights.

Chapter IV, Article 16 of the Organization of American States Charter: "Each state has the right to develop its cultural, political, an economic life freely and naturally."

Chapter IV, Article 18 of the OAS Charter: N state "has the right to intervene, directly of indirectly, for any reason whatsoever, in the internal or external affairs of any other State."

Chapter IV, Article 19 of the OAS Charter: Prohibits any state from coercing another state

Chapter IV, Article 20 of the OAS Charter: Prohibits military occupation or any other use of force against a state on any grounds.

Geneva Conventions of 1949, I–IV, Article 1 Prohibits any state from committing or aidin in war crimes.

### UNITED STATES LAW

Foreign Assistance Act of 1961, Section 502(B as amended; 22 USC, Section 2304: Prohibits the provision of military assistance tany country "the government of which ergages in a consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized huma rights."

Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution: Grant to Congress the right to declare war.

War Powers Resolution, 50 USC, Section 1541 Prohibits U.S. involvement in hostilitie without a congressional declaration of war.

# 10 & A1

# CARTER: A MIDEAST PRESCRIPTION

From an interview with Jimmy Carter in the Winter 1983–84 issue of American–Arab Affairs. Erik R. Peterson, the journal's editor, conducted the interview on January 13.

AMERICAN-ARAB AFFAIRS: How would you assess the performance of the Reagan Administration in the Middle East in the last three years?

IIMMY CARTER: I don't think that the Reagan Administration has been nearly aggressive enough in trying to pursue the principles of U.N. Resolution 242, the Camp David accords, the Reagan initiative of September 1982, or the elements of the Fez statement that were compatible with U.N. Resolution 242. In the past, under Nixon. Ford, and me, either the president or the secretary of state, almost on a full-time basis, was available as a top-level mediator to search out every possibility for progress toward peace. Under Kissinger, Vance, and Muskie, I think a good bit of progress was made. That has not been the case in the last three years. We have confined our effort almost exclusively to the Lebanese crisis and have not committed ourselves to the principles of withdrawal from the West Bank and Gaza, Palestinian rights, and recognition of Israel by the Arab world, which I think are crucial for permanent peace in the region.

AAA: What course of action would you prescribe now in Lebanon?

CARTER: Well, the most important element is for us to adamantly demand the withdrawal of all external forces, Israeli and Syrian, so that we don't give tacit approval to the partition of Lebanon. . . . We must recognize that Syria, whether we like it or not, has genuine security interests in the region and will play a major role in any future agreement for peace.

It's obvious that the Israeli invasion of Lebanon and its aftermath have greatly enhanced the influence of President Assad and the Syrians in the entire Middle East. We ought to recognize that fact, communicate and negotiate freely and substantively with the Syrians, and try to bring about a resolution of the Lebanese crisis.

AAA: How do you assess the continued construction of Israeli settlements on the West Bank?

CARTER: Well, there has been very little indication, if any, from first the Begin and then the Shamir governments that they intend to withdraw at all from any portion of the West Bank or Gaza, and the aggressive settlement activity is the major proof of that. There is another element to it that is interesting, however. If the present level of settlement activity is maintained for the next ten or fifteen years, the chances are that the ratio between Arab-Palestinians and lews in the occupied territories will remain the same—about 65 percent Moslem and Christian Arabs, and about 35 percent lews. So the demographic nature of the population will not change. But there are people on both sides, Arabs and Israelis, who would like the world to believe that the settlement activity is so extensive that it's become a moot point, that the taking over of the West Bank and Gaza by Israel has been completed. This creates on one side a sense of hopelessness, which perpetuates the status quo, and on the other side a sense of crisis, which might precipitate action on the part of one of the parties involved. So, I would say that it's a matter of great concern, but I still don't look upon the activity as a foregone conclusion that peace talks are hopeless. . . .

I know from personal experience that the Israeli public is sharply divided over this issue. And I think there would be a profound impact on politics in Israel, including some members of the Likud Party in the Knesset, if Jordan were to say, "We are ready to negotiate with Israel, provided the settlement activity is stopped." I know there are members of the Likud Party, as well as many members of the Labor Party, who would say, "Let's go on record in the Knesset to stop settlement activity as long as good-faith negotiations are taking place." But for the Jordanians and Pal-



From Arba Tashar Oktober, the government newspaper of the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen.

# [Survey] CONGRESSIONAL METAPHYSICS

From Religion on Capitol Hill: Myths and Realities, by Peter L. Benson and Dorothy L. Williams, published by Harper & Row. These survey results are based on interviews with eighty members of the Ninety-sixth Congress, conducted under the auspices of the Search Institute.

ON SALVATION	Percentage Who Gave
State year	This Response
What is the path to salvation? How do Faith—something God does (e.g., a	
God, forgiveness, the gift of grace Works—something people do to "ea	
Doing good	50
Living virtuously	39
Predestination	3
Discover God's plan for my life	4
Don't know	6

\*Percentages total more than 100 percent because some members gave more than one response.

ON AMERICA'S CHOSENNESS  Statement	Percentage Who Chose This Response
God has blessed America more than other	
nations. How true is this statement?	
True	3.2
Not sure, but lean toward true	10
Not sure, but lean toward false	5
False	38
Don't know or can't answer	14

ON AMERICA'S FULFILLMENT Statement	Percentage Who Chose This Response
A. America is very close to fulfilling God's	5
expectations	l l
B. America is very far from fulfilling God's	3
expectations	57
C. Somewhere between A and B	15
D. Far away, but closer than other nations	10
E. Can't choose—God does not have	
expectations for America	(
F. Don't know	4

ON HUMA	N NA	TURE						
Good	0%	30.2	30.3	. 5 .	10.5	4.0	0	Evi
Loving	0	16.2	24.9	32.3	13.2	11.7	1.5	Selfish
Perfectible	6.2	33.8	26.1	15.4	7.7	9.2	1.5	Not Perfectible
	1	2	3	4		6	-	

estinians and other Arabs to say, "We will never negotiate until the settlement activity stops means that the Israelis are going to say, "Wh should we stop the settlement activity if the Ar abs refuse to negotiate?"

AAA: How might the United States develomore continuity in its Middle East policy?

CARTER: What you have to recognize is that Arab leaders are going to be forthcoming, as wa Sadat, they won't be inclined to take a chanc [by negotiating] through Bob Strauss or Sol Line witz or Don Rumsfeld or Bud McFarlane, as wor thy as all those gentlemen are. If they are goin to take a chance, they have got to know that th president or the secretary of state is personall involved and will not leave an initiator of peace effort exposed. That is the element that has basically been missing for the last three years During the Camp David negotiations, all th leaders over there knew that I and my secretar of state were personally involved, and that they made an initiative in total secrecy, or ever publicly, they wouldn't be left exposed. The would not have made those kinds of agreement or those kinds of initiatives to even the mos competent and worthy low-level mediator or ne gotiator at the ambassadorial level.

AAA: Some Arab leaders feel that the Soviet Union has the most to gain from the inability of th United States to implement policy aimed at the resolution of Middle East disputes. Do you agree

CARTER: Yes, I think to the extent that th American position or reputation or friendshi within the Arab world has diminished, the Rus sians have an opportunity to improve their rela tionship at our expense. In general, however the Arab leaders and the Arab people have justified suspicion of the motives of the Sovie Union. The deeply religious Arab leaders at concerned about atheistic communism in princ ple and practice. And they have seen that i many parts of the world, a weak nation that be comes dependent upon the Soviet Union fo arms in a revolutionary period often later be comes subject to Soviet domination. I think the are very cautious about that possibility. In spit of the fact that our damaged relationships wit some of the Arab countries provide an opportu nity for Soviet progress, it's not an inevitable thing. I have disagreed publicly with Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and others wh have alleged that Syria is a Soviet puppet. I thin Assad is too intelligent and too effective a leade to let his country be dominated by the Sovie Union. And I think he's using Soviet assistance to the benefit of Syria as he sees it, but he woul not permit Syria to become a surrogate of th Soviet Union.

The Logical Suspect

# The Logical Suspect

Soot particle growth as it takes place in wood-burning fireplaces, diesel engines, and industrial furnaces, has been attributed to a complex set of interdependent chemical reactions. A researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories has demonstrated that the decomposition of a single species is primarily responsible.

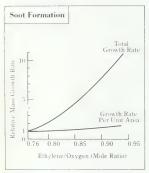


Figure 1: Total growth rate contrasted with growth rate per unit area plotted as a function of ethylene/oxygen mole ratio measured at a given height above the burner face.

Figure 2: Artist's rendition of the surface growth of a single soot particle by the incorporation of acetylene molecules

OOT FORMATION may be divided into two stages. Microscopic soot particles are generated in the "inception" stage. They reach full size in the "growth" stage, which accounts for more than 95% of their final mass. Most scientific exploration has concentrated on particle inception which, despite all the effort, remains unexplained. Dr. Stephen J. Harris, a physical chemist at the General Motors Research Laboratories, has reversed traditional priorities. Combining experiment with logic, he has formulated the first quantitative explanation of the growth stage in soot formation.

Dr. Harris arrived at his mechanism through an elaborate process of elimination. To focus on the chemistry of soot growth, he began by eliminating from his

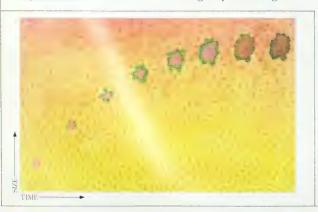
investigation the complexit introduced by turbulence a mixing. He limited his research premixed, ethylene/oxygen, lanar flames with one-dimension flow

Previous descriptions in literature told him that two cesses take place simultaneou during growth. Incipient partic collide and coalesce into lar particles, while growing at same time by incorporating hy carbon molecules from the burn gases

The first process reducted surface area without chaing total mass, while the secondled "surface growth," increaboth total surface area and tomass. Hence, the increase in total mass of soot can be entire attributed to surface growth.

Dr. Harris set out to ic tify the hydrocarbon molecule or "growth species"—responsi for surface growth. Increasing increments the richness of flame, he made the key disc ery that although the total m growth rate (gm/sec) increase strongly when the ratio of et ene to oxygen is increased, mass growth rate per unit surf area (gm/cm²/sec) increases o slightly (see Figure 1). Thus, controlling variable for how mi soot is formed is not the contration of growth species, but surface area available for grov

This finding led him to clude that richer flames produmore total soot because they



te more particles in the incepstage. More incipient partioffer greater initial surface a for the incorporation of hydroons.

Since the growth rate per tarea must depend on growth cies concentration, this contration must be similar from ne to flame. Dr. Harris went o reason that there must either enough growth species at the set to account for the total soot with in the richest flame, or species must be rapidly formed hin the flame from another lrocarbon present in high ugh concentration.

E NARROWED his search to the four most abundant sees of hydrocarbons found in nes: acetylene, polyacetylenes, ycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons H), and methane. Methane be eliminated, because its centration does not decrease soot is produced. There is not hugh PAH to account for soot mation in any flame. Neither hese two hydrocarbons can be dily formed from the other major cies present. That left only tylene and the polyacetylenes.

Acetylene contains enough trogen to account for the hydron content of soot measured in early stages of growth. But ong the polyacetylenes, only cetylene could possibly supply bugh hydrogen. That left acetme and diacetylene.

There is more than enough acetylene to account for the mass of soot produced. There is not enough diacetylene, and while diacetylene can be formed from the abundant supply of acetylene, the reported rate of conversion is too slow for diacetylene to play a significant role. That left only acetylene.

Dr. Harris verified that acetylene is the growth species by determining that the slight increase in growth rate per unit area is proportional to the increase in acetylene concentration (see Figure 1). He also found that the rate constant he measured was in agreement with the reported rate constant for the decomposition of acetylene on carbon. These findings confirmed his hypothesis that soot particles grow in flames by the incorporation and subsequent decomposition of acetylene.

"Now that we know how soot grows," says Dr. Harris, "we can examine how it begins with greater understanding. Then, perhaps our knowledge will be complete enough to suggest better ways to reduce soot."

# **General Motors**



# THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Stephen J. Harris is a Staff Research Chemist at the General Motors Research Laboratories. He is a member of the Physical Chemistry Department.

Dr. Harris graduated from UCLA in 1971. He received his Master's and Ph.D. degrees in physical chemistry from Harvard University. His doctoral thesis concerned Van der Waals forces between molecules. Following his Ph.D. in 1975, a Miller Institute Fellowship brought him back to the University of California, this time at Berkeley, where he spent two years studying laser-induced chemistry. He joined General Motors in 1977.

Dr. Harris conducted his investigation into soot particle growth with the aid of Senior Science Assistant Anita Weiner. His research interests at GM also include the use of laser diagnostic techniques in combustion analysis, with special emphasis on intracavity spectroscopy.



From the Daytona Beach News Journal.

# [Report] FREE WILL AND THE BOMB

From Medical World News, February 13.

A public meeting called by the doctors of Congresbury, England (a village near Bristol), has resulted in a vote that lethal doses of morphine should be made available to residents in the event of a nuclear war.

About 100 of the 4,000 villagers recently heard a lecture on the biological effects of nuclear war given by their general practitioner, Dr. Richard Lawson. They then voted 62 to 16 that their doctors should prescribe—on demand—an unstated but lethal dose of morphine tablets with an antiemetic. The prescriptions would be filled by the local pharmacist and the drugs would be held in a safe place, possibly a bank, until such time as a nuclear war seemed likely.

The villagers rejected a motion to make Congresbury self-sufficient for at least a year following a nuclear exchange by repairing existing shelters and stockpiling water, food, and fuel. "They felt that even if they were not hit, there was no point in making preparations," said Dr. Lawson.

Carrying out the will of the meeting involves obvious legal difficulties. Dr. Lawson hopes to strengthen his hand by conducting a townwide poll; if that is not possible, he will poll his patients. He also plans to write to all relevant medical bodies, such as the British Medical Association and the Medical Defense Union, for their

advice. "If I get the green light from them, I shall have no hesitation in prescribing," he said.

"I am acting primarily not as a member of the peace movement but as a local family doctor," he said. "I have come to this [decision] after private talks with friends. I discovered, to my horror, that many people had made plans to strangle or stab their children themselves—mainly because they were frightened of dying first and leaving their children to cope alone in a nightmare world. What I am offering is a kinder way."

Though a false alarm could result in needless morphine deaths, he has argued that there would be many more deaths because of general panic incident to the announcement of an imminent attack.

"I'm not in favor of euthanasia in peacetime, while there is a civilization and a pharmaceutical industry that at least offers one the chance of adapting to life," Dr. Lawson said. "But in a postholocaust age, where we will have no civilization, no pharmaceutical industry, and not even any morality, it may be the only practical and dignified thing to do."

Dr. Lawson acknowledges a dilemma: having the option of suicide could "sap the will of the people who might want to resist the threat of nuclear weapons," he said. "But children might be the innocent victims, so it is for them that we have put forward these proposals.

"A number of people thought I was joking at first," he said. "They were denying the reality. My proposal has brought it home to them."

A spokesman for the British Medical Association said, "It's not possible for us to say whether what he proposes is ethical or not. He has raised a genuine ethical dilemma."

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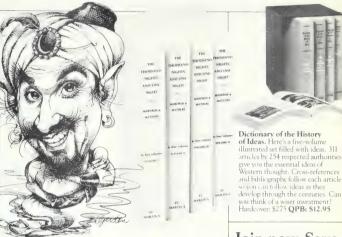


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# [Thesis]

# HIGHER EDUCATION'S LOW YIELD

From "Educational Disinvestment," by Warren C. Robinson, in Policy Review, Fall 1983. Policy Review is a quarterly published by the Heritage Foundation.

according to the conventional wisdom, college education is a good investment for both the individual (it leads to higher earnings) and society (a well-educated work force is more productive). Operating on these two assumptions, the government has heavily subsidized college education since the mid-sixties, and the number of college graduates has soared. But there is growing evidence that the United States has overinvested in education at the college level. Consider:

- Recent data show conclusively that the rate of return on college education is falling sharply. College graduates, after a considerable investment of time and money, do not, on the average, do that much better than high school graduates.
- ☐ This trend toward overproduction of college graduates finds expression in a growing prevalence of mismatching of skills and training with jobs and occupations pursued. Between 20 and 25 percent of full-time U.S. workers are overtrained for their jobs, and the percentage has been growing. Nearly half of all college graduates are overeducated.
- This knowledge does not seem to have reached incoming students. Most students still view their education as an investment, not as pure fun, and they expect to earn more with a college degree than without it. These expectations are sure to be frustrated.
- ☐ The number of workers in America who find their jobs dull or feel they have no future has been growing. A significant percentage of the U.S. labor force expressing sharp job dissatisfaction is concentrated in the managerial and service occupations.
- U.S. productivity has not increased with the educational qualifications of the labor force. On the contrary—the 1970s was a period of stagnant economic growth and constant or falling real rates of labor productivity. This decline continued into the 1980s.

The conclusion follows easily. The use of the public sector to promote investment in education has had exactly the opposite effect from what was intended. By increasing the supply of college graduates and encouraging them to expect positive rewards for their efforts, we have guaranteed a large group of overqualified, frustrated workers who will never be content with the jobs the system can provide them. The effect on morale and worker incentives has been negative, and productivity growth has declined. A work force that is overeducated for the tasks reguired of it, and that has unreasonable expectations, ends up being relatively unhappy and unproductive. This describes the situation in the United States today.

# [Catalogue]

# REAGANGATES, 1981-1984

From "Scandals, Etc., From A to Z," by Thomas Riehle, in the National Journal, January 14.

From the resignation of CIA Deputy Director Max C. Hugel in July 1981 to the resignation of Deputy Secretary of Defense W. Paul Thayer in January, numerous scandals involving Reagan Administration officials and appointees have been shrugged off by the public. Here are twenty-eight whose actions before or after taking office briefly put the Administration in a bad light, apparently without damaging the public's image of Reagan.

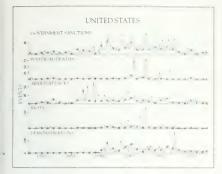
RICHARD V. ALLEN, former assistant to the president for national security affairs: Intercepted \$1,000 in cash given by Japanese journalists as a present to Nancy Reagan, but "forgot" to turn it over to the Treasury, as is required. Resigned in January 1982.

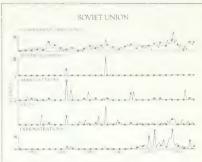
WILLIAM M. BELL, Reagan's first choice for the chairmanship of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission: Served as president of a Detroit job-recruiting firm that had placed no employees in over a year and had never been listed in any phone directory. Nomination withdrawn in February 1982.

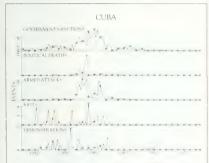
ANNE M. BURFORD, former Environmental Protection Agency administrator: Told a New Mexico gas refinery that she would not enforce leadcontent regulations that the company was violating. Resigned in March 1983.

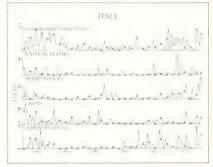
ROBERT F. BURFORD, director of the Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management: Owns 25 percent of his family's cattle and sheep ranch, which has permits to graze on 33,614 acres of bureau land. Received waiver of provisions prohibiting his use of bureau land by selling the graz-

# POLITICAL STABILITY, 1948-1978









From the World Handbook of Political and Social Indicators, by Charles Lewis Taylor and David A. Jodice, published by Yale University Press. These graphs, called time-series profiles, show the incidence of government sanctions, political deaths, armed attacks, riots, and demonstrations in each country from 1948 to 1978. The number of each type of event appears at left; note that the scale varies from country to country.

ing permits and cattle to his three sons, co-owners of the farm.

CHARLES M. BUTLER III, Federal Energy Regulatory Commission chairman: Declined to disqualify himself from deciding cases involving clients of his former Houston law firm.

CARLOS C. CAMPBELL, former assistant secretary of commerce for economic development: Resigned while under fire for giving grants to firms with dubious credentials, some run by friends.

JOSEPH W. CANZERI, former presidential assistant: Resigned following disclosure he had billed both the Republican National Committee and the government for personal expenses and had received loans at favorable rates from Laurance Rockefeller and realtor Donald M. Koll.

MICHAEL CARDENAS, former administrator of the Small Business Administration: Forced out after probes of questionable SBA grants, including one to a contractor who was under criminal investigation.

WILLIAM J. CASEY, director of central intelligence: Traded more than \$3 million in stocks in 1982 (most government officials put their holdings in "blind trusts" to avoid charges that information gained on the job is being used for personal gain). Established blind trust in 1983 under congressional pressure.

MICHAEL K. DEAVER, deputy White House chief of staff: Wrote a diet book whose earnings could surpass the statutory annual limit on outside income (15 percent of salary), but contracted to defer excess royalties while in office.

GUY W. FISKE, former deputy secretary of commerce: Negotiated for a job at the Communications Satellite Corporation at the same time he was in charge of negotiating for the sale of government-owned satellites to the company.

B. SAM HART, Reagan's first choice for the Civil Rights Commission: Was in default on a \$100,000 Small Business Administration loan (two weeks after he was chosen, the SBA agreed to refinance the loan) and delinquent on repaying a \$200,000 minority-business loan. Also owed \$4,400 in back taxes. Name withdrawn from consideration.

ARTHUR HULL HAYES JR., former commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration: Billed the government for trips already paid for by business organizations and accepted speaking fees, free lodging, and travel expenses from private groups that have dealings with the FDA.

J. LYNN HELMS, former Federal Aviation Administration chief: Resigned in January after being accused of having operated a business that took over small companies and bled them dry of funds.

JOHN W. HERNANDEZ, former deputy EPA administrator: Invited the Dow Chemical Company to edit a draft of an agency report on dioxin contamination near the company's Midland, Michigan, plant.



From the Richmond News Leader.

MAX C. HUGEL, deputy director for operations at the CIA: Resigned after being accused by disgruntled former business associates of shady stock dealings.

ERNEST W. LEFEVER, nominee for assistant secretary of state for human rights and humanitarian affairs: His Ethics and Public Policy Center received a \$25,000 research grant from the Nestlé Company prior to issuing an exculpatory report on international marketing of Nestlé's infant formula. Nomination withdrawn.

RITA M. LAVELLE, former assistant administrator for hazardous wastes at the EPA: Convicted of lying to a House committee about when she first learned that her former employer was involved in a waste dump whose cleanup she was administering. Sentenced to six months in prison.

JAMES L. MALONE, assistant secretary of state for the Bureau of Oceans and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs: Violated a pledge not to get involved in issues concerning his former clients when he lobbied for an Export-Import Bank loan for the Taiwan Power Company.

JOHN R. MCKEAN, chairman of the Postal Service board of governors: Before being appointed, McKean arranged loans for Edwin Meese III and Michael Deaver, who were clients of his San Francisco accounting firm.

JAMES C. MILLER III, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission: Participated in the commission's settlement of a GM auto-defects case, even though he had received \$75,000 in consulting fees from GM between 1978 and 1980.

ROBERT P. NIMMO, former Veterans Administration chief: Spent \$54,183 to redecorate his office, then sent the old furniture to his daughter, who is director of public affairs at the Commerce Department. Also, was forced to reimburse the government \$6,441 for improper use of a chauffeur-driven car.

RICHARDN. PERLE, assistant secretary of defense for international security policy: Wrote a memo calling for the department to buy munitions from a company that had paid him \$50,000 in consulting fees.

THOMAS C. REED, former deputy assistant to the president for national security affairs: Forced to give up \$427,000 in profits on a \$3,125 investment he had made based on inside information.

EMANUEL S. SAVAS, former assistant secretary for policy development and research at the Department of Housing and Urban Development: Had department staff members write and edit his book, *Privatizing the Public Sector*.

W. PAUL THAYER, former deputy secretary of defense: Resigned in January after the Securities and Exchange Commission filed a suit charging he had made business deals based on inside information

NORMAN B. TURE, former undersecretary of the treasury for tax and economic affairs: Urged the department to purchase an economic model from a firm that was in the process of buying the rights to the model from him.

CHARLES Z. WICK, director of the U.S. Information Agency: Secretly taped telephone conversations with other government officials and then lied to reporters about it.

## [Evidence] THE CENSOR AT WORK



This official CIA photograph was introduced at a recent Senate hearing by Deputy Director John McMahon, who testified in support of a bill (S. 1324) that would exempt the CIA's operational files from the Freedom of Information Act. McMahon explained to the Select Committee on Intelligence that the picture dramatizes a single FOIA search in which 9½ linear feet of documents were reviewed, but only a six-inch stack was finally made public. He told the committee that such searches are wasteful, since "the public derives little meaningful information from the occasional isolated paragraph which is ultimately released." By exempting these files from FOIA searches, he argued, "the public [would be] deprived of no meaningful information whatsoever." The Senate has passed the bill; it is pending before the House.

#### [Report] THE FUTURE OF WAR

From "New Modes of Conflict," a Rand Corporation report prepared for the Defense Department's Defense Nuclear Agency and written by Brian Michael Jenkins, director of Rand's Security and Subnational Conflict Program.

hat is armed conflict apt to be like in the future? In many respects, the future face of war is reflected in the course of armed conflict in Lebanon since the early 1970s. Fighting in that country has taken place on three levels: conventional war, guerrilla warfare, and terrorism. The conflict is concurrently a war among nations, a war between the state of Israel and a powerful nonstate actor (the Palestine Liberation Organization), a war among factions, and a multitude of terrorist campaigns. It involves regular armies, guerrillas, private militias, and terrorist gunmen.

The weapons in the Lebanese conflict range from the sophisticated weapons of modern warfare to car bombs. The tactics range from pointblank assassinations to organized arms operations. Much of the fighting has occurred in an urban environment.

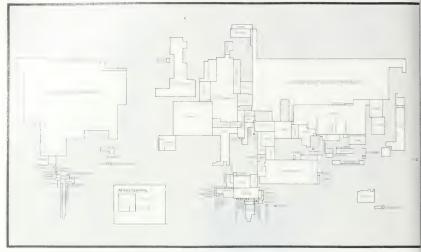
This is not to say that the world is going to collapse into the anarchy seen in Lebanon. But the conflict in Lebanon is likely to be representative of armed conflict worldwide in the last quarter of the twentieth century: a mixture of conventional warfare, classic guerrilla warfare, and terrorist campaigns, openly fought or secretly waged, often without regard to national frontiers, by armies as well as irregular forces. Constraints imposed by the increasing destructiveness and costs of modern weaponry, the complex roles played by the superpowers, and the limitations imposed by world and domestic public opinion have led to greater reliance on indirect forms of warfare and the employment of proxies.

Terrorist operations may be substituted when guerrilla warfare fails, or they may be employed as a mode of surrogate warfare by nations unable or unwilling to achieve their aims through diplomacy or conventional military means. Acts of terrorism may accompany conventional warfare between nations.

The coexistence of these three modes of armed conflict suggests an era of warfare quite different from the model derived from the world wars of the twentieth century. Warfare in the future will be less destructive but it will also be less coherent.

Warfare will cease to be finite. The distinction between war and peace will dissolve. With constraints on the total application of military force,

# THE GEOGRAPHY OF MILITARY SPENDING



From The War Atlas: Armed Conflict-Armed Peace, by Michael Kidron and Dan Smith, published by Simon & Schuster. The size of each country is determined by its share of world military expenditures in 1981, which totaled \$520 billion. An area the size of the square at bottom represents one percent of that total.

wars will seldom end in conquest or capitulation. Cease-fires will be imposed by external powers or will occur because the belligerents temporarily exhaust themselves or are unwilling to face the risks of escalation. The losers will consider their defeats temporary. Implacable foes will fight repeated wars. Hostilities will be endless, and nominal peace will be filled with confrontations and crises.

Armed conflict will not be confined by national frontiers. Local belligerents will mobilize foreign patrons. Wars will spill floods of refugees on other countries. Many of them will carry their quarrels with them and will be targets for factions from their native countries. Terrorists will attack foreign targets both at home and abroad.

With ongoing sporadic armed conflict, blurred in time and space, waged on several levels by a large array of national and subnational forces, warfare in the last quarter of the twentieth century may well come to resemble warfare during the Italian Renaissance or in the early seventeenth century, before the emergence of national armies and more organized modern warfare.

# ON THE SABBATH

From "What Is the Sabbath?" by Gerald Stern, th poet, in the January/February issue of the America Poetry Review. Stern's new book, Paradise Po ems, will be published by Random House.

hen what should we do on Saturday after noon and Saturday morning? We may not sow of plow or reap or gather into sheaves or thresh of winnow or cleanse or grind or sift or knead of bake. We may not shear or bleach or heat or dy wool or spin or make a warp or make two thrum threads or weave two threads or split two thread or tie or untie or sew two stitches or tear in orde to sew two stitches. We may not hunt deer of slaughter or skin or salt or tan or scrape or cut We may not write two letters or erase for th purpose of writing two letters or build or pu down or either extinguish fire or kindle fire of beat with a hammer or carry from one premise of domain into another. Not only can we not plow for example, but we cannot dig or make canals fruit from a tree or tear off grass or mold that has grown on a box or a barrel, or cut a flower. For by so doing we interfere with the physical world. the state of peace between man and nature. We build and destroy. We reduce the perfection, or at least the balance. And we violate the commandment. We probably can't pare our nails, or swim lengths, or read the want ads. I know we can't swim for we may be tempted to construct a bladder. And we cannot squeeze fruit juice, for that would be threshing. And we cannot slaughter, for that would be a derivative of dyeing. We may eat, indeed we must eat, and we may drink. and we may reason. And if a child is locked in a room we may batter the door down, of course. and rush someone to the hospital, or cure his lameness. And we may listen to music, may we not? And we may make music . . . although for some that was touching the line, and it was perhaps better for a Shabbes goy to do that for us, and, although for the mad Essenes defecation itself was too much of an interference with the silence and the harmony, lovemaking was, eventually, not only permitted but indeed encouraged-required-as a good Sabbath activity, for the Shekinah was present that day and the union was likely to be blessed. The logic, certainly from a modern viewpoint, is ambiguous, even confusing. Of all things, sexual activity is an interference, particularly with its threat of new life, but perhaps no more than eating and drinking with its threat of continued life. But it is what the activity stands for that counts. However real it is to the individuals concerned, it must always be seen and felt as symbolic activity. as if life itself were a dream, or a work of art. Or at least the Sabbath were. That is the explanation! Saturday is a work of art, a dream. And what we do on that day is "as if." As if the Sabbath were eternal. As if we lived always on, and only on, the Sabbath. As if we could defy nature in our tremendous love of it. As if we could pick and choose; as if we could be as illogical and free as we wanted to, selecting and combining whatever it is we had to, or wanted to. As in a work of art. And it would finally last forever. That is why there was so much haggling. That is why we were permitted to carry a piano, or a bed, from one room to another, but were not permitted to carry a handkerchief out to the street. For that might be transferring property and therefore changing the social order. Or it might call to mind such a change. It was not at all a question of labor or effort, as such. It required more effort not to carry the handkerchief, not to light the match. We had to maintain the illusion, if it is that, of peace and permanence, and free ourselves from time. We were struggling with a work of art. A poem. The Sabbath is a poem.

and not only can we not reap, but we cannot pick

[Fiction]

# **BORGES: A DREAM**

By Jorge Luis Borges. From El Mercurio, the Chilean daily, December 27. Translated by Elizabeth Welborn.

Before dawn I dreamed a dream that left me overwhelmed and that I will try to put in order.

Your elders engender you. On the far boundary of the desert there are some dusty classrooms. or, if you will, some dusty warehouses, and in these classrooms or warehouses there are parallel rows of blackboards, the length of which can be measured in leagues, or in leagues of leagues, and on which somebody has drawn letters and numbers with chalk. It is not known how many blackboards there are in all, but it is understood that they are many, and that some are broken and others almost bare. The doors in the walls are sliding doors, in the Japanese manner, and they are made of rusted metal. The building as a whole is circular, but it is so large that from the outside you can't perceive the curvature, and what you see is a straight line. The blackboards, crowded together, are taller than an average man, and they reach up to a sky of plaster, which is whitish or gray. On the left side of each blackboard there are, first, words, and then numbers. The words are arranged vertically, as in a dictionary. The first is "Aar," the name of a river. Arabic numerals, the number of which is indefinite but surely not infinite, follow. They indicate the exact number of times you will see the river, the exact number of times you will discover it on a map, the exact number of times you will dream about it. The last word could be "Zwingli"-it remains very far off. On another blackboard "neverness" is inscribed, and next to that strange word there is a number. The whole course of your life is in those signs.

There isn't a second that isn't spinning out a series.

You will use up the number that corresponds to the taste of ginger and you will go on living. You will use up the number that corresponds to the smoothness of crystal and you will go on living a few more days. You will use up the number of heartbeats that have been allotted to you and then you will have died.

#### [Research]

# DRESS FOR SUCCESS IN COURT

A group of researchers from Brigham Young University and Virginia Polytechnic Institute (Charlene Lind, Joann Boles, Dennise Hinkle, and Sharon Gizzi) asked 100 former jurors what apparel gives a female lawyer the greatest credibility in the eyes of a jury. Their findings were published in the January 1984 American Bar Association Journal.

n an area as steeped in ceremony as the courtroom, just what should the female lawyer wear in order to appear convincing? Because judges, colleagues, and jurors are as easily influenced by appearances as the rest of the populace, clothing credibility is a crucial support to a good argument or the conduct of any aspect of a case.

Our research has found that a woman lawyer may confidently select a tailored suit and blouse as appropriate for courtroom wear, but attention to such accessories as neckwear is warranted. In an effort to identify how a woman lawyer's clothing affects perceptions of her authority, we questioned 100 former jurors about their reactions to a variety of neckwear. The higher the percentage of twenty-five-year-olds to forty-five-year-olds on a jury, the more difference the selection of neckwear will make. The more men of any age group there are, the less difference neckwear choices will make.

Of nine neck treatments used in our study,









two were definitely superior in conveying authority, and two others consistently ranked high. The top-rated scarfs were long and narrow, tied in a flat, nonvisible knot and tucked inside the buttoned jacket (see figure 1). The effect is similar to that of a man's tie, but with a softness that identifies the scarf as belonging to a woman.

The second most positive response went to the traditional woman's bowed blouse (figure 2). The ascot and the square-knotted scarf (figure 3) were both viewed as too casual or "arty" for courtroom use; nor was the man's tie well received. Wardrobe consultants usually counsel against any style that makes a woman seem to be copying the appearance of a man.

Perhaps the most interesting response was to the crisp bow tie (figure 4). This particular style is in fashion [among] professional women. Yet the bow tie ranked last. That might be explained by the possible masculine impression created by this tie's crispness. It appears that following current fashion in neckwear is not as good an idea as choosing more traditional looks.

#### [Essay]

# THE BLACK BOX MENTALITY

From "Black Box Blues," by Bernard Dixon, in the March/April issue of The Sciences, a bimonthly magazine published by the New York Academy of Sciences. Dixon, a microbiologist, is the former editor of England's New Scientist.

he most disquieting aspect of the silicon chip is not that it distances us from nature; even before the Industrial Revolution, man was trying to do that. The more troubling fact is that electronic developments distance us from understanding. Any child of fifty years ago looking inside a household clock, with its escapement and weights or spring, could see in a few minutes how it worked. A child of today peering at a digital watch can learn nothing. Yesterday's children could appreciate that pushing a switch on a television set meant completing a circuit. Today's children, using remote control devices based on ultrasound or infrared radiation, can scarcely comprehend what they are doing. The real danger of the microelectronic era is posed by what was called, even in the days of macroelectronics, the black box mentality: passive acceptance of the idea that more and more areas of life will be taken over by little black boxes whose mysterious workings are beyond our comprehension.

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[Critique]

## WATERGATE **AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

From "Watergate Endings," by Terence Dewsnap, in the quarterly Biography, Fall 1983. Dewsnap, a professor of English at Bard College, examines the endings of several Watergate memoirs in an effort to learn why a subject "that would have interested a Thucydides" has failed to produce important writing.

locked in a world of self-created illusion, the typical Watergate autobiographer fails to make the gesture that will bring his past in line with his future. The Watergate autobiographers seem dedicated to the principle that you are what others think you are: that identity is an illusion, usually melodramatic. At the end of Will: The Autobiography of G. Gordon Liddy, Liddy associates himself with the Hitler Youth with a variation on a song from Cabaret:

A feeling of triumph surged through me. I was free and on my own terms. Blowing the reporters off the road was symbolic of my victory over Sirica and his allies in the press and all three branches of the federal government. In my mind a mighty chorus joined me as I finished singing:

America, 'merica, show us the sign your children have waited to see! The morning will come when the world is thine: tomorrow belongs to thee!

Fran was wiping her cheeks with her handkerchief now. She looked over at me, eyes wet with tears. "God, after all these years, you haven't changed at all!" She blew her nose lustily, then sighed, "I don't suppose you ever will." I grinned over at her: "Bet your ass, kid!"

John Dean, a contrast to Liddy in his consistently antiheroic stance, provides an equally stagy ending:

"The nightmare is over." I was talking out loud to myself. "It really is over," I repeated and listened to my own words. I couldn't stop shaking my head as I gazed out the window, nor could I stop the tears. Everything is different now.

And Robert Haldeman, who happily identifies himself as Nixon's "robot," concludes The Ends of Power with stunning bombast:

Few men in all of history have had the privilege of being raised as high as I was; and few have had the tragedy of being brought as low. And even fewer have experienced both extremes-from the peak of the mountaintop to the depth of the valley. It has been an enriching experience in all of its phaseseach in its own unique way. I am eternally grateful for all of it and for what it has taught me.

The falseness of tone is a result partly of the dic-

tion (eight clichés in four sentences) and partly of the emotional contradictions.

Such endings create an effect of bathos and alienation. The abysses are too deep, the peaks too high. In the tradition of "Old soldiers never die" and "You won't have Dick Nixon to kick around," these leave-takings of the politic man going public before becoming private indicate a typology: a conflict of motifs of dauntlessness and frustrated ego. They had chosen to be discreet men of power. They reincarnate themselves as embarrassed gossips.

The Watergate chroniclers further demonstrate their moral bankruptcy in their invention of melodramatic myth. It is part of the satisfaction of completing an autobiography to recognize the completion of a mythic cycle: O'Casey reaccepts Cathleen, Stephen Dedalus takes flight, St. Augustine rededicates himself to divine service. Each of the Watergate writers tells his version of an American success story that was spoiled by the intervention of some dark force.

The tapes of White House conversations, for example, became, in time, hostile forces with a life of their own. Metaphors of growth, burgeoning, gestation, cancer, and explosion give a kind of autonomy to the Watergate experience that negates the possibility of ethical awareness. Even Leon Jaworski, in his affectedly naïve preaching, invokes the image of sin (with permission) growing with inevitability:

THE TAPES! The teachings of right and wrong were forgotten in the White House. Little evils were permitted to grow into great evils, small sins escalated into big sins.

On the other side is the Law:

From Watergate we learned what generations before us have known: our Constitution works. And during the Watergate years it was interpreted again so as to reaffirm that no one-absolutely no oneis above the law.

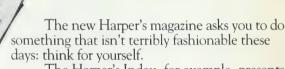
Using the format of a television police drama, he goes on to list the status of each Watergate case. What goes up must come down.

The question remains: Why so much banal and melodramatic writing on a subject that would have interested a Thucydides? I suspect that the reason is partly the high level of contempt with which these Watergate writers defended themselves, on the assumption that they were writing for an audience of fools. But more, it has to do with the habits of automatic response that precluded the kind of flexibility with which the exemplary autobiographers of literature reassess their situations. The deterministic model each man credits for his downfall is not questioned. What is lacking is the sense that personal morality, which is the basis for public morality, depends on insight and choice.

Some readers expect their magazine clothe them in opinions the way alston or Bloomingdale's dresses them r the opera.

The new Harper's is looking for readers

holly capable of dressing themselves.



The Harper's Index, for example, presents a not-so-random collection of statistics both current and relevant—the number of wars waged in 1983 (41), the percentage of

pericans who believe that heaven exists (77), the number of movie theaters in the ited States (16,901) as opposed to the number of movie theaters in the Soviet Union 4,100). Read as a sequence the Index provides a kind of sounding of the spirit of the es. For those willing to listen.

Each issue also contains writing from people as various in their perceptions as niel Patrick Moynihan, Kurt Vonnegut, Leo Steinberg and Tom Stoppard. As well eadings from publications as miscellaneous as Prayda, the Bulletin of the Atomic entists, Variety and Le Monde. We do this to give you an indication of what's being and done in places you don't have access to. What you do with it is up to you.

The new Harper's Forum provides a genuine national debate. Every month we'll ite both written and oral correspondence from famous and not-so-famous people on important topical subject, such as the schools, men and women, or disarmament.

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### [Table] SOCIAL SCIENCE

AUTHOR	SITE	TECHNIQUE	SUBJECTS	FINDINGS
Bach and Schaefer (1979)	Country-and-west- ern music bars in Montana	Recorded 60 songs and observed sips of alcohol per minute per person at preselected table.	60 songs	Tempo of music and sips were significantly correlated. The faster the tempo, the slower the rate of drinking.
Cutler and Storm (1975)	Vancouver, B.C.	Patrons at preselected tables were observed by 3-member teams. Group size, sex composition, and beer and tobacco consumption were recorded.	877 patrons in 4 beer parlors	Total consumption was related to duration of stay, and group size correlated with duration.
Graves et al. (1982)	Public bars in Auckland, New Zealand	Two observers recorded alcohol consumption, group size, sex, and ethnicity of patrons.	216 patrons in 12 bars	Group size affected duration and duration affected consumption level.
R-sarblath et al (1978)	College pub in New Jersey	Observers recorded number of drinks, sips, number of companions, and sex composition for 1 hour.	82 patrons	Patrons drank more in groups than in dyads.
Sommer (1965)	Beer parlors in Edmonton, Alberta	Observers recorded duration and number of drinks during 1 hour for 3 isolated and 3 group drinkers.	550 men	Group drinkers, compared with isolated drinkers, remained longer in bar and consumed more alcohol.

This table is adapted from a catalogue of public-drinking studies that appears in "Drinking in Bars: An Observational Study of Companion Status and Drinking Behavior," by Thomas C. Harford et al., in the October 1983 issue of the International Journal of the Addictions.

#### [Proposal]

# A NUCLEAR FENCE FOR ISRAEL

From "Wall Against War," by Sam Cohen, in the March issue of Reason, the magazine of "free minds and free markets." Cohen, a physicist, is largely responsible for the invention of the neutron bomb, which is currently in production.

"wall" of nuclear radiation along Israel's borders holds out the possibility of peace in the Middle East. Such a defense would render meaningless a would-be aggressor's calculation of the prospect of success, regardless of how determined or impassioned he might be.

What I am suggesting is the construction of a border barrier whose most effective component would be an extremely intense field of nuclear radiation (produced by the operation of underground nuclear reactors), confined to the barrier zone, which would practically guarantee the death of anyone attempting to breach the barrier. Establishing such a nuclear wall along the borders of a threatened country would make virtually impossible any penetration by ground forces—as well as a preemptive ground at-

tack by the threatened country.

This is how such a scheme would work: During peacetime, the reactors would be operated on a continual basis (as our power reactors now are). The neutrons produced by the fission reactions would escape into a solution containing an element that, upon absorbing neutrons, becomes highly radioactive and emits gamma rays (very high energy X-rays). The radioactive solution would then be passed into a series of pipes running along the barrier length in conjunction with conventional obstacle components mines, Dragon's Teeth, tank traps, barbed wire, etc. To the rear of the pipes and obstacle belts there would be a system of conventional defensive fortifications. (The obstacles, the firepower from the fortifications, and tactical air power would all serve to impede the rate of an attacker's advance, increasing his exposure to the gamma radiation.) The width of the entire defensive system need be no more than a few miles.

The gamma ray field in the immediate vicinity of the obstacle zone would be sufficiently intense that several minutes' exposure would result in incapacitation and, ultimately, death. However, at a distance of, say, 1,000 yards from the pipes, the radiation intensity would be so reduced that people would be perfectly safe.

Regarding the morality of such use of nuclear

adiation, one should keep in mind that gamma ays themselves have no intentions; nor would here necessarily be any intention to kill anyone on the part of those who produce them. The ntent to kill would lie with the aggressor—to ill himself.

The price of peace must be weighed against he price of war, and with a nuclear barrier the price of peace might be high indeed. In many vays Israel would remain a garrison state, alhough it no longer would be in fear of Arab nvasion. But behind its nuclear wall against var, Israel could at least have confidence in its libility to survive a future that otherwise would be perilous indeed.

# Stills RE-EDITING HISTORY





From the final scene of Mikhail Romm's 1937 Russian classic, Lenin in October. The photo above is from the original version, which exaggerates Stalin's role in the 1917 revolution. The still below is from a doctored print released in 1983, from which all traces of Stalin have been painstakingly removed. The discovery was announced by film historian Alexander Sesonske in the Winter 1983/84 issue of the British journal Sight & Sound. Sesonske moted that "ias a depiction of the events of October 1917, the new prints of Lenin in October are probably more accurate than the 1937 film—but this time it is the history of cinema which has been rewritten and falsified.

#### [Poem]

# LINES FOR TRANSLATION INTO ANY LANGUAGE

From Children in Exile: Poems 1968–1984, by James Fenton. Fenton is an English poet who has worked as a journalist in Indochina and Germany. Children in Exile, published by Vintage Books, is his first volume to appear in America.

- I saw that the shanty town had grown over the graves and that the crowd lived among the memorials.
- It was never very cold—a parachute slung between an angel and an urn afforded shelter for the newcomers.
- 3. Wooden beds were essential.
- 4. These people kept their supplies of gasoline in litre bottles, which their children sold at the cemetery gates.
- 5. That night the city was attacked with rockets.
- 6. The firebrigade bided its time.
- 7. The people dug for money beneath their beds, to pay the firemen.
- 8. The shanty town was destroyed, the cemetery restored.
- Seeing a plane shot down, not far from the airport, many of the foreign community took fright.
- 10. The next day, they joined the queues at the gymnasium, asking to leave.
- 11. When the victorious army arrived, they were welcomed by the firebrigade.
- 12. This was the only spontaneous demonstration in their favour.
- 13. Other spontaneous demonstrations in their favour were organised by the victors.

# [Fable] A SMALL PARADISE

By Julio Cortázar. From A Certain Lucas, which Alfred A. Knopf is publishing in May. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. Cortázar died on February 12.

he forms of happiness are quite varied, and one shouldn't be surprised that the inhabitants of the country governed by General Orangu have considered themselves happy starting with the day they had their blood filled with little gold fishes.

Actually, the little fishes aren't gold but merely gilded, but it takes only one look for their resplendent leaps to be immediately translated into an anxious urge for possession. The government was quite aware of it when a naturalist captured the first specimens, who reproduced quickly in a propitious culture broth. Technically known as Z-8, the little fish is exceedingly small, to such a degree that if it were possible to imagine a hen the size of a fly, the little fish would be the size of that hen. Therefore it is quite simple to incorporate it into the blood torrent of the inhabitants of the country at the time they reach the age of eighteen; that age and the technical procedure are fixed by law.

That's why all the young people in the country wait anxiously for the day it will be their turn to go into an implantation center and their families will surround them with the joy that always accompanies great ceremonies. A vein in the arm is connected to a tube that comes down from a transparent flask filled with physiological serum in which, when the moment arrives, twenty little gold fishes are placed. The family and the one being benefited can admire at their leisure the leaps and twists of the little gold fishes in the flask until, one after another, they're swallowed by the tube, descending motionless and a little bewildered perhaps like so many drops of light, to disappear into the vein. A half-hour later the citizen has his complete number of little gold fishes and goes off for an extended celebration of his accession to happiness.

Carefully considered, the inhabitants are happy because of imagination rather than direct contact with reality. Although they can no longer see them, they all know that the little gold fishes are coursing through the great tree of their veins and arteries, and before going to sleep, in the concavity of their eyelids, they seem to see the coming and going of the bright sparks, more golden than ever against the red background of the rivers and streams through which they slip along. What fascinates them most is the notion that the twenty little gold fishes won't be

long in multiplying, and that's how they picture them, numberless and radiant everywhere, slipping along beneath the forehead, reaching the tips of fingers and toes, concentrating in the large femoral arteries, the jugular vein, or scurrying along through the narrowest and most secret zones. The periodic passage through the heart makes for the most delightful image of that inner vision, for there the little gold fishes will find toboggan slides, ponds, and waterfalls for their games and gatherings, and it is certainly in that great noisy port that they recognize each other, choose, and mate. When boys and girls fall in love they do so in the conviction that within their heart some little gold fish has also found its mate. Even certain inciting tickles are attributed to the coupling of the little gold fishes in the zones involved. The essential rhythms of life are therefore in correspondence inside and out; it would be hard to imagine a more harmonious happiness.

The only obstacle to this picture is the periodic death of one of the little gold fishes. Longlived as they are, the day must come, nevertheless, when one of them will perish and its body, dragged along by the flow of blood, ends up blocking the passage from an artery to a vein or from a vein to a vessel. The inhabitants of the country know the symptoms: breathing becomes difficult and sometimes they feel dizzy. In that case they proceed to make use of one of the injectable ampules that everyone keeps stored at home. In a few minutes the product disintegrates the body of the dead little fish and circulation returns to normal. In line with the foresight of the government, every inhabitant is called upon to use two or three ampules a month, for the little gold fishes reproduce enormously and their death rate tends to rise with time.

General Orangu's government has set the price of each ampule at the equivalent of twenty dollars, which presupposes an annual income of several million; if that seems to be a heavy tax to foreign observers, the inhabitants have never seen it that way, because every ampule returns them happiness and it's only proper for them to pay for it. When it's a matter of families without resources, a very common thing, the government supplies the ampules on credit, collecting for them, as is logical, twice their retail price. If there are still some who don't have ampules, there is always the flourishing black market that the government, understanding and kindhearted, allows to prosper for the greater good of its people and a few colonels. What does misery matter, after all, when it is well known that evervone has his little gold fishes, and that the day will come soon when a new generation will receive theirs in turn and there will be festivals and there will be singing and there will be dancing?

#### 'olitical Artl

# DLDENBURG'S EL SALVADOR



roposal for a Monument to the University of El Salvador: Blasted Pencil (Which Still Writes) 1984. laes Oldenburg donated this etching to Artists Call, a group of artists, writers, and performers who have ganized a series of exhibits and programs in twenty-three cities to dramatize their opposition to U.S. intervention 1 Central America. The university has been closed since 1980, when the National Guard ransacked the campus. ome 16,000 students continue to attend classes, however, which are held in the homes of professors.

[Essav]

# THE FASCINATION OF THE MINIATURE

Excerpted from an essay by Steven Millhauser in the quarterly Grand Street, Summer 1983. Millhauser is the author of two novels, Edwin Mullhouse: The Life and Death of an American Writer and Portrait of a Romantic.

the realm of the miniature awaits its passionate and scholarly explorer. It is a realm richly furnished with creations that strike deep into the imagination, creations such as intricately carved chessmen, paper circuses and theaters, peach-pit monkeys, pastries in the shape of cathedrals, the little clockwork coach described by Poe at the beginning of "Maelzel's Chess-Player," boxwood rosary beads the size of plums that open to reveal minutely carved scenes from the life of Christ, the enchanting Praxinoscope Theater invented by Emile Reynaud in 1879, the tiny tin and copper kitchen utensils made by the copper founders of medieval Nuremberg to supply the needs of dolls. A thick and sumptuously illustrated volume longs to be written about the history of miniature objects, their types and classes, their uses, their cultural significance, their status as works of art, and a second volume, no less thick, might well consider their imaginative offspring in works of literature. . . . What I wish to do here, however, is only to consider the nature of the miniature itself, and to ask what it is that enchants the imagination in the presence of this second world.

Wherein lies the fascination of the miniature? Smallness alone compels no wonder. A grain of sand, an ant, a raindrop, a bottle cap, may interest or amaze the eye, but they do not arrest the attention with that peculiar intensity elicited by the miniature. They do not cast a spell. The miniature, then, must not be confused with the mental miniature. For the miniature does not exist in isolation: it is by nature a smaller version of something else. The miniature, that is to say, implies a relation, a discrepancy. An object as large as a dollhouse can exert the fascination of the miniature as fully as the minutest teacup in the doll's smallest cupboard.

But why should discrepancy possess an interest? I believe the answer is this, that discrepancy of size is a form of distortion, and all forms of distortion shock us into attention: the inattentive and jaded eye, passing through a world without interest, helplessly perceives that something in the bland panorama is not as it should be. The eye is irritated into attention. It is compelled to perform an act of recognition. Perhaps for the first time since childhood, it sees. But what I have said is true of all forms of discrepancy, and not only the particular discrepancy that is the miniature. Some understanding of the spell cast by this particular discrepancy may be gained by first considering the nature of the particular discrepancy that is the gigantic.

The gigantic seizes my attention with a force equal to that of the miniature, but it does not affect me in the same way. It awes, it does not charm. . . . Take an object as innocent as a salt-shaker, imagine it eighty feet high—and though you may smile, your smile will be uneasy, you

will not escape the sense of dread inherent in hugeness. The gigantic beanstalk is as terrifying as the giant. Perhaps the gigantic reminds one of the distorted world of early childhood, a world of immense rooms with soaring walls hung with high pictures and supplied with windows beginning too high from the floor, rooms filled with enormous, dangerous objects reaching higher than one's head, like the terrifying glass table in Alice with the little key at

Inlike the gigantic, the miniature is without dread. Here lies part of its secret charm. We allow ourselves to surrender completely, untroubled by danger. We hold aloof from the gigantic, fascinated but appalled; we yield to the miniature in sensual self-surrender. But not only is the miniature without dread, it also invites possession. And herein lies a deeper secret. For the world is elusive, we do not possess it. Large objects especially elude us. We cannot possess a house the way we can possess a chair, we cannot possess a chair the way we can possess a cup, we cannot see things with true completeness. We can know a house room by room, on the inside, but we cannot take in with the eve all the rooms on a floor. A dollhouse allows us to possess a house in this way, to see it more completely. The fascination of the miniature is in part the fascination of the mountain view. To be above, to look down, to take into the yearning eye more at a single glance: here we are at the very threshold of the lure of the miniature. . . .

The miniature has a special and rather complex relation to detail. The very fact of smallness demands in us an increased attention; the face is brought close to the object, and in many instances the size of the face and even of the eyes has become gigantic in relation to the object. The eye, blazing down in an act of fierce attention, experiences a hunger for detail. This is a point of utmost importance, for the eye seized by the miniature will quickly tire if it does not perceive thoroughness of execution, richness of detail. . . . .

Thus the miniature seizes the attention by the fact of discrepancy, and holds it by the quality of precision. The miniature strives toward the ideal of total imitation. The more precise, the more wonder-compelling. For this reason the miniature must never be so small as to blur detail. An inch-long ship can compel wonder and charm but will weary the eye sooner than an elaborate and precise two-foot model, unless by some miracle of construction the inch-long ship should reproduce faithfully all the detail captured by the model. The relation between smallness and the amount of precise detail is the measure of our wonder.

Now if this is so, I may ask: Why should I crave precision? Why should I refuse suggestion? And here I feel we are about to cross the threshold into the darkness of the mystery of the miniature. That craving for absolute precision, is it not a craving for the duplication of the world itself, its replication in miniature? Do not my ship model, my barnyard, my little tree imply a little universe? The gigantic reveals the terror of Nature, lavs bare our secret dread. The gigantic ant is a monster; but suddenly I know that the original ant is no less monstrous. A drop of water is terrible. A grain of sand is terrible. There is no difference between a grain of sand and a galaxy. We inhabit a universe so utterly alien that to look steadily at that blaze of darkness would burn out the eyes of the mind. The gigantic reveals to us the monstrous terror in the heart of things. The universe is too large for us. Death is too large for us. Death hums in every stone. The great walls soar, the windows are too high. But suddenly the walls descend, the windows are little spaces we kneel to peer through. The solar system contracts to an orrery. I am under the spell of the miniature. Galaxies and supernovas turn at the end of my kaleidoscope. I gratify my secret desire: I become a giant. I draw out leviathan with a hook, I play with him as with a bird. I stretch out the north over the empty place, and hang the earth upon nothing. I have compassed the water with bounds, until the day and night come to an end.

The miniature, then, is an attempt to reproduce the universe in graspable form. It represents a desire to possess the world more completely, to banish the unknown and the unseen. We are teased out of the world of terror and death, and under the enchantment of the miniature we are invited to become God.

And yet, after all, there remains a stirring of doubt. For the truth is, I am still not satisfied. Is it perhaps not enough to be God? I think of Alice and the little door. I want to be small, I want to pass through the door into the enchanted garden. And here is the farthest I can see into the mystery of the miniature: its separation from myself, its banishment of me. Hence the sadness, the secret poignance, of dollhouses, model whaling ships, glass animals, little automatons. No, it is not enough to be God. I wish to be my own creature. And is it possible that the deepest fascination of the miniature lies here, in the unfulfilled yearning to be part of that world? For we are in disharmony with the world, we do not fit in anywhere. We are banished forever from the garden on the other side of the door. Under the sway of the miniature I contemplate my isolation, and my contemplation is clean, uncorrupted by the impurity of terror.

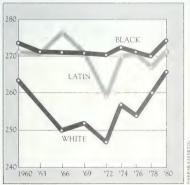
## [Study] BLACKS AND BASEBALL

From "Race and Career Opportunities in Major League Baseball: 1960–1980," by John C. Phillips, in the Summer/Fall 1983 issue of the Journal of Sport and Social Issues.

Given the competitive nature of professional baseball and the "fair play" ideology that is said to prevail in the world of sports, one would expect that players with the best performance statistics would be hired, without regard to race or any other irrelevant characteristic. Unfortunately, baseball is still not free of racial discrimination. A number of studies have shown that black players of marginal ability have been victimized by discrimination (i.e., whites of comparable or lesser ability have often been hired in their place), and that certain "central" positions (catcher, shortstop, second base) are closed to all but a few black players.

As this study shows, from 1960 to 1980 there was a decrease in "marginality" as a form of discrimination, but an increase in "centrality": the tendency to exclude qualified blacks from positions that involve control of the action of teammates.

Data for this study were compiled from Who's Who in Baseball. The 1960, 1963, 1966, 1969, 1972, 1974, 1976, 1978, and 1980 records of all major league players, with the exception of pitchers and those with fewer than fifty "at bats." were examined.



This graph provides stark evidence that blacks have consistently had higher batting averages than whites. The gap, however, does appear to be decreasing. Latin American players exhibit a pattern similar to that of blacks.

If players were selected and retained on the basis of productivity alone, batting averages would not vary by race. A discrepancy might indicate that members of the group with the lower average possess some compensatory advantage (e.g., better defensive skills, willingness to play for lower salaries, greater fan appeal), or that some members of the group with the higher average are being replaced by inferior players of the other group—that is, they are being discriminated against. Pascal and Rapping (1970) rejected the first alternative in favor of the second. If anything, black players appear to possess more compensatory advantages than their white counterparts: their salaries are lower and they have greater speed. Scully (1974) showed that the racial composition of a team has no appreciable impact on game attendance.

	Central C, SS, 2B	Intermediate 1B, 3B	Noncentral OF
1960 White Black	40 25	27 21	34 54
1966 White Black	45 18	22 24	33 58
1974 White Black	44 13	31 30	25 57
1980 White Black	44 15	31 18	25 67

The table shows a steady rise in the exclusion of blacks from central, or leadership, positions. The proportion of blacks in these positions has declined from 25 percent in 1960 to 15 percent in 1980, while the proportion in the least central positions has risen from 54 percent to 67 percent. C represents catcher; SS, shortstop; 2B, second base; 1B, first base; 3B, third base; OF, outfield.

Whatever the explanation, it is clear that blacks have slightly less opportunity than whites of comparable skills to play major league baseball.

Among blacks who do make it to the major leagues, there is less opportunity to play the central positions, which often provide opportunities for coaching, managerial, and front-office jobs. It has been suggested that there is resistance on the part of whites to the idea of blacks holding leadership positions. Some argue that managers and coaches assume that blacks lack the "mental ability" or personality traits required to perform well in these positions.

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# A PRESS GUIDE TO PARADISE

s prologue to *The Dyer's Hand*, a collection of his literary criticism, W. H. Auden set himself the task of defining his standards and acknowledging his prejudices. "So long as a man writes poetry or fiction," he said, "his dream of Eden is his own business, but the moment he starts writing literary criticism, honesty demands that he describe it to his readers, so that they may be in the position to judge his judgments."

Following his own injunction, Auden filled out a questionnaire of his own making (which appears on the next page) that described Arcadia—not a biblical state of primitive innocence, but a place in which he would feel at home.

Editors occupy a position comparable to that of the literary critic—forever evaluating the passing human parade from a perspective and with a moral agenda often invisible to their readers. Bearing in mind the chronic complaints about the negative carping of the American press, *Harper's* asked a number of the nation's editors (chosen unscientifically and at random) to describe their dreams of Eden. Their sketches and blueprints provide the information that Auden said he "should like to have . . . when reading other critics."

W. H. AUDEN explained, in the essay from which this questionnaire is taken, that all "the judgments, aesthetic or moral . . . however objective we try to make them, are in part a rationalization and in part a corrective discipline of our subjec-

ANDSCAPE: Limestone uplands like the Pennines plus a small region of igneous rocks with at least one extinct volcano. A precipitous and indented sea-coast.

CLIMATE: British.

ETHNIC ORIGIN OF INHABITANTS: Highly varied as in the United States, but with a slight nordic predominance.

LANGUAGE: Of mixed origins like English, but highly inflected.

WEIGHTS & MEASURES: Irregular and complicated. No decimal system.

RELIGION: Roman Catholic in an easygoing Mediterranean sort of way. Lots of local saints. SIZE OF CAPITAL: Plato's ideal figure, 5004, about right.

FORM OF GOVERNMENT: Absolute monarchy, elected for life by lot.

SOURCES OF NATURAL POWER: Wind, water peat, coal. No oil.

ECONOMIC ACTIVITIES: Lead mining, coal min ing, chemical factories, paper mills, sheep farm ing, truck farming, greenhouse horticulture.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT: Horses and horse-drawn vehicles, narrow-gauge railroads, canal barges balloons. No automobiles or airplanes.

ARCHITECTURE: State-Baroque. Ecclesiasti cal—Romanesque or Byzantine. Domestic— Eighteenth Century British or American Colo nial.

DOMESTIC FURNITURE AND EQUIPMENT: Victo rian except for kitchens and bathrooms which are as full of modern gadgets as possible.

FORMAL DRESS: The fashions of Paris in the 1830's and '40's.

SOURCES OF PUBLIC INFORMATION: Gossip Technical and learned periodicals but no news

PUBLIC STATUES: Confined to famous defunc chefs.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS: Religious Proces sions, Brass Bands, Opera, Classical Ballet. No movies, radio or television.



VIATION WEEK and Space Techpology is the magazine of record for the defense and zerospace industries, and is available by subscripion only to individuals in related industries, the scionces, and the government, William H. Gregory is the editor in chief.

JOVERNMENT: Totalitarian bureaucracy. All citizens are employed by the government, and thus no one works very hard. No presidents, kings, or prime ministers. Only committees with rotating chairmanships.

SOURCE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION: Leaks, All information is classified.

LANGUAGE: Federalese. Vocabulary limited to words like "implement" and "finalize." Since all activity consists of committee meetings, nothing is ever finalized or implemented.

CAPITAL: None. No central direction required.

FURNITURE: Largely wooden swivel chairs, with waffle-pattern seat pads for official branding of the bottoms of occupants.

CLIMATE: Fog.

LANDSCAPE: All downhill.

AGRICULTURE: Lotus cultivation. One forbidden apple tree.

MILITARY FORCES: Consist entirely of secretaries of defense, undersecretaries of defense, and civilian systems analysts. Weapons are only studied, never designed or built. There are no forces to use them if, by mistake, a decision does emerge.

ARCHITECTURE: Bolshevik modern.

ART: Government-approved line drawings or stick figures. Usually depictions of committee meetings.

EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM: Personal stereo players and tape cassettes supplied by government. Students run during sleep for subliminal indoctrination. No homework or study.

ENTERTAINMENT: Public hearings. Jokes about bureaucracy.

DRESS: Baggy Mao suits or loose-fitting bathing costumes.

RELIGION: Vague, convoluted loyalty oaths.

LAW ENFORCEMENT: Lie detectors and whistle blowers.

JUDICIAL SYSTEM: Supreme Court issues numerous rulings based on interpretations of transactions of committee meetings. Sits once every ten vears.

TRANSPORTATION: Consists solely of unregulated airlines as a result of a misunderstanding in a Supreme Court decision. Routes are changed daily on the basis of previous day's traffic. Fares are set each day, but are not revealed to the public.

ECONOMIC SYSTEM: All income is paid to the government in taxes. After committee discusons over several months, all revenues are paid back to citizens as entitlements, which are then paid back to the government the following year in taxes. The government does all manufacturing, which consists predominantly of swivel chairs.

NUMBER SYSTEM: Base one billion arithmetic. All quantities less than one billion are banned.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES: The system has never been finalized.

TIME is America's oldest and largest newsweekly. Henry Anatole Grunwald is the editor in chief of Time Inc.

ANDSCAPE: Martha's Vineyard abutting the Dolomites.

CLIMATE: Rome in May.

ETHNIC ORIGIN OF INHABITANTS: Anglo-Jewish.

LANGUAGE: Correct English and any kind of Italian

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES: Who cares?

SIZE OF CAPITAL: The central arrondissements of Paris, whatever that adds up to.

GOVERNMENT: Constitutional monarchy.

SOURCES OF NATURAL POWER: Solar and will.

ECONOMIC ACTIVITIES: High-tech industry, services of all kinds, gardening, barter, and a little gambling.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT: Helicopters (silent).

ARCHITECTURE: Georgian, Palladian, New England Shingle.

FORMAL DRESS: Edwardian.

SOURCES OF PUBLIC INFORMATION: Bards and the newsmagazines.

PUBLIC STATUES: Female only.

FOOD: Caviar and pasta.

NATIONAL ANTHEM: The "Marseillaise."

NATIONAL MOTTO: "Liberty, Merit, and Fraternity, within reason."

REQUIRED READING: Shakespeare, P. G. Wodehouse.

CURRENCY: Gold eagles.

POET LAUREATE: T. S. Eliot (pace Auden).

COURT PAINTER: Gustav Klimt.

MARITAL ARRANGEMENT: Monogamy with a five-year option to renew.

CHILD-REARING SYSTEM: Nannyism.

MOST SEVERE PUNISHMENT: Expulsion from Eden.

OFFENDERS SUBJECT TO THIS PUNISHMENT: Puritans, bores, possessors of nasal voices, users of clichés (especially "reordering priorities" and "getting in touch with my feelings"), among others.

LIFE EXPECTANCY: As long as you expect.

BOWLING is the official monthly magazine of the American Bowling Congress. It is edited by Rory Gillespie and published in Greendale, a town in southeastern Wisconsin.

ANDSCAPE: Rolling hills, wooded, with lakes, like parts of northern Wisconsin off Highway 45 or southwestern Pennsylvania off Highway 40.

CLIMATE: Every day is August 3. A slight drizzle in the morning burns off by noon. Temperatures reach a high in the eighties and drop to a pleasant chilliness perfect for bonfires at night. (Sweaters are optional.)

POPULATION: Beer drinkers. These are the folks who have no fear of alcohol but do not need to drink to be sociable, as martini drinkers do. They are a dedicated lot who completely disregard ex-jocks and advertising budgets and will never give up their native brew (Point and Iron City).

LIFESTYLE: Communal, with reservations. You can join as long as we know you are coming. Although all duties are shared, parents are responsible for their own kids.

DAILY ACTIVITY: One adult male and one adult female chosen by lot the night before escort the children to the lake while the rest of the adults sleep in and gradually arise to coffee and the cold floor of the cabin. The adults on guard take fruit

and rolls to the lake (which is only three fee deep for the first 100 yards) and oversee the kids blow up the toys, and tell the kids to quit scream ing and not to drown self or another. Abou noon, the rest of the folks make their way to the lake; one of them carries the cooler. Inside arpiles of amber long-necked bottles of beer, so cold and wet from melting ice that the labe slides off in your hand as you pull the bottle to your lips. Acceptable activities include reclining, rafting, playing volleyball and horseshoes and listening to the radio (actually, two radios one tuned to a "golden oldies" station, the other to a Milwaukee Brewers—Chicago White Sorgame).

Polite discourse on the New Baby Boom, th Bomb, Education Today, the Church and th New Morality, and the Best Infield of All Time i encouraged. As the day wears on, the kids ge tired and slightly sunburned, half the women ge totally sunburned and the other half tan per fectly, and one adult male cuts his foot on a rock As the sun sets, the kids go for a canoe ride with their dads. Another beer is hoisted to the lips; i is so cold and wet that the label falls off. Th Brewers win in the bottom of the ninth. (Youn doubles, Cooper singles, and Simmons sacrifice in the winning run.)

RULES: Nothing is written; everything is under stood.

RITUALS: Everyone says "please" and "thank you" and never thinks twice about it.

PUBLIC STATUES: Johnny Appleseed, Abe Lin coln (as boy and man), and Lou Gehrig or Gar-Cooper.

FORM OF GOVERNMENT: Town meetings. Bee and punch served at the conclusion.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS: Community theater bingo, and amateur sporting events.

BANNED SUBSTANCES: Bumper stickers, alligators, anything that can't be grown or bought a any self-respecting K-Mart, food processors, mi crowaves, permanent waves, ultraviolet waves books on health and dieting, erasable pens headbands, vegetables that aren't green, and mouthwash.

MOTTO: "It's not the size of the wave, it's the motion of the ocean."

is a biweekly consumer version of Women's Wear haily that features articles on society, travel, and shion for the woman of the haute monde. Louise Esterhazy is an editor at large.

ANDSCAPE: A wild English garden.

LIMATE: Enchanting.

THNIC ORIGIN OF INHABITANTS: Well bred.

ANGUAGE: Witty and to the point or witty and becure.

VEIGHTS AND MEASURES: Hardly a proper quesion to ask a lady.

ELIGION: Fun! Beauty! Color!

IZE OF CAPITAL: Larger than Versailles, smaller han Paris.

ORM OF GOVERNMENT: Royal.

SOURCES OF NATURAL POWER: Knowing where he bodies are buried gives one tremendous power.

CONOMIC ACTIVITIES: Having wonderful rich riends.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT: One's own plane, raiload car, yacht, etc.

ARCHITECTURE: Oh, it must be old.

FORMAL DRESS: Always.

SOURCES OF PUBLIC INFORMATION: Gossip. Of course.

PUBLIC STATUES: Balenciaga, Chanel, Dior, Vionnet, and, although he is not dead yet, Yves St. Laurent.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT: Don't be vulgar. I like my entertainment private.

COSMOPOLITAN is a magazine for women who want to "realize the very best of themselves." The editor is Helen Gurley Brown, author of Sex and the Single Girl and Having It All.

In the south, the air will be like that of the Provence region of France . . . sweet, tender, and a tiny bit friskier at night. The mean temperature will be 77 degrees. The skies between four and seven every day will resemble those over Botswana . . . lots of pinks, lavenders, and mauves behind whipped-cream clouds. The vegetation will be jungle-lush, but it won't remind anybody of Hawaii. There may not even be any

pineapples. The air will be fragrant with gardenias and jasmine. You can have as many armloads of gardenia blossoms as you like to float in your private pond.

In the north, there will be two seasons, fall and winter, but fall will last only two days. The moment you arrive (in very woodsy country like the upper Hudson River valley), autumn leaves will be at their showiest . . . reds, gold, russet. (There will be lots of red maples, because nobody ever gets enough of them outside Eden.) After forty-eight hours, the leaves will leave the trees, the temperature will drop, and twelve inches of snow will float down to transform everything into a winter wonderland. The alpine chalets will have wide fireplaces (the firewood will replace itself as soon as it is used up and leave no ashes; there will be no fake California gas logs or composition logs), deep, cushy couches and chairs, oak-beamed ceilings, and hand-woven mohair throws. Everybody will be a world-class

## Ovid

Golden was that first age, which, with no one to compel, without a law, of its own will, kept faith and did the right. There was no fear of punishment, no threatening words were to be read on brazen tablets; no suppliant throng gazed fearfully upon its judge's face; but without judges lived secure. Not yet had the pine-tree, felled on its native mountains, descended thence into the watery plain to visit other lands; men knew no shores except their own. Not yet were cities begirt with steep moats; there were no trumpets of straight, no horns of curving brass, no swords or helmets. There was no need at all of armed men, for nations, secure from war's alarms, passed the years in gentle ease. The earth herself, without compulsion, untouched by hoe or plowshare, of herself gave all things needful. And men, content with food which came with no one's seeking, gathered the arbute fruit, strawberries from the mountain-sides, cornel-cherries, berries hanging thick upon the prickly bramble, and acorns fallen from the spreading tree of Jove. Then spring was everlasting, and gentle zephyrs with warm breath played with the flowers that sprang unplanted. Anon the earth, untilled, brought forth her stores of grain, and the fields, though unfallowed, grew white with the heavy, bearded wheat. Streams of milk and streams of sweet nectar flowed, and yellow honey was distilled from the verdant oak.

—The prelapsarian paradise, as described in Book I of The Metamorphoses.

skier and never break anything.

The population will consist of as many men as women, but emotionally everyone will be androgynous. Men will have tender, somewhat passive dispositions, and women will be forthright and energetic—but sometimes it will be the other way around. Guile will not exist.

The food will be ambrosia, probably vegetables and fruit or chocolate chip cookies and pasta primavera. (We are not going to kill anything to eat or wear or mount as a trophy.) Whatever it is, it will never make anybody fat or even chubby. In Eden, calories literally will not count. Beverages will be the best wines of France and double chocolate milkshakes. There will be no alcohol other than wine, no drugs, no caffeine, and no cigarettes. There will, however, be a few Havana cigars in a far corner of Eden for sybarites like my husband.

How will we look? Sensational, of course. Since there will not be any preconceived standards of beauty, each of us will be considered beautiful. (Not worrying about how we look will in itself constitute paradise for many of us.) We

will all select the age we want to be—tiny tot teenager, thirties, ninety-five—and switch bac and forth as often as we like, but only for shor periods. Old age will be valued for its wisdom an mellowness. There won't be any downside to olage, because in Eden there will be no illness pain, or disease.

Deciding who you want to pal around wit will take a lot of time and bring infinite pleasure because you'll have a crack at everybody—a ages, intellects, colors, accomplishments, an personalities. Whomever you like will automatically like you back. You will enjoy innumerabl gambits, forays, discoveries, and explorings wit your special pals. An exploration might tak weeks or years. Since there won't be any jeal ousy, nobody will be upset if you are gone for slong. There will be no betrayals of friendship olove.

Housing in southern Eden in the summer wi consist of two- to four-story palazzi like those i Italy or other Mediterranean countries, with marble floors, wide staircases, enchanting view of endless gardens, satiny wood paneling, exqu



site furniture and trappings. Sheets will be silk or linen, changed daily. Clothes-loose-fitting togalike garments—will be of silk, linen, gossamer wool, or Egyptian cotton. Chests of jewels will be available for playing dress-up; everybody will have as many emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and diamonds as he or she pleases, but nobody will take them too seriously. There won't be any money, because no one will need anything—it will all be there in abundance. Every kind of music will be available, played by robot musicians. The great and not-great works of literature will also be available, and there will be unlimited time to read. No television. Small chariots run by diesel power will be Edenites' means of trans-

Exquisite little robots who look soft and touchable will do all the work. Everything. Nobody will program them. They will just know what to do. They will handle all domestic chores, build the palaces and lodges, build and operate the chariots, weave the cloth, design the clothes, etc., etc. They will never break down.

There won't be any sex. Sex is what people not in Eden are given to console themselves for all the heartache, pain, and loneliness they endure. Since there won't be any heartache, pain, or loneliness in Eden, we won't need sex. Note: I have not included apple trees in the flora and fauna, so Adam will not be tempted and his ribs will remain intact. Anyway, his Eve will already be there. As for babies, they will be found under giant lily pads. Robots will take care of the babies, who will never cry; they will all grow up perfect.

There won't be any form of government. People will instinctively do what makes them and other people happy.

GRAND STREET is a literary quarterly based in New York City that publishes original fiction, poems, articles, and translations. Ben Sonnenberg is the editor.

den is somewhere like the lobby of the old Astor Hotel, which used to be on Broadway between Forty-fourth and Fourty-fifth streets: bar over there, newsstand here, lots of bedrooms upstairs, and a drugstore outside on the corner. No four-wheeled vehicles, no dogs or cats, no weather, no nature whatever. Except human nature, mostly in the form of out-of-towners. many surprisingly bookish. I envision as well Hazel Scott talking with H. L. Mencken, Peter Arno with John Maynard Keynes. Not far away is a theater showing only Japanese movies.

SAVVY is a magazine for executive women that places particular value on entrepreneurship. Its editor is Wendy Reid Crist.

ANDSCAPE: The northern Pacific coast, where the ocean slams against the rocks, and the rocks are filled with tide pools, and the tide pools are filled with anemones. The coastline and its sentinel of redwoods, the wild rivers, and the firforested mountains are politically undisputed.

CLIMATE: Determined by ocean winds within two miles of the coast-foggy, rainy. Over the first line of mountains, the weather of Pasadena, California, when there is no smog.

LANGUAGE: For close friends, a sensual, gentle Spanish: for lovers. Portuguese: for acquaintances, Japanese. English is written and spoken for business; Russian, for science. Klamath and Wivot dialects are needed for survival in the wild. No one ever speaks French.

FOOD: Because everyone was breast-fed, there is no problem with cholesterol, and vast amounts of butter and cheese and cream and eggs are common in the daily diet.

MUSIC: Whistling and spontaneous singing of songs popular before 1970.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS: Feeds of deep-pit roasted beef, venison, lamb, grilled salmon, or mussels, attended by huge groups of extended families. They often feature open-air performances of Shakespeare, during which everyoneà la The Rocky Horror Picture Show-shouts all the lines. These are followed by all-night country dances in big clean halls with bright lights and lots of beer.

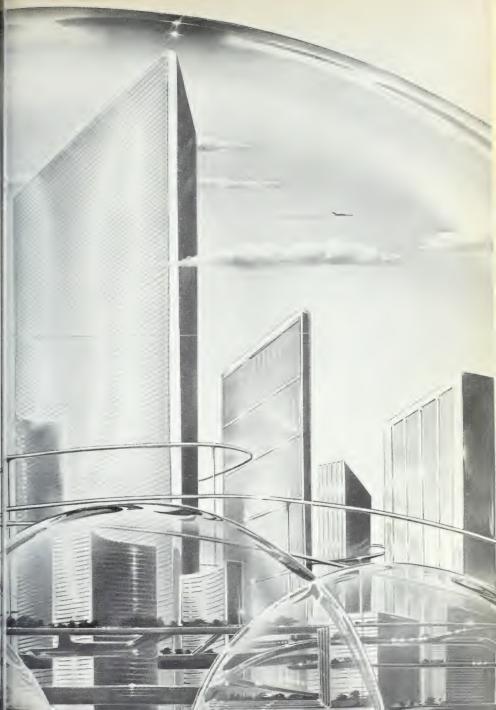
HOLIDAYS: Celebrated with parades led by elementary-school and high-school bands playing slow Iberian processionals and fast American recessionals. Children carry flowers and there are fire engines—but no cars, no grand marshals, no floats, and no public officials.

TRANSPORTATION: Pickup trucks, jeeps, bicycles; electric cars in town; fast Japanese-manufactured trains. Trips around the territory are made in Gulfstream jets.

CLOTHES: Constant recycling of clothing through "exchange" shops; thus, an abundance of "new" clothes. Style is a fluid, personal expression, and, depending on one's mood, dress ranges from jeans and plaid flannel shirts to suits of the 1940s to Empire-period costumes with exposed bosoms.

WAR: Unknown, but feuds are plentiful; only those whose pride or property is at direct risk





take part. Feuds are a source of gossip, news, and the tension needed to appreciate serenity and arouse passion.

CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES: Gummed surfaces. Nothing may be affixed to anything else unless the elements to be joined are mutually designed for that purpose. There are no bumper stickers, no postage stamps, and no Avery labels.

RELIGION: Fierce, joyous, and outer-directed. No gurus, no horoscopes, no mantras. People pray for the grieving and bring them casseroles.

FORM OF GOVERNMENT: Adapted from the English Parliament. Two Houses, one made up of natives, property holders, and entrepreneurs, the other of renters and newcomers. Elections are frequent, governments collapse regularly, and bribes and barter are common methods of getting things done.

## Charles Fourier

When the Head Fairy waves her wand a semibacchanalia gets underway. The members of both groups rush into each other's arms, and in the ensuing scramble caresses are liberally given and received. Everyone strokes and investigates whatever comes to hand and surrenders himself or herself to the unfettered impulses of simple nature. Each participant flits from one person to another, bestowing kisses everywhere with as much eagerness as rapidity. Everyone also makes a special point of encountering those individuals who caught his or her eye earlier. This brief bacchanalia allows people to verify the physical attributes of those to whom they are attracted, and it can lay the groundwork for the establishment of sympathetic relationships between people who are more inclined to physical than spiritual pleasure.

—In Harmony, the daily burdens of agricultural labor are relieved by sessions in the court of love.

## Edward Bellamy

'It appears to me, Miss Leete,' I said, 'that if we could have devised an arrangement for providing everybody with music in their homes, perfect in quality, unlimited in quantity, suited to every mood, and beginning and ceasing at will, we should have considered the limit of human felicity already attained, and ceased to strive for further improvements.'

—From Looking Backward 2000–1887, the latenineteenth-century utopian novel.

# NEW YORK NATIVE is a bi-

weekly newspaper published in New York City for the gay community. Brett Averill is its editor.

den is neither a place nor a state of mind but a palpable sense of belonging, of being a wel come, necessary, and contributing member of a congenial social order. It can be dangerous to be an insider. Nonetheless, that is what many of uwant, particularly we racial, sexual, and eco nomic outlaws who view ourselves as having been twice cast out of the Garden: once by my thology, once by mythologists. These notes therefore, take the form of musings on the practices and characteristics of an Arcadia for the unappreciated. My particular Eden is a gay and lesbian homeland (sympathetic others welcome too); it is surrounded by complementary city states of other people's devising-not ghettos necessarily, but free zones for trade in divergenattributes and ideals.

LANDSCAPE: Wide beaches along an aquamarine sea, steep mountains, dramatic vistas, rain forests, majestic plains in the interior, a small desert or two.

CLIMATE: Tropical and predictable, with steady, cooling trade winds. Intense sunshine blazing through azure skies, startling for their clarity. Occasional violent thunderstorms.

TEMPERAMENT OF THE POPULACE: Peaceable, urbane, rational, inquisitive, given to peeking through spyglasses into neighbors' windows.

SEXUALITY: Openly expressed and enthusiastically practiced with friends, strangers, and lovers. Partnership ceremonies available (but not promoted) for couples and ménages, gay and otherwise.

RELIGION: Secular Buddhism with traces of Taoism. Selective totemism.

EDUCATION: Thorough and progressive. Free throughout a citizen's lifetime.

OWNERSHIP OF PROPERTY: An alien concept, as among many aboriginal tribes.

TRADE: Heavily dependent on barter. Small, lo cally obtainable pebbles occasionally used as currency.

ENFORCEMENT OF ORDER: Limited to the prevention of violent crimes.

STRATEGIC VALUE: None.

MILITARY: All retired and disarmed.

PRINCIPAL HOLIDAYS: Halloween, New Year's Eve, Gay Pride Day.

SOURCES OF POWER: Sun, wind, water, a little

ARCHITECTURE: In town—Edwardian houses, Victorian gingerbread cottages, small postmodern skyscrapers, occasional Egyptian and Greek facades (but not on institutional buildings). In the country—clapboard houses, wigwams, and enthusiastically tinted stucco shacks. No glass in the windows, only louvers.

INTERIOR DESIGN: Traditional Japanese.

LANDSCAPING: Zen gardens, banyan trees, dazzling tropical flowers, small Roman temples.

PUBLIC ART FORM: Sand painting.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS: Opera, movies, buskers, political rallies, gymnastic demonstrations; vocal recitals and performances of reggae, jazz, New Wave, and classical music in the parks.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION: Many newspapers, magazines, journals, books, newsreels, and television and radio stations, all with wildly conflicting points of view. Some serious, some trashy; very much like the American press.

MEANS OF LONG-DISTANCE COMMUNICATION: Letters, telegrams, personal computers. No telephones.

LOCAL SAINTS: Hadrian and Antinoüs, Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, Magnus Hirschfeld, Hannah Arendt, Flannery O'Connor, Tennessee Williams, Harvey Milk.

LIVING NATIONAL TREASURES: Christopher Isherwood, Allen Ginsberg, Tobias Schneebaum, Edmund White, the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence.

EADER'S DIGEST is published in seventeen languages and is purchased by 31 million people each month. Edward T. Thompson is the editor in chief.

The quintessence of editing is to achieve maximum clarity and feeling in a minimum of words. (Few writers display this talent of their own volition, hence the deep service editors render to readers.) No magazine practices this more perfectly than *Reader's Digest*, and in that context my concept of Eden can be condensed to a single phrase: Susie, my wife.

FORBES is one of the nation's leading magazines on business and finance. Sheldon Zalaznick is the managing editor.

ANDSCAPE: Handsome plains punctuated by assertive hills and stands of fine old trees. Near a great river leading to the sea. Less-than one tankful's drive from serious mountains and splendid beaches. A place, in short, rather like the northwest Bronx.

CLIMATE: Four seasons—bone-chilling winters, hopeful springs, beastly summers, and poignant autumns. Rather like the northwest Bronx.

ETHNIC ORIGIN OF INHABITANTS: Highly varied, rather like the northwest Bronx.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES: Everything metric, but lots of slang terms for various portions, e.g., a gaffe of gin (10 milliliters), a fiasco of gasoline (fill 'er up).

RELIGION: Reformed Druid. Annual orgies, strictly voluntary, including painting oneself blue and frolicking in the woods. No human or animal sacrifice. The issue of whether women may celebrate the Druidical sacraments is long since settled. They may.

CAPITAL: Deserted ten months of the year.

FORM OF GOVERNMENT: Participatory fascism. Powerful enough to keep essential services going, but sufficiently corrupt to be only rarely a menace. Rather like the northwest Bronx.

ECONOMIC ACTIVITIES: The largest component of Eden's gross national product derives from the production of musical instruments, especially terrific pianos and harpsichords, and the exchange of services related to their use in concert by master players. Agriculture is among the most profitable lines of work. The cultivation of zucchini is illegal.

FORMAL DRESS: Absolutely. This Eden greatly values dressing-up (and down). Males are taught to ask themselves: What would Fred Astaire wear? Depending on their age, females are taught to think Florence Eiseman, preppie, or Ralph Lauren.

PUBLIC STATUES: None. But most bus stops and public squares have a large, indestructible kiosk for the posting of bills, notices, and offers of piano instruction, and for the display of graffiti.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS: Street music of all kinds—military bands, steel bands, break dancers, jugglers. Some movie houses thrive by selling advance seating at whatever price the market will bear and serving the holders of such seats Colombian coffee in the lounge.

#### MOTHER JONES is named after Mary Harris Jones. orator, union organizer, and hell-raiser. Devidre English is the executive editor.

ANDSCAPE: A precipitous, indented seacoast, like southern Ireland or northern California. There is at least one live volcano, which provides the only frisson of danger. There is no war, no political terrorism, no murder, and no nuclear weapons.

CLIMATE: The days are crisp and sunny, like winter in San Francisco. The nights are warm, as in the tropics, but the air is cooled by coastal hences.

SOCIAL CLASS: Class X, of course.

LANGUAGE: The vocabulary of English, the tonality of Chinese, the melodic inflections of Italian, the glottal stops of Swahili.

RELIGION: Zen-like in its detachment from materialistic striving, with heavy witchy overtones. Nature is deified. Her gods and goddesses play among the mortals.

SIZE OF CAPITAL: There is no capital.

FORM OF GOVERNMENT: Passionately democratic. Both sexes and all minorities are fairly represented. The economy is planned by local and national information-feedback networks. Talent, dedication, and even competitiveness are fostered and richly rewarded, but by nonmonetary means.

SOURCES OF NATURAL POWER: Predominantly solar. No nukes.

ECONOMIC ACTIVITIES: The hierarchy of rewards for productive and nonproductive (or reproductive) work that exists today has been reversed. Private life, education, health, art, and science are recognized as the primary values. Super high-technology commodity production provides for the basic needs of all individuals, leaving them free to devote themselves to those values. Society has been largely demonetized; the marginal money economy serves as a seedbed of creative ideas.

FORMAL DRESS: Fashion is an art, drawing on ethnic history as well as on new trends. But punk is dead.

PUBLIC STATUES AND ENTERTAINMENT: Everyone is celebrated during his or her lifetime with joyous tributes. There are elaborate public plazas surrounded by state-of-the-art stereo equipment that plays reggae, rock-and-roll, Mississippi blues, Beethoven, and Andean flute music.

THE FAMILY: Raising children is considered the most intellectually fascinating and emotionally

satisfying occupation, and the state lavishes its resources on it. Men and women share the experience equally.

GENDER: Androgyny is widespread. Women are more autonomous and men more sensitive than they are now, but there are still distinct genders.

SEX: Sexual preferences vary widely and sexual experimentation abounds, ranging from celibacy and monogamy to polyandry, polygamy, omnigamy, and wild, uncategorizable libertinism.

## NATIONAL LAMPOON is a

humor magazine founded by three alumni of the Harvard Lampoon. Kevin Curran, Glenn Eichler, Peter Gaffney, Fred Graver, and Sean Kelly are the editors.

ANDSCAPE: J. M. Barrie's Never-Never Land is about ideal.

CLIMATE: Lots of weather, all controlled, like in a shopping mall. We hold the controls.

LANGUAGE: Swiss, English, Dolphin . . . whatever. Our Eden has a 100-year moratorium on regarding language as the expression of anything important. The moment someone says or writes something, it is dismissed as folderol.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES: In an effort to reinstate babies to their proper place as the basis of all civilization, the first baby born each year would become the standard for weights and measures. "That weighs about one and a half Debbies," we would say, or "Ir's about seventeen Maxes long."

RELIGION: Voodoo, but in an easygoing, Mediterranean sort of way.

FORM OF GOVERNMENT: A huge, impersonal bureaucracy, symbolized by a huge, yellow, smiling face on wall posters and currency.

SOURCES OF NATURAL POWER: Pyramids. Also, there's a guy named Al in everybody's basement who pedals a bicycle hooked up to a generator twenty-four hours a day. When he starts to get sluggish, you hit him on the head with a giant spoon specially designed for the purpose.

ECONOMIC ACTIVITIES: Strip mining, working with asbestos fibers, investment banking.

LIMOUSINE ROUTES: Must pass through ghettos.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT: If you want, Al will unhook his bicycle from the generator and run down to the store. Also, everyone has a big old Cadillac and runs into everyone else's mailbox with it.

FORMAL DRESS: Early Halloween, Masks a must.

SOURCES OF PUBLIC INFORMATION: Entertainment Tonight is broadcast twenty-four hours a day, and all news events have to be inferred from celebrity reaction to them.

PUBLIC STATUES: Confined to famous defunct sculptors and cartoon characters that never quite caught the public's fancy.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS: Lawver-baiting, bowling on LSD, shooting at random objects in the shadows, riding motorcycles and off-road vehicles at town meetings, drunken barking at celestial objects, Hovercraft free-for-alls, jet-pack poker, bullfighting, blessing of tuna cans, and watching Edv Williams's films.

SOURCE OF ORGAN TRANSPLANTS: Ed McMahon

HOLIDAYS REQUIRING FAMILY GET-TOGETHERS: None. Oh, all right, Sam Shepard's birthday.

ANNUAL MAGAZINE SPECIAL: People magazine's "Mother Teresa Swimsuit Issue."

HICAGO TRIBUNE is edited by James D. Squires. It is the largest-selling daily newspaper in Chicago and throughout the Midwest.

ANDSCAPE: San Francisco without cracks in the earth.

CLIMATE: A Chicago spring; something seen so rarely is undoubtedly magnificent.

ETHNIC ORIGIN OF INHABITANTS: Varied, as in Shinar. There are only minorities, and political alliances are forbidden.

LANGUAGE: Southernese, East Texas variety.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES: Limited. A pinch, a handful, fill this bag, and need a truck.

RELIGION: Abundant, but silent and tolerant.

SIZE OF CAPITAL: Small enough not to need a phone company.

FORM OF GOVERNMENT: None preferred, but benevolent dictatorship acceptable.

SOURCES OF NATURAL POWER: Wind, water, sun, and raw vegetables.

ECONOMIC ACTIVITIES: Farming, fishing, seven card stud, and other games of chance.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT: Bicycles, horses, trains, and boats small enough for bass fishing.

ARCHITECTURE: American colonial.

DOMESTIC FURNITURE AND EQUIPMENT: Whatever holds up, plus microwaves and refrigerators with ice makers.

FORMAL DRESS: None permitted.

SEMIFORMAL DRESS: Great Gatsby, casual pio-

SOURCES OF PUBLIC INFORMATION: Good American newspapers.

PUBLIC STATUES: Pigeons, legendary editors, and Brooklyn Dodgers who are in the Hall of Fame.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS: Parades, pre-1955 movies, all music not appealing to teenagers.

# William Shakespeare

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things: for no kind of traffic Would I admit: no name of magistrate: Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation: all men idle, all; And women too, but innocent and pure; No sovereignty:-

All things in common nature should produce. Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

—In The Tempest, a shipwrecked Gonzalo dreams of a perfect world.

## Karl Marx

In communist society, where nobody has one exclusive sphere of activity but each can become accomplished in any branch he wishes, society regulates the general production and thus makes it possible for me to do one thing today and another tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticize after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, shepherd or

-Life in the truly human society after the division of labor has been transcended, as depicted in The German Ideology.

THE PARIS REVIEW is an once national quarterly that publishes fiction, poetry, art, and interviews with contemporary writers. George Plimpton, its editor, is also the author of Paper Lion and other books.

an island. Something along the lines of the Sevehelles—with a coastline of granite rocks, like Henry Moore sculptures, rising out of a warm tropical sea.

A few incidentals: a large and perfectly balanced boomerang, some bright-colored bathtub toys with small propellers and keys to wind them up, the ingredients and tools for making and setting off large aerial fireworks (along with an instruction booklet), athletic equipment, and a substantial amount of fishing gear, including a number of small red and white bobs.

The island compound would feature a dining pavilion among the palm trees, or a hall, rather, a somewhat baronial edifice with excellent acoustics, so that conversations, even very whispery ones, would not drift up into the rafters and get lost among the ceremonial flags. On hand would be an excellent butler, quite deaf, but faithful, and willing to help with the fireworks.

The compound would contain a number of guesthouses. These small mushroomlike struc-

tures, set apart from each other, would all have views of the sea. They would be well appointed inside, each one having a white fan turning slowly on the ceiling and a large porcelain washbasin with a neatly folded, fluffed-up towel alongside. Every afternoon I would know my guests were being installed into these accommodations by the sounds of the houseboys chattering excitedly among themselves as they carried the baggage from the quay.

I would not see my guests before dinner, my own day being quite somnolent. Oh, a little boomerang tossing, perhaps, the construction of an aerial bomb or two, some bait-casting in the mangrove swamps, and surely a bit of a rub before dinner. (It's not that I would feel unfriendly toward my guests, simply that my personal pursuits, especially sitting in a rub winding up a small blue tugboat, would not be especially conducive to their companionship.)

The guest list would be composed of people! have never met. Not only that, they would be dead. Ludwig II, the mad king of Bavaria, dined alone with busts of various dignitaries—Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette among them—set on chairs down the length of the banquet hall at Linderhof, and carried on an animated if slightly one-sided conversation with them. My guests would be the real shades.



Many of them would be seagoing people—the captain of the deserted brigantine Mary Celeste; Joshua Slocum, who also disappeared at sea; Richard Haliburton, who may have fallen off the stern of a Chinese junk; and the captain of the Iron Mountain, that paddle-wheeler whose parges once floated down the Mississippi. Amelia Earhart, of course, and Judge Crater (what an interesting guest he would be). Ambrose Bierce, who said, "To be a gringo in Mexico, ah, that is euthanasia," and who then disappeared on a reportorial assignment in Mexico, would dine with me. Speaking of Mexico, so would the mysterious B. Traven. And Captain Kidd, to discuss the whereabouts of his vanished treasure. Jimmy Hoffa, to ask if he was really shredded. Shubert, to inquire about the "Lost Symphony," and perhaps to persuade him to play a bit on the standup Yamaha in the corner. Al-hakim, whom the Druse believed to be the reincarnation of God and who disappeared from his palace in 1021, would also be there. And while one couldn't get all the lost tribes of Israel into the guesthouses, at least a few lieutenants would be invited.

Some of my dinner partner choices would be more quixotic. I'd like to hear personally from George Stjernhjelm why he was so convinced that Adam and Eve spoke Swedish. I've always wanted to know why Thomas Cromwell, Oliver's great-uncle, was so anxious to get Henry VIII to marry Anne, the daughter of the duke of Cleves. (The king took one look and hated her. The marriage took place but was never consummated, and Cromwell lost his head. Frightful error of judgment.) So he could have a brandy or two at dinner and perhaps give an odd little talk on matchmaking. And General James Longstreet. Why, I would ask, did he not roll up Cemetrey Ridge when he had the chance?

Finally, I've always wondered what it would be like to wear heavy armor and joust in a tournament—to look through a small slit in a helmet, see one's double across a quarter mile of tilting green, and feel the great horse under me beginning to move. The Black Prince might describe that. Henry II of France was killed in one of those tournaments, so he might not be as enthusiastic a raconteur as the Black Prince, who died in his bed. But a lively discussion between them about the pros and cons of jousting might ensue at the banquet table.

I don't know how much of this it would be possible to take. It could be numbing, especially if the captain of the Mary Celeste, for example, turned out to be defensive and stuffy. So my Arcadia would also have a swift means of escape—preferably a drug-runner's cigarette boat with a deep rumble of a motor in it, which, after a time, would tie up at a New York pier where, waiting in a fine mist, there would be a yellow cab.

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INSCOURSE: Usually civil, but tense, with argument and feeling.

LANGUAGE: Robust and resonant, neither thin nor overly fastidious.

SCHOOLS: Those in which students study and professors profess with no possible confusion of function.

PENAL SYSTEMS: Those that punish.

ATTITUDE TOWARD LOVE AND MARRIAGE: Reverential.

PSYCHOANALYTIC MODEL: Ordinary conversation with the object of truthfulness rather than definitive explanation.

SOURCES OF POETIC INSPIRATION: O. Mandelstam (in translation!), Robert Lowell, Ben Belitt, Seamus Heaney.

CRITICAL MODELS: Lionel Trilling, R. P. Blackmur.

ATTITUDE TOWARD RELIGION: Still the future of an illusion.

ATTITUDE TOWARD PLAY: A fundamental endowment sadly on the way to becoming a fetishized commodity.

ATTITUDE TOWARD HIGH SERIOUSNESS: Better than low seriousness.

ATTITUDE TOWARD HAPPINESS: All happy families are not alike.

BOOKS: Triumph of the Therapeutic; The Culture of Narcissism; Lying, Despair, Jealousy, Envy, Sex, Suicide, Drugs and the Good Life.

MACHINE OF CHOICE: Hand-operated guillotine.

POLITICS: Mistrust of the powerful, willingness to play for low stakes.

ATTITUDE TOWARD DOUBT: Simply decide in favor of what is correct.

ATTITUDE TOWARD VIRTUE: That of a busy surgeon with a job to do.

ATTITUDE TOWARD COMPULSIVE IRONY: An attractive alternative to self-loathing.

SATIRIST, WISE MAN, SOURCE OF INVENTIVE ONE-LINERS: Karl Kraus.

# Are "schoolboy scuffles" in the White House damaging Reagan's chances to achieve world peace?



"My frankness may startle.

When Alexander M. Haig, Jr., became U.S. Secretary of State, good heart, a sound conception of America, and the common touch,"

Today, "it remains my hope as an American that history will have reason to call Reagan great."

But "staff mischief," Haig

believes, may prevent it.

And so, saddened and alarmed, he has written his Caveat

"My frankness may startle," Haig predicts.

It will

"shaken by the Samsons of populism and petty ambition." he saw in President Reagan "a figure who possessed great gifts of leadership—an honest mind, a

Haig's account of his stormy tenure as Secretary of State is salted with wit and graced with thoughtful insights, as he discusses the AWACS controversy...China... Poland...the Falklands crisis...and the "mixed signals" that bedeviled our Lebanon experience.

He is forthright—and often surprising—in describing his relationships with Caspar Weinberger, James Baker, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and other Reagan appointees. And he provides his definitive account of the controversial "I am in control here" episode when Reagan was shot.

Alexander Haig's Caveat is more than a warning. It is a bold statement of purpose—one man's view of the direction America's foreign policy must take, and what Ronald Reagan must do, if he "wishes to be among the makers of the future."



# IF POOH WERE PRESIDENT

A tory's riposte to Reaganism By Henry Fairlie

he pretense will be made during the next few months that the presidential election this year is a clash between two political philosophies. But one thing on which almost everyone is agreed is that the liberal philosophy that nourished the Democratic Party a generation or more ago has long since been exhausted. And it has not been replaced by a new one. As Daniel Patrick Moynihan has been saying for several years, "It is a long time since the Democrats had a new idea."

Any notion that the election will be fought over political philosophy also rests on the illusion that voters will be rendering a verdict on four years of conservative government led by a conservative president. It is an illusion because Reaganism as it has been defined and practiced by its author is not a genuinely conservative philosophy; and neither has the alleged conservative revival in the country yielded anything like a true American conservatism.

Political observation and commentary, like political attitudes in general, do not exist outside some context. I used to be known in Britain as one of the spokesmen of a conservative revival that was supposed to be taking place there, as well as in America, in the 1950s. It was with such a reputation that I first visited the United States in 1965, one of my intentions being to discover evidence of an indigenous conservatism here. It was five months after Lyndon Johnson's clobbering of Barry Goldwater when I arrived. Every political columnist in Georgetown assured me that the Republicans would be out of office for another twenty years. As for conservatives (as distinct from mere Republicans), the political columnists disparaged even my inquiries. Anyone who called himself a conservative was dismissed as some halfcrazed prophet who wandered about the deserts of Arizona with no sense that the liberal mainstream set a permanent course the nation must follow.

Soon after my arrival, Irving Kristol took me to lunch with William F. Buckley Jr. at the New York Yacht Club. I was about to embark on a long and slow journey through the South, and asked my two companions the names of conservatives I might visit. They were silent, hemmed and hawed, looked at each other, and were silent again. Surely there must be one name, I protested, and at last Buckley suggested G. Warren Nutter in Charlottesville, who had been an economics adviser and a speechwriter for Goldwater in the 1964 campaign. That was all. It became clear to me that my search for an indigenous American conservatism was going to be extended and even disheartening. Since then I have looked and looked, listened and listened, read

Henry Fairlie's most recent work is Seven Deadly Sins. He is currently writing a book about the American character.

Has Reagan united the classes? Has he created a sound nation? Hardly. He cannot even carry it with him on any venture save conquering a trifling island. Standing tall in Grenada is a scurvy boast for a conservative

and read; and I still cannot find any true American conservatism. I find this regrettable. I have no doubt that a democracy is that much weaker to the extent that it lacks a strong and confident conservative tradition. What passes for conservatism in America now is neither strong nor confident.

The fundamental and persistent weakness of American conservatism is that it is not nourished by any distinct tory spirit. The conservative and the tory may be allies, but they are not the same creatures. Americans may not appreciate how shattering it is to come to their country and find a "conservatism" that has no element of toryism to nourish and humanize and correct it. The conservative can all too easily drift into a morally bankrupt and intellectually shallow defense of those who have it made and those who are on the

make if the tory is not there to remind him of what Edward Heath, in denouncing Margaret Thatcher, called "the ugh,

face of capitalism."

he first mark of the tory is a steady, unvolatile, almost unconscious confidence in the resources and resilience of his society. He is not much disturbed by the "movements" that wash over or through it from time to time. He plants his own saplings; he will not be here to see them when they are grown, but he knows that long after he has gone, and whatever the winds that buffet them, they will take root in the soil of the society and give shade to it. What more can a tory do? More to the point, what more should he do. He can see no reason why those who are the governors of a well-ordered society should spend their time reacting to every fad. Why get hot under the collar about the apparent decline of the traditional family? It was never in question that before long people would wish to recover the traditional family, even if altered (and so strengthened) by the assault that was sprung against it. One may say that the English aristocrat has always been the trues tory because he knows that his own family has survived the most eccentric and often reprobate conduct of its members for centuries.

The second mark of the tory is that he despises "trade" and those in it When John F. Kennedy was president, you could hear tories all over London murmur gruffly over their drinks that if he was put up for their club, he would be blackballed by every member worth his salt. By Jove, sir, how did hi father make his money? (It was interesting to consider how their ancestor had acquired their land. "By the battle-ax," one of them said to me. "Not b trade. By the battle-ax.") But the snobbery of the tory about trade mean that conservatism is challenged from within itself if it limits its purposes to the defense of moneyed entrepreneurs and businessmen. Stanley Baldwir was a businessman, an ironmaster of the Midlands. But he was speaking as at instinctive tory when he described those who were elected to Parliament in 1918 as "a lot of hard-faced men who look as if they had done very well out o the war"; and it was as an instinctive tory that he so remarkably bound th British classes together through industrial bitterness, the 1926 general strike, and even the depression, creating a sound and united nation to which a born tory, Winston Churchill, could so magnificently appeal in 1940. On has only to ask the American conservative: Has Reagan so united th classes? Has he created so sound a nation? He cannot even carry the natio with him on any venture save conquering a trifling island. Standing tall i Grenada is a scurvy boast for a conservative.

English conservatism primarily was a protest against the Industrial Revulution. The real founders of modern toryism were intellectuals, from Coleridge on, who fed their ideas to politicians, of whom Distraeli was the mos spirited; those ideas were kept alive by more recent intellectuals, such a T.S. Eliot—all distrusting and despising trade, all prepared to say with the church, as Eliot did, that capitalism was usury (as they bluntly called it), a believing that capitalism, if unchecked, would destroy community and nation. It is hard to find in American conservatism any reliable tradition the says it is not sufficient for conservatives to defend the moneyed merican conservation.

The third mark of the tory is his belief in strong central government. The

is the meaning of his support of the Monarchy. (He will always write it with an initial capital letter.) Strong government does not necessarily mean extensive or intrusive government. But of the need for the "political realm" to assert its supremacy over the "economic realm" the tory has not a moment's doubt. He knows that society has its own life apart from the central government, but he does not believe that a nation has any existence apart from the central government. It is not a society but a nation that goes to war and defends itself against its enemies. The tory does not understand the American conservative who will weaken the claims of the government at home while at the same time urging the people to follow the government in defending the nation abroad.

The fourth mark of the tory is that he capitalizes the People. Disraeli, from the beginning to the end of his career, tried to forge an alliance between the Monarchy and the People against the Whig magnates and their liberal supporters who would have plundered and pulled down both; it was as the self-conscious heir to Disraeli's mantle that in 1940 Churchill drew the Monarchy and the People together into the fighting nation. It must not be forgotten: the appeasers were conservatives; the nonappeasers were tories. Those closest to being tories in America today are those who call themselves (Scoop) Jackson Democrats. But why on earth did none of them cry out in pain when Reagan tried to assume Jackson's mantle and throw it over the Administration's pitiful and even abject foreign ventures? Where is the evidence that Reagan has brought the People of America together so that they will support one extended action by their marines overseas? There is none.

There are two sides to the tory. In all that concerns his society he is unexcited, patient, and not inclined to do very much. This is the Pooh in him. Pooh was a tory. As he often engagingly said when one of his plans went awry, he was a "Bear of Very Little Brain." But then he did not set much store by either plans or brains. In their place, he had wisdom. He knew that the Forest was governed, season after season, by laws he did not understand. Left to himself, he would have done nothing. The Forest would be there when he woke up; even more assuring, he knew that it was there while he was asleep. But he was not left to himself. Most of the other animals in the Forest were anxious and overexcited. Since Pooh was never excited never—they came to him with their worries; and it was with considerable skepticism, but also with an understanding that they needed to be reassured, that he went in search of the Woozle, and even of Eeyore's tail. As a good tory, Pooh was never surprised to find things where they ought to be. Not until Eeyore found that his tail was missing by looking between his legs did Pooh decide he must do something. On the whole, Pooh was very much like the landed tories of England, whom Walter Bagehot described as "the stupid party." The tory knows that one should not meddle with society; and that if anything goes wrong, it will not go wrong for very long or with much harm

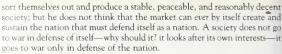
But surrounding Pooh were lots of agitating conservatives: Rabbit and Kanga, even Piglet, and especially Tigger. They were all afraid of the Forest. They were like liberals who had been mugged. Tigger was the most agitated. When he saw something unfamiliar, it sent him into a whorl of anxiety and a whirl of activity. He saw a cloth on Pooh's table and at once attacked it, rolling himself up in it until he at last got his head out and asked: "Have I won?" That is exactly how many contributors to Commentary write nowadays. Pooh gave the only sensible answer, the answer of a tory: "That's my tablecloth."

Although the tory does not feel exercised about the way his society appears to be going, he looks nonetheless to an active central government to draw out of that society the nation that knows itself and will act as a nation. He relies on society to look after itself, with a little nudging here and there, but does not rely on it to know itself as a nation. A tory might (for the sake of argument) agree that the marketplace enables different private interests to

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The American conservative won't look to discover the nation where it alone exists. It is sustained activity of a strong central government. The nation and he brought to you, as if it were Masterpiece Theatre, by a grant from Mobil Oil



And where in modern societies is the nation to be found except in the activity of and allegiance to a strong central government? The Wall Street Journal is a highly intelligent—if not so intelligent as it thinks—observer and defender of American society. But I defy anyone to find the American nation anywhere in its commentaries. What is more, like many American conservatives, it knows this. From time to time, like Eeyore searching for his tail, it tries to 'find the nation. It does not find it because it does not accept that the nation exists only in the sustained activity and energy of a strong central government. This is the importance of Irving Kristol's recent proclamation that he is not only a patriot but a nationalist. So he would like to be; and so, one may even say, he tries to be. But no one can be a nationalist from the marketplace. The question the British conservative must in the end always level at the American conservative has also to be put

to him: "Where is your Monarch, Mr. Kristol?" For the nation cannot be brought to you, as if it were Masterpiece Theatre, by a grant from Mobil Oil.

he British conservative is also ready with another question, although it can be too pat: "Where is your past?" How can one be a conservative unless one allows a special dominion to the past? It is not at all surprising that Kristol, whom I regard as by far the most intelligent and interesting of those who are trying to work out an American conservative philosophy, begins by disowning the past. He may raise his eyebrows and say that he has not done so. But here we come close to a distinction that has to be made between conservatism and Reaganism, and one must ask what meaning can be attached to these words of Kristol's to which he deliberately gives weight: "What is 'neo' ('new') about this conservatism is that it is resolutely free of nostalgia. It, too, claims the future."

That "nostalgia" is one of Kristol's many escape words: the hatch in a submarine or the bay in a spacecraft through which an idea can escape without any harm to the body of ideas left within. One's mind glides over it even as one reads: How right to be "resolutely free of nostalgia." But whenever has a true conservatism been informed by nostalgia? Far from yearning for the past or wishing to recover it or live in it, the conservative cares so much for the past that he wants only to leave it alone. The past is itself, or, as the English conservative philosopher Michael Oakeshott would have said without wincing, the past is herself. Do not touch her. Do not think to rebuke her. Thou art so beautiful—those haunting words of Faust—stay as thou art.

With his disavowal of nostalgia, Kristol seems to shake the past from him, like a dog coming out of a river; and in this he is representative not only of the neoconservatives but of most American conservatives. When he does reach to the past, which he often does to make his argument, it is to plunder it. The past is usable to him—an especially American notion—and is interesting for its prescriptions. From the past he will, no less, "claim the future." The idea of any true conservative "claiming the future" is so wrongheaded that one can only suggest that Kristol go back to City College with his fellow Trotskyite students and begin plotting the future again on the back of a greasy frankfurter wrapper.

Kristol's vocabulary is unfailingly instructive and tells us much about American conservatism generally. Having apparently disposed of the past, he then makes an enthralling statement. Taken word by word as an unconscious illustration of the predicament of American conservatives, it is an eye-opener: "Neoconservatism is not merely patriotic—that goes without saying—but also nationalist. Patriotism springs from love of the nation's



past; nationalism arises out of hope for the nation's future, distinctive greatsess." Patriotism and nationalism need to be distinguished. But Kristol has tot it all ass-backward. Patriotism does not spring from "love of the nation's past." Kristol was a staff sergeant during World War II. (He is still the ndispensable staff sergeant of the conservative intellectual movement.) Let im recall the photographs in any combat soldier's wallet. They speak of his patriotism, but they do not speak of any love of his nation's past; they are pictures of a farm or a mean street back home, of a backyard, of a dog, of a girl, of parents. The pictures in his wallet are images of the society he loves as t is now, and that he knows (with as little fussing as Pooh) will go on much is before. What soldier was ever willing to fight and die for his nation's past? His patriotism is rooted in the present. But nationalism does spring from a lesire to recreate the nation's past and make it live. Let Kristol recall men uch as Herder, who sprang on the world a whole new school of history in order to find in the imagined past the hazy notions to fire a new nationalism. Dh! the mists of the past, without which nationalism has no life. Patriotism s satisfied to defend the nation now. Nationalism drags in the nation's past o make it speak sense; and that sense, being false, is always destructive.

The American conservative is always confusing nationalism with patriotsm in this way. That is why the "superpatriot" in the American conservative sets our teeth on edge. It is also why American conservatism, whether solationist as in the past or interventionist as it is now, seldom forms a true oreign policy. Nationalism never had and never can have a foreign policy. It is a popular, demagogic notion for domestic consumption. It is always urned inward. It is, quite simply, a vote-getter for demagogues who have tothing else to offer. It has to embrace the past, that past the superpatriot so alsely loves, for it has no love for the present. When we consider why Reagan's foreign policy has left the Stars and Stripes more tattered even than

before, we should remember that nationalism cannot tell us where the nation's interests lie. The nation's interests are not its concern, because the nation's present is not its concern.

he brilliance of Reaganism lies in its constant play with the past and he future in order to neglect the present. The rhetoric of Reaganism is a orce in itself. It has little to do with conservatism. In fact it is radically, Ilmost violently, hostile to any true conservatism. The apparent simplicity of the rhetoric should not make us deaf to its sincerity and its original if inconscious subtlety.

What does Reagan offer the American people? He offers them progress. Progress is a curious lamp for a conservative to hold before the people. But it is the lamp that Reagan waves. "Progress" was the key word in his homilies or General Electric; the business of General Electric was progress, and the business of America, now as always, is progress. It is this that enables him to clothe with virtue policies that have little other reason than to nourish the great corporations. America will progress to its appointed destiny with a grant from General Electric. Big Business is one huge Foundation for the Progress of America; and since Americans like so empty a word as "progress," they are only too willing to go on funding the foundation.

But progress to what? What is the "appointed destiny"? Big Business has no idea. Reagan really has no idea. But this is where Reaganism makes its Jazzling about-face. No one but Reagan could make such rhetoric out of a U-turn. For America according to Reaganism is to progress toward its past. The fact that it is to be a more idyllic past than ever existed does not corrupt the innocent beauty of the vision. There never was the past of republican virtue and thrift and prudence and neighborliness and self-help to which Reagan invites the American people. So where does he promise to take them? Why, back to the Land of Back.

A vague prevailing mood in the country responds readily to this. The United States is plagued with "back to" movements. Back to Basics. Back to the Family. Back to Babies. Back to Religion. (But not, very clearly, back to

Nationalism never had and never can have a foreign policy. It is a popular, demagogic notion for domestic consumption. It is always turned inward. It is quite simply a vote-getter for demagogues who have nothing else to offer

Reaganism has not been able to create a nation that will act, but it is very busy meddling with a society that the conservative would leave to look after itself. Reaganism likes to keep the American people excited about things of very little significance

God.) Back to Discipline. Back to the Rod. And, of course, Back to the Closet. Back, oh, yes, please, to the Land of Back. That progress, which usually frightens the average conservative, should lead to so green and familiar a pasture, is the wonder. This idea of progress is no more real than the fishes' dream of heaven in Rupert Brooke's poem: "And in that heaven of all their wish, / There shall be no more land, say fish." That is the promise o Reaganism. It works—how could it fail?—in speeches. There is not one o us who does not sigh with nostalgia when Reagan holds out the vision that IBM, Exxon, Xerox, McDonald's, Montgomery Ward, Du Pont, and the rest will make America again a land of contented and peaceable husbandmen, even in the huge cities in which present-day capitalism alone car thrive. America is to progress to its beginning, the beginning it never had In the future it is to escape from the present to the idyllic past. Magic! It is a magic that has an immediate attraction for Americans.

One way of appreciating the power of Reagan's imagery is to recall Rich ard Hofstadter's famous quip that America is the one country that, starting from perfection, yet aspires to progress. That is exactly the astonishing union Reaganism contrives in its rhetoric. There is no true relation betweer that rhetoric and conservatism. For if the conservative does not love his society as it is now, with all its fads and follies, then, one wonders, who wil

love it, and what does he really love?

The fact that a false picture of the past and a false reading of the present lie at the heart of the vision leads to what is both unconservative and truly damaging in Reaganism. There is nothing all that wrong in itself in a little nostalgia for an idealized past. If the communist is driven to question the present from an imagined and ideal future, the conservative is sometime driven to question it from an imagined and ideal past. Placing the Golder Age in the past has cost far fewer lives than placing it in the future. Men will not kill to get back to the Land of Back, for which we may be relieved. Yet we must consider that when this reach to an idealized past is made, the aims o public policy become confused. It may even explain why Reaganism canno persuade Americans to fight. That also is part of the Land of Back: Bring the boys back home. This reveals the crucial fault in both Reaganism and American conservatism. Reaganism has not been able to create the nation tha will act out of a society that it places only in the past and the future.

What is so disturbing about Reaganism is that, while it cannot create the nation with the will to defend itself again, it is very busy meddling with the

society that a conservative would leave to look after itself.

It is not at all surprising that those who now call themselves conservative are full of prescriptions for doing something to society. Oakeshott said tha what the conservative most abhors are those who bring a recipe book to politics. But from the New Right to the neoconservatives, American con servatives today have their eyes in recipe books. They will cook up a storm They will tinker. They will agitate. Let one homosexual, coke-snorting student bum get hold of two food stamps, and the whole apparatus of govern ment is brought into play. The true conservative would not think it was worth rousing public opinion or arming the Justice Department to trap on dopey felon. Yet that is precisely what American conservatives would do it place of developing a policy or public philosophy. Reaganism likes to keet the American people excited about things of very little significance.

This is not the occasion to argue in detail that America is a country with no political philosophy. The failure of every effort in the past thirty years to construct a conservative political philosophy is only the most recent evidence of that fact. But before the pundits begin reading into this year' election a meaning it will not have, one needs to be clear that in Novembe the people will not be rendering a verdict on a conservative presidency—because there has been no conservative occupying the White House—bu a judgment on the illusions and seductions of the rare and exotic phenomenon of Reaganism. Will the American people vote again for a mirage

Probably.

## MAKING MEDICAL MISTAKES

How doctors harm patients—and themselves By David Hilfiker, M.D.

warm July morning. I finish my rounds at our small county hospital around nine o'clock and walk across the parking lot to the clinic. I am a primary-care practitioner, a family doctor; my partners and I work together in a small office building. After greeting the receptionist, I look through the list of my day's appointments and notice that Barb Daily will be in for her first prenatal examination. "Wonderful," I think, recalling the joy of helping her deliver her first child two years ago. Barb and her husband, Russ, had been friends of mine before Heather was born, but we grew much closer with the shared experience of her birth. In a rural family practice such as mine, much of every workday is taken up with disease; I look forward to the prenatal visit with Barb, to the continuing relationship with her over the next months, to the prospect of birth.

At her appointment that afternoon, Barb seems to be in good health, with all the signs and symptoms of pregnancy; slight nausea, some soreness in her breasts, a little weight gain. But when the nurse tests Barb's urine to determine if she is pregnant, the result is negative. The test measures the level of a hormone that is produced by a woman and shows up in her urine when she is pregnant. But occasionally it fails to detect the low levels of the hormone during early pregnancy. I reassure Barb that she is fine and schedule another test for the following week.

Barb leaves a urine sample at the clinic a week later, but the test is negative again. I am troubled. Perhaps she isn't pregnant. Her missed menstrual period and her other symptoms could be a result of a minor hormonal imbalance.

David Hilfiker practices medicine in Washington, D.C. He is completing a book on the pressures physicians face. The names of the patients in this article have been changed to protect their privacy.

Maybe the embryo has died within the uterus and a miscarriage is soon to take place. I could find out by ordering an ultrasound examination. This procedure would give me a "picture" of the uterus and of the embryo. But Barb would have to go to Duluth, 110 miles from our village in northern Minnesota, for the examination. The procedure is also expensive. I know the Dailys well enough to know they have a modest income. Besides, by waiting a few weeks, I should be able to find out for sure without the ultrasound: Either the urine test will be positive or Barb will have a miscarriage. I call her and tell her about the negative test result, about the possibility of a miscarriage, and about the necessity of seeing me again if she misses her next menstrual period.

I work in a summer resort area, and it is, as usual, a hectic summer: I think no more about Barb's troubling state until a month later, when she returns to my office. Nothing has changed: still no menstrual period, still no miscarriage. She is confused and upset. "I feel so pregnant," she tells me. I am bothered, too. Her uterus, upon examination, is slightly enlarged, as it was on the previous visit. But it hasn't grown any larger. Her urine test remains negative. I can think of several possible explanations for her condition, including a hormonal imbalance or even a tumor. But the most likely explanation is that she is carrying a dead embryo. I decide it is time to break the bad news to her.

"I think you have what doctors call a 'missed abortion,' "I tell her. "You were probably pregnant, but the baby appears to have died some weeks ago, before your first examination. Unfortunately, you didn't have a miscarriage to get rid of the dead tissue from the baby and the placenta. If a miscarriage doesn't occur within a few weeks, I'd recommend a re-examination, anThe pathologist's report confirmed my worst fears:
I had aborted a living fetus, about eleven weeks old. I had killed Barb's baby

other pregnancy test, and, if nothing shows up, a dilation and curettage procedure to clean out the uterus."

Barb is disappointed; there are tears. She is college educated, and she understands the scientific and technical aspects of her situation; but that doesn't alleviate the sorrow. We talk at some length and make an appointment for two weeks later.

When Barb returns, Russ is with her. Still no menstrual period; still no miscarriage; still another negative pregnancy test, the fourth. I explain to them what has happened. The dead exproy must be removed or there could be serious complications. Barb could become sterile. The conversation is emotionally difficult for all three of us. We schedule the dilation and curettage for later in the week.

Friday morning, Barb is wheeled into the operating room of the sixteen-bed county hospital. Barb, the nurses, and I all know one another—small-town life. The atmosphere is warm and relaxed; we chat before the operation. After Barb is anesthetized, I examine her pelvis again. Her muscles are now completely relaxed, and it is possible to perform a more reliable examination. Her uterus feels bigger than it did two days previously; it is perhaps the size of a small grapefruit. But since all the pregnancy tests were negative and I'm so sure of the diagnosis, I ignore the information from my fingertips and begin the operation.

Dilation and curettage, or D & C, is a relatively simple surgical procedure performed thousands of times each day in this country. First, the cervix is stretched by pushing smooth metal rods of increasing diameter in and out of it. After about five minutes of this, the cervix has expanded enough so that a curette can be inserted through it into the uterus. The curette is another metal rod, at the end of which is an oval ring about an inch at its widest diameter. It is used to scrape the walls of the uterus. The operation is done completely by feel after the cervix has been stretched, since it is still too narrow to see through.

Things do not go easily this morning. There is considerably more blood than usual, and it is only with great difficulty that I am able to extract anything. What should take ten or fifteen minutes stretches out into a half-hour. The body parts I remove are much larger than I expected, considering when the embryo died. They are not bits of decomposing tissue. These are parts of a body that was recently alive!

I do my best to suppress my rising panic and try to complete the procedure. Working blindly, I am unable to evacuate the uterus completely; I can feel more parts inside but cannot remove them. Finally I stop, telling myself that the

uterus will expel the rest within a few days.

Russ is waiting outside the operating room. tell him that Barb is fine but that there were some problems with the operation. Since I don't completely understand what happened, I can't be very helpful in answering his questions. promise to return to the hospital later in the da after Barb has awakened from the anesthesia.

In between seeing other patients that mornin I place several almost frantic phone calls, tryin to piece together what happened. Despite reas surances from a pathologist that it is "impos sible" for a pregnant woman to have four consecutive negative pregnancy tests, the realization i growing that I have aborted Barb's living child. won't know for sure until the pathologist has examined the fetal parts and determined the baby age and the cause of death. In a daze, I walk ove to the hospital and tell Russ and Barb as much a I know for sure without letting them know all suspect. I tell them that more tissue may be expelled. I can't face my own suspicions.

Two days later, on Sunday morning, I receiv a tearful call from Barb. She has just passed som recognizable body parts; what is she to do? Sh tells me that the bleeding has stopped and tha she now feels better. The abortion I began o Friday is apparently over. I set up an appoint ment to meet with her and Russ to review the entire situation.

The pathologist's report confirms my wors fears: I aborted a living fetus. It was about eleve weeks old. I can find no one who can explai why Barb had four negative pregnancy tests. M meeting with Barb and Russ later in the week one of the hardest things I have ever bee through. I describe in some detail what I did an what my rationale had been. Nothing can obscure the hard reality: I killed their baby.

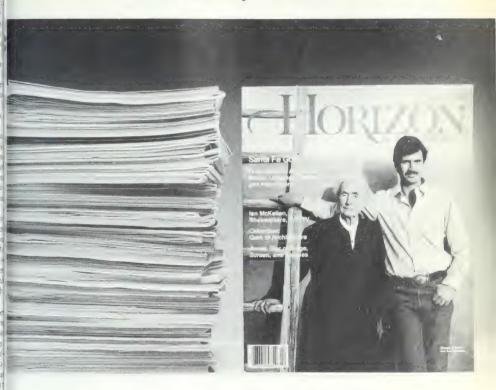
Politely, almost meekly, Russ asks whethe the ultrasound examination would have show that Barb was carrying a live baby. It almos seems that he is trying to protect my feeling trying to absolve me of some of the responsibility. "Yes," I answer, "if I had ordered the ultrasound, we would have known the baby was alive." I cannot explain why I didn

recommend it.

Istakes are an inevitable part of every one's life. They happen; they hurt—ourselve and others. They demonstrate our fallibility Shown our mistakes and forgiven them, we can grow, perhaps in some small way become betto people. Mistakes, understood this way, are process, a way we connect with one another an with our deepest selves.

But mistakes seem different for doctors. The has to do with the very nature of our work. It mistake in the intensive care unit, in the eme

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mistakes from patients, from other doctors, even from themselves. Mistakes become gossip, spoken of

openly only in

court

Doctors hide

gency room, in the surgery suite, or at the sickbed is different from a mistake on the dock or at the typewriter. A doctor's miscalculation or oversight can prolong an illness, or cause a permanent disability, or kill a patient. Few other mistakes are more costly.

Developments in modern medicine have provided doctors with more knowledge of the human body, more accurate methods of diagnosis, more sophisticated technology to help in examining and monitoring the sick. All of that means more power to intervene in the disease process. But modern medicine—with its invasive tests and potentially lethal drugs—has also given doctors the power to do more harm.

Yet precisely because of its technological wonders and near-miraculous drugs, modern medicine has created for the physician an expectation of perfection. The technology seems so exact that error becomes almost unthinkable. We are not prepared for our mistakes and we don't know how to cope with them when they occur.

Doctors are not alone in harboring expectations of perfection. Patients expect doctors to be perfect, too. Perhaps patients have to consider their doctors less prone to error than other people: How else can a sick or injured person, already afraid, come to trust the doctor? Further, modern medicine has taken much of the treatment of illness out of the realm of common sense; a patient must trust a physician to make decisions that he, the patient, only vaguely understands. But the degree of perfection expected by patients is no doubt also a result of what we doctors have come to believe about ourselves, or, better, have tried to convince ourselves about ourselves.

This perfection is a grand illusion, of course, a game of mirrors that everyone plays. Doctors hide their mistakes from patients, from other doctors, even from themselves. Open discussion of mistakes is banished from the consultation room, from the operating room, from physicians' meetings. Mistakes become gossip, and are spoken of openly only in court.

Unable to admit our mistakes, we physicians are cut off from healing. We cannot ask for forgiveness, and we get none. We are thwarted, stunted; we do not grow.

During the days, and weeks, and months after I aborted Barb's baby, my guilt and anger grew. I did discuss what had happened with my partners, with the pathologist, with obstetric specialists. Some of my mistakes were obvious: I had relied too heavily on one test; I had not been skillful in determining the size of the uterus by pelvic examination; I should have ordered the ultrasound before proceeding to the D & C. There was no way I could justify what I had done. To make matters worse, there were complications follow-

ing the D & C, and Barb was unable to become pregnant again for two years.

Although I was as honest with the Dailys as could be, and although I told them everything they wanted to know, I never shared with them my own agony. I felt they had enough sorrow without having to bear my burden as well. I decided it was my responsibility to deal with m. guilt alone. I never asked for their forgiveness.

When I began at the age of thirty to practic medicine, I was certainly not prepared for the reality of my mistakes or my emotional response to them. Like many other physicians, I had entered medical school out of a deep desire to serv people and to relieve suffering. I chose to practice in a remote rural area because it desperatel needed physicians, because it seemed to offer the opportunity to establish a practice with the kin of personal care I wanted to provide, and becaus it seemed to be a good place for me and my famil to live.

Along with three other doctors also commit ted to personal medical care, I practiced fo seven years in that small Minnesota town. Marji and I raised our family, entered into the life of our community, and tried to live out ou dreams. Finally, however, I could no longer tol erate the stresses, and I chose to leave. Dealin

with my mistakes was among the

octors' mistakes come in a variety of pack ages and stem from a variety of causes. For pri mary-care practitioners, who see every kind of problem, from cold sores to cancer, the mistake are often simply a result of not knowing enough One evening during my years in Minnesota local boy was brought into the emergency roor after a drunken driver had knocked him off hi bicycle. I examined him right away. Aside from swelling and bruising of the left leg and foot, h seemed fine. An X-ray showed what appeared t be a dislocation of the foot from the ankle. consulted by telephone with an orthopedic spe cialist in Duluth, and we decided that I coul operate on the boy. As was my usual practice, offered the patient and his mother a choice: could do the operation or they could travel to Duluth to see the specialist. My pride was hull when she decided to take her son to Duluth.

My feelings changed considerably when th specialist called the next morning to thank m for the referral. He reported that the boy ha actually suffered an unusual muscle injury, a poterior compartment syndrome, which ha twisted his foot and caused it to appear to hislocated. I had never even heard of such a syr drome, much less seen or treated it. The boy ha required immediate surgery to save the muscle of his lower leg. Had his mother not decided the

ke him to Duluth, he would have been permaently disabled.

Sometimes a lack of technical skill leads to a stake. After I had been in town a few years. e doctor who had done most of the surgery at e clinic left to teach at a medical school. Since e clinic was more than a hundred miles from e nearest surgical center, my partners and I cided that I should get some additional traing in order to be able to perform emergency rgery. One of my first cases was a young man th appendicitis. The surgery proceeded oothly enough, but the patient did not rever as quickly as he should have, and his heoglobin level (a measure of the amount of ood in the system) dropped slowly. I referred m to a surgeon in Duluth, who, during a secdoperation, found a significant amount of old ood in his abdomen. Apparently I had left a all blood vessel leaking into the abdominal vity. Perhaps I hadn't noticed the oozing blood ring surgery; perhaps it had begun to leak only er I had finished. Although the young man is never in serious danger, although the blood ssel would probably have sealed itself without e second surgery, my mistake had caused conlerable discomfort and added expense.

Often, I am sure, mistakes are a result of simcarelessness. There was the young girl I ated for what I thought was a minor ankle ury. After looking at her X-rays, I sent her me with what I diagnosed as a sprain. A radiogist did a routine follow-up review of the Xvs and sent me a report. I failed to read it carely and did not notice that her ankle had been oken. I learned about my mistake five years er when I was summoned to a court hearing. ne fracture I had missed had not healed proply, and the patient had required extensive eatment and difficult surgery. By that time I uldn't even remember her original visit and id to piece together what had happened from y records.

Some mistakes are purely technical; most inlve a failure of judgment. Perhaps the worst nd involve what another physician has deribed to me as a "failure of will." She was referng to those situations in which a doctor knows e right thing to do but doesn't do it because he distracted, or pressured, or exhausted.

Several years ago I was rushing down the hall the hospital to the delivery room. A young oman stopped me. Her mother had been havg chest pains all night. Should she be brought the emergency room? I knew the mother well, ad examined her the previous week, and knew her recurring bouts of chest pains. She suffered om angina; I presumed she was having another

Some part of me knew that anyone with all-

night chest pains should be seen right away. But I was under pressure. The delivery would make me an hour late to the office, and I was frayed from a weekend on call, spent mostly in the emergency room. This new demand would mean additional pressure. "No," I said, "take her over to the office, and I'll see her as soon as I'm done here." About twenty minues later, as I was finishing the delivery, the clinic nurse rushed into the room. Her face was pale. "Come quick!" she told me. "Mrs. Helgeson just collapsed." I sprinted the hundred vards to the office, where I found Mrs. Helgeson in cardiac arrest. Like many doctors' offices at the time, ours did not have the advanced life-support equipment that helps keep patients alive long enough to get them to a hospital. Despite everything we did, Mrs. Helgeson died.

Would she have survived if I had agreed to see her in the emergency room, where the requisite staff and equipment were available? No one will ever know for sure. But I have to live with the possibility that she might not have died if I had not had a "failure of will." There was no way to rationalize: I had been irresponsible, and a patient had died.

Many situations do not lend themselves to a simple determination of whether a mistake has been made. Seriously ill, hospitalized patients, for instance, require of doctors almost continuous decision-making. Although in most cases no single mistake is obvious, there always seem to be things that could have been done differently or better: administering more of this medication, starting that treatment a little sooner . . . The fact is that when a patient dies, the physician is left wondering whether the care he provided was adequate. There is no way to be certain, for it is impossible to determine what would have happened if things had been done differently. In the end, the physician has to suppress the guilt and move on to the next patient.

Maiya Martinen first came to see me halfway through her pregnancy. I did not know her or her husband well, but I knew that they were solid, hard working people. This was to be their first child. When I examined Maiya, it seemed to me that the fetus was unusually small, and I was uncertain about her due date. I sent her to Duluth for an ultrasound examination and an evaluation by an obstetrician. The obstetrician thought the baby would be small, but he thought it could be safely delivered in the local hospital.

Maiya's labor was quite uneventful, except it took her longer than usual to push the baby through to delivery. Her baby boy was born blue and floppy, but he responded well to routine newborn resuscitation measures. Fifteen minutes after birth, however, he had a short seizure. We checked his blood-sugar level and found it to

Would Mrs. Helgeson have survived if I had agreed to see her in the emergency room? No one will ever know. But I have to live with the fact that had I not had a failure of will. I might have saved her

There is the chance of a mistake with every patient. Medicine is not an exact science. Even in the midst of the humdrum routine of daily care, errors are always possible

be low, a common cause of seizures in small babies who take longer than usual to emerge from the birth canal. We immediately administered intravenous glucose, and baby Marko seemed to improve. He and his mother were discharged from the hospital several days later.

It was about two months later, a few days after I had given him his first set of immunizations, that Marko began having short spells. Not long after that he started to have full-blown seizures. Once again the Martinens made the trip to Duluth, and Marko was hospitalized for three days of tests. No cause for the seizures was found, and he was placed on medication. Marko continued to have seizures, however. When he returned for his second set of immunizations, it was clear to me that he was not doing well.

The remainder of Marko's short life was a tribute to the faith and courage of his parents. He was severely retarded, and the seizures became harder and harder to control. Maiya eventually went east for a few months so Marko could be treated at the National Institutes of Health. But nothing seemed to help, and Maiya and her baby returned home. Marko had to be admitted frequently to the local hospital in order to control his seizures. At two o'clock one morning I was called to the hospital; the baby had had a respiratory arrest. Despite our efforts, Marko died, ending a year and a half struggle with life.

No cause for Marko's condition was ever determined. Did something happen during the birth that briefly cut off oxygen to his brain? Should Maiya have delivered at the high-risk obstetric center in Duluth, where sophisticated fetal monitoring is available? Should I have sent Marko to the neonatal intensive care unit in Duluth immediately after his first seizure in the delivery room? I subsequently learned that children who have seizures should not routinely be immunized. Would it have made any difference if I had never given Marko the shots? There were many such questions in my mind and, I am sure, in the minds of the Martinens. There was no way to know the answers, no way for me to handle the guilt I experienced, perhaps irrationally, whenever I saw Maiya.

The emotional consequences of mistakes are difficult enough to handle. But soon after I started practicing I realized I had to face another anxiety as well: It is not only in the emergency room, the operating room, the intensive care unic, or the delivery room that I can blunder into tragedy. Medicine is not an exact science; errors are always possible, even in the midst of the humdrum routine of daily care. Was that baby I just sent home with a diagnosis of mild viral fever actually in the early stages of serious meningitis? Will that nine-year-old with stomach cramps whose mother I just lectured about psychosomatic illness end up in the hospital tomorro with a ruptured appendix? Did that Vietname refugee have a problem I didn't understand b cause of the language barrier? A doctor has confront the possibility of a mistal

with every patient visit. Ly initial response to the mistakes I di make was to question my competence. Perhap: just didn't have the necessary intelligence, jud ment, and discipline to be a physician. But was really incompetent? My University of Minneso Medical School class had voted me one of the two "best clinicians." My diploma from the N tional Board of Medical Examiners shows scores well above average. I knew that the townspeople considered me a good physician knew that my partners, with whom I work daily, and the consultants to whom I referr patients considered me a good physician, to When I looked at it objectively, my competen was not the issue. I would have to learn to li with my mistakes.

A physician is even less prepared to deal will his mistakes than is the average person. Nothir in our training prepares us to respond appropri ately to the mistakes we will inevitably mak Medical school is a competitive place, discoura ing any sharing of feelings. And resident docto are typically so overburdened with work th there is literally no time to reflect. An atmo phere of precision pervades the teaching host tal; there is little opportunity to confront the emotional consequences of making mistakes.

Physicians in private practice are no molikely to find errors openly acknowledged or di cussed, even though they occur regularly. M own mistakes represent only some of those which I am aware. I know of one physician wh administered a potent drug in a dose ten tim that recommended; his patient almost died. A other doctor examined a child in an emergen room late one night and told the parents the problem was only a mild viral infection. On because the parents did not believe the docto only because they consulted another doctor the following morning, did the child survive a lift threatening infection. Still another physicial killed a patient while administering a routing test: a needle slipped and lacerated a vital arter Whether the physician is a rural general practioner with years of experience but only bas training or a recently graduated, highly train. neurosurgeon working in a sophisticated technilogical environment, the basic problem is the same.

Because doctors do not discuss their mistake I do not know how other physicians come terms with theirs. But I suspect that many cal not bear to face their mistakes directly. We

her deny the misfortune altogether or blame the patient, the nurse, the laboratory, other physicians, the System, Fate—anything to avoid our

wn guilt.

The medical profession seems to have no place or its mistakes. Indeed, one would almost think hat mistakes were sins. If the medical profession has no room for doctors' mistakes, neither does ociety. The number of malpractice suits filed each year is symptomatic of this. In what other profession are practitioners regularly sued for nundreds of thousands of dollars because of misuements? I am sure the Dailys could have successfully sued me for a large amount of money had they chosen to do so.

The drastic consequences of our mistakes, the epeated opportunities to make them, the uncerainty about our culpability, and the professional lenial that mistakes happen all work together to treate an intolerable dilemma for the physician. We see the horror of our mistakes, yet we cannot leal with their enormous emotional impact.

Perhaps the only way to face our guilt is through confession, restitution, and absolution. Yet within the structure of modern medicine there is no place for such spiritual healing. Al-:hough the emotionally mature physician may be able to give the patient or family a full description of what happened, the technical details are often so difficult for the layperson to understand that the nature of the mistake is hidden. If an error is clearly described, it is frequently presented as "natural," "understandable," or "unavoidable" (which, indeed, it often is). But there is seldom a real confession: "This is the mistake I made; I'm sorry." How can one say that to a grieving parent? to a woman who has lost her mother?

If confession is difficult, what are we to say about restitution? The very nature of a physician's work means that there are things that cannot be restored in any meaningful way.

What can I do to make good the Dailys' loss?

have not been successful in dealing with a paradox: I am a healer, yet I sometimes do more harm than good. After leaving my isolated rural practice, I took a fifteen-month sabbatical to reflect upon my role as a physician. Out of that

reflection came my decision to move to an urban practice, to care for patients in the inner-city ghettos. Here in Washington, D.C., specialists abound, so there is no need for me to do surgery, deliver babies, or take responsibility for patients having heart attacks. Accident victims go to the local emergency rooms, staffed by specialists. My practice is limited to the common problems I know best. Yet I still make mistakes.

Several months ago, for instance, I was treating a woman with an infection in her Fallopian tubes and ovaries. One of the cardinal rules of medicine is to make sure women are not pregnant before giving them drugs that might harm a fetus. I determined that this patient wasn't pregnant and then prescribed medication that would have been safe even if she were. I suspected that the infection was chronic and that she was incapable of having children, for she had been trying to get pregnant for several years. She returned a few weeks later, and I found that the medication had not helped her infection. Assuming she was infertile. I gave her a different medication, one that was potentially harmful to a fetus. Several weeks after that I learned she was pregnant. Eventually she decided to have an abortion, in part because of uncertainty about the health of her baby. It was a simple problem. I violated a simple rule. I feel responsible for what happened.

Obviously, we physicians must do everything we can to keep mistakes to a minimum. But if we are unable to deal openly with those that do occur, we will find neurotic ways to protect ourselves from the pain we feel. Little wonder that physicians are accused of playing God. Little wonder that we are defensive about our judgments, that we blame the patient or the previous physician when things go wrong, that we yell at nurses for their mistakes, that we have such high rates of alcoholism, drug addiction, and suicide.

At some point we must all bring medical mistakes out of the closet. This will be difficult as long as both the profession and society continue to project their desires for perfection onto the doctor. Physicians need permission to admit errors. They need permission to share them with their patients. The practice of medicine is difficult enough without having to bear the yoke of perfection.

We doctors find neurotic ways to protect ourselves from the pain we feel. Little wonder we have such high rates of alcoholism and suicide

## A CENSOR

## The President's Plan to Sign Awa

On March 11, 1983. President Reagan issued to all agencies and departments in the executive branch "National Security Decision Directive-84 on Safeguarding National Security Information." It was based on recommendations made a rlier by an interdepartmental group chaired by Richard K. Willard, a top official in the Justice Department. The directive stated that all government employees with access to highly classified information must sign a form requiring them for the rest of their lives to submit any books or articles they write to a government censor before publishing them. Prior to the directive, only the CIA and the National Security Agency had insisted that their employees agree to prepublication review. Willard drafted the new "Nondisclosure Agreement," and the first copies of it were made public last August 25.

It is estimated that more than 127,000 individuals would be compelled to "accept the obligations contained in this Agreement." President Reagan, as an elected official, would not have to sign; all nonelected high-level officials dealing with national security and foreign policy matters would. Lower-level employees at the State and Defense departments would make up the bulk of those signing. The Administration has not explained how this vastly expanded review system would be set up or how much it would cost.

"SCI" (Sensitive Compartmented Information) involves intelligence sources and methods. It is classified and "compartmented," that is, shown only to those who absolutely need to see it. SCI is said to be the sort of information that, if revealed, "could cause irreparable injury to the United States." According to the General Accounting Office, during the past five years SCI has been leaked through either writings or speeches of current or former government employees exactly twice. It is not known if these iks would have been prevented by the review procedure, because the GAO will not say if peop.

Floyd Abrams is a partner in the New York law firm of Cahill Gordon & Reindel. He is a lecturer at the Columbia University School of Law and has argued numerous First Amendment cases before the Supreme Court.

## Sensitive Compartmented Info Nondisclosure Agreement

An Agreement between \_

- 1. Intending to be legally bound, I hero obligations contained in this Agreemen atton of my being granted access to info known as Sensitive Compartmented Inf (SCI). I have been advised and am aware volves or derives from intelligence sour and is classified or classifiable under the Executive Order 12536 or under other lor statute. I understand and accept that granted access to SCI, special confidenciaball be placed in me by the United Statement.
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- 4. I further understand that I am obligwith laws and regulations that prohibit ized disclosure of classified information this Agreement, classified information that is classified under the standards of or under any other Executive order or se hibits the unauthorized disclosure of in the interest of national Security.
- In consideration of being granted ac of being assigned or retained in a positi confidence and trust requiring access to

## NTRACT

## t to Free Speech, by Floyd Abrams

and the United States

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assified information from intelligence is or estimates; or

formation concerning intelligence acs, sources, or methods

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nake the submissions described in parato discussing the information or materilowing them to, anyone who is not auve access to such information. I further ill not disclose such information or ma-I have officially verified that the recipiroperly authorized by the United States to receive it or I have been given written from the Department or Agency last ither a security clearance or an SCI acthat such disclosure is permitted.

nd that the purpose of the review deagraph 5 is to give the United States a portunity to determine whether the inmaterials submitted pursuant to pararth any SCI or other information that is ssification under E.O. 12356 or under cutive order or statute that prohibits the disclosure of information in the interest curity. I further understand that the De-Agency to which I have submitted mateapon them, coordinating with the Intelnunity or other agencies when and substantively respond to me within tays from date of receipt.

What types of writing would have to be submitted for prepublication review? Nonfiction books, novels, magazine articles, letters to the editor, pamphlets, speeches, and scholarly papers. Had officials in prior administrations been required to sign nondisclosure agreements, Hamilton Iordan would have had to submit Crisis: The Last Year of the Carter Presidency to a censor, and McGeorge Bundy's Op-Ed pieces opposing the MX missile would have been subject to review. In Bundy's case, the censor would have been working for the administration criticized in the articles.

> Not only SCI would be deleted from the writings of those who sign the agreement. Whether or not it is classified, "any information concerning intelligence activities" would have to be submitted and could be censored. Often, the executive branch continues to consider "secret" information that has been made public by Congress or in the press. U.S. covert operations in Nicaragua are one such secret. Should the prepublication review plan be put into effect, the U.S. ambassador in Managua would have to sign the agreement. Should the government never officially acknowledge these covert operations, he would never be able to criticize, or even defend, this program—even long after he leaves his postwithout first submitting what he writes to a censor.

The "reasonable opportunity" the government would have to review writing that had been submitted would work as follows: The censors would have thirty days to make their initial decision. The individual whose work had been censored would have fifteen days to appeal the decision to the agency involved; he or she would have more time to appeal through the courts. The government would not be inclined to concede points of dispute just to prevent the matter from going to court, since the courts have generally ruled in its favor in cases involving government secrets. When former CIA agent Ralph McGehee submitted his book Deadly Deceits: My 25 Years in the CIA, the review took two years.

All the departments and agencies of the executive branch began formally "classifying" information pursuant to an executive order of President Truman in 1951. Prior to that, only the military classified information. Under the new system, classified documents began piling up at a remarkable rate. The Information Security Oversight Office says there are currently 1,434,668 "top secrets"—and each one has generated an average of 20 classified documents. In April 1982, President Reagan issued Executive Order 12356, which repealed several reforms the Carter Administration had undertaken to limit classification and do away with unnecessary secrecy. Since 1980, the number of documents reviewed for possible declassification has decreased by 78 percent. In 1982, the Pentagon classified weather information about the Falkland Islands. The generals, like most of us, were getting their information from the U.S. Weather Service.

The government is currently collecting all royalties from the sale of copies of *Decent Interval*, written by former CIA agent Frank Snepp. The book criticizes the agency for abandoning its local operatives during the fall of Saigon; Snepp did not submit it to CIA censors for review. He signed six nondisclosure agreements while working for the CIA; the last one said he must submit only writings containing government secrets. But the first one he signed said he must submit written material for review, and that is the one the Supreme Court declared valid in 1980. The CIA conceded that *Decent Interval* does not reveal one item of classified information.

The "remedy" of a prior restraint—"a court order prohibiting disclosure"—has been viewed historically, in the words of Chief Justice Warren Burger, as "the most serious and the least tolerable infringement on First Amendment rights."

- 8. I have been advised and am aware that of this Agreement may result in the term any security clearances and SCI access app may hold; removal from any position of s dence and trust requiring such clearances provals; and the termination of my employed other relationships with the Department that granted my security clearances or SC provals. In addition, I have been advised aware that any unauthorized disclosure o classified information by me may constitu tion or violations of United States crimin cluding the provisions of Sections 641, 7 798, and 952, Title 18, United States Co visions of Section 783 (b), Title 50, Unit Code and the provisions of the Intelligen Protection Act of 1982. I recognize that this Agreement constitutes a waiver by the States of the right to prosecute me for any violation.
- I hereby assign to the United States G all royalties, remunerations, and emolun have resulted, will result, or may result f closure, publication, or revelation not co the terms of this Agreement.
- 10. I understand that the United States 6 may seek any remedy available to it to en Agreement including, but not limited to for a court order prohibiting disclosure o in breach of this Agreement.
- 11. I understand that all information to obtain access by signing this Agreement will forever remain the property of the U Government. I do not now, nor will I eve

Signatur

Social Security Number

The execution of this Agreement was witnessed by and accepted it as a prior condition of authorizing

WITNESS and ACCEPTANCE

Signature

Organization

Notice: The Privacy Act, 5 U.S.C. 552a, requires whether the disclosure is mandatory or voluntary, mation. You are hereby advised that authority for 5 be used to identify you precisely when it is necessal that your access to the information indicated has te closure of your SSN is not mandatory, your failure

iterest, title, or claim whatsoever to such I agree that I shall return all materials or may come into my possession or for responsible because of such access, upon in authorized representative of the United ment or upon the conclusion of my emother relationship with the Department hat last granted me either a security clear-Claccess approval. If I do not return such on request, I understand that this may be 4Section 793, Title 18, United States eed States criminal law.

and until I am released in writing by an epresentative of the United States Govunderstand that all conditions and obligaed upon me by this Agreement apply dur-! I am granted access to SCI and at all

ovision of this Agreement is severable. If a difind any provision of this Agreement to eable, all other provisions of this Agreemain in full force and effect.

ead this Agreement carefully and my queshave been answered to my satisfaction. I e that the briefing officer has made availations 641, 793, 794, 798, and 952 of Tied States Code, Section 783 (b) of Title States Code, the Intelligence Identities Act of 1982, and Executive Order 12356 y read them at this time, if I so choose.

this Agreement without mental reserva-

the United States Government, agreed to its terms

duals, at the time information is solicited from them, as solicited, and what uses will be made of the information Short in Security Order 9397. Your SSN will to the information indicated above, 2) determine we witnessed a briefing or debriefing. Although disjouch certifications or determinations.

What does requiring officials to submit their writings "at all times" after leaving government mean in a nuts-and-bolts way for newspapers and magazines? The editor of Foreign Policy, former Assistant Secretary of State Charles William Maynes, notes that 34 percent of the articles published by the journal since 1970 would have been subject to review under the Administration's plan: all told, 222 articles. In 1982, according to one study, the New York Times and four other leading newspapers published more than 300 articles that the censors would have insisted on seeing.

How many men and women will sign this agreement "without mental reservation"? Robert L. Park, a professor of physics at the University of Maryland and a former government scientist, told a House subcommittee last October that the prepublication review requirement will "take its toll by reducing the willingness of academics to accept government responsibilities." If there had been such a requirement when Nobel laureate James Tobin was a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, he would have had to submit his book The New Economics One Decade Older.

Only a handful of low-level officials have signed the agreement, most of them new employees. No top White House official has signed, and there is resistance to prepublication review throughout the government. Congress put a moratorium on the use of the agreement last November 22. Worried that Congress might move to kill the plan outright, the Administration has backed off for now, and the President has said he will seek a "bipartisan solution." But he has not revoked the directive. Nor has Richard Willard lost faith in the plan. He said recently that the real security problem was not leaks through books, articles, and speeches, but anonymous leaks, like those that trickle regularly from the White House. "But the disclosure of information in books and speeches," he said, "is something we could do something about."

## **Technology and Jobs**

If you wanted to phone someone about 50 years ago, you had to go through the operator. The dial telephone was a rarity in those days. When the phone company began introducing dial telephone there was a great fear among telephone operators that they would be thrown out of work.

Workers formed "dial conversion committees" to slow down or stop the introduction of the dial telephone. These committees failed. Dial telephones were introduced. But—operators were not thrown out of work. In fact, the opposite happened. Their numbers increased substantially.

Why? The new technology allowed the telephone system to expand more rapidly than anyone ever expected.

The fear that technology would eliminate jobs is not peculiar to our century. It goes back at least to the first part of the last century. It was then that groups of English workers tried to prevent the industrialization of Britain by wrecking factories and machinery. They thought the machines were going to take away their jobs. In fact, the machines increased the number of jobs well beyond anyone's wildest dreams.

One of the few things on which economists of all different schools agree is that the idea that technology reduces jobs is a fallacy. It's a fallacy because it assumes that the total amount of work to be done in any economic system is fixed.

It's really not fixed at all. It's changing constantly. And for many reasons. New consumer demands, population increases, technology—they all work to increase employment.

In the last 30 years, for instance, America has added 30 million people to the ranks of the employed. Many of them work in industries that only came into being because of new technology.

In fact, high-technology industries create jobs eight times as fast as lowtechnology industries. And a U.S. Commerce Department study finds that from 1957 to 1973, the output of technologically-intensive industries grew 45 percent faster than that of other industries. Employment increased

88 percent faster.

The microelectronics industry is an obvious example. This industry did not even exist 30 years ago. Today it's the world's ninth largest industry. And it's growing. It's expected to be the fourth largest by the end of this decade. Certainly any industry with this kind of record has a positive impact on jobs. In fact, in the past decade the rate of job growth in microelectronics has been twice as fast as the national average. And the industry is giving rise to entirely new kinds of service jobs that rely on microelectronic products. They're all part of our growing information society.

The greatest threat to the labor force today is—lack of technology. Business faces international competition. And technology is international. Preventing or delaying its introduction in one country would mean its even more successful introduction in other countries. Companies need to invest aggressively in technological innovation if they are to remain competitive—and

create new jobs.



## THE UNSPEAKABLE STATE OF SOLILOQUY

It is time to improve what you say to yourself By William H. Gass

has reached its second wine. We are exchanging pleasantries: gossip, tittle-tattle, perilously-keen remarks. Like a fine sauce, they pique the mind. They pass the time. A thought is peeled and placed upon a plate. A nearby lady lends us a small smile, and there are glances brilliant as the silver. Patiently we listen while another talks, because everyone, our etiquette instructs, must have his chance to speak. We wait. We draw upon the cloth with unused knives. Our goblets turn as slowly as the world.

I want to talk to you about talking, that commonest of all our intended activities. Talking is our public link with one another: it is a need; it is an art; it is the chief instrument of all instruction; it is the most personal aspect of our private lives. To those who have sponsored our appearance in the world, the first memorable moment to follow our inaugural bawl is the awkward birth of our first word. It is that noise, a sound that is no longer a simple signal, like the squalling of a greedy gull, but a declaration of the incipient presence of mind, that delivers us into the human sphere. Before, there was only energy, intake, and excretion; now a person has begun. And in no idle, ordinary, or jesting sense, words are what that being will become. It is language which most shows a man, Ben Jonson said. "Speake that I may see thee."

To an almost measureless degree, to *know* is to possess words, and all of us who live out in the world as well as within our own are aware that we inhabit a forest of symbols; we dwell in a context of texts. Adam created the animals and birds by naming them, and we name incessantly, conserving achievements and customs, and counserving achievements and customs, and counserving achievements and customs, and counserving achievements.

William H. Gass is David May Distinguished University Professor in the Humanities at Washington University in St. Louis. His next book will be a collection of essays, The Habitations of the Word. tries that no longer exist, in the museum of human memory. But it is not only the books we pile about us like buildings, the papers we painfully compose, the exams and letters we write; it is not simply our habit of lining the streets with wheedling, hectoring, threatening signs, of turning on the radio that blats them or the TV that bumps and grinds; it is not alone the languages we learn to mispronounce, the lists, the arguments, and the rhymes we get by heart; it is not even our tendency to turn what is unwritten into writing with a mere look, so that rocks will suddenly say their age and origin and activity—no. it is not the undeniable importance of these things which leads me to lay such weight on the word. It is rather the interior self I'm concerned with, and the language that springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us and is the image of its parent like a child: the words we use to convey our love to another, or to cope with anxiety; the words that will persuade, that will show us clearly or make the many one; the sort of words I listen to when I wait out a speech at a dinner party; words that can comfort and assuage, damage and delight, amuse and dismay. Above all, I am concerned with the words that one burns like beacons against the darkness, and that together form the society of the

ourselves. Oh, we have excellent languages for the secrets of nature. Wave packets, black holes, and skeins of genes: we can write precisely and consequentially of these, as well as other extraordinary phenomena. But can we talk of trifles: of the way a look sometimes crosses a face like the leap of a frog; of how the habit of anger raisins the heart, or wet leaves paper a street? Our anaromy texts can skin us without pain, the cellular urges of trees are no surprise, the skies are driven

silently speaking self.

I try to find words for the feeling. Without words, what can be remembered? Yesterdays disappear like by winds we cannot see; yet science has passed daily life like the last bus, and left it to poetry.

It is terribly important to know how a breast is made, how to touch it to make it tingle, how to discover a hidden cyst (we find these things writen of in books). But isn't it just as important to be able to put the beauty of a body into words, to communicate the self to another, and in that way form a community of feeling, of thought about feeling, of belief about thought, since there is no place for the utopia of the f.Jesh outside the utopia of talk?

It can't be helped. We are made of layers of language like a Viennese torte. We are a Freudian dessert. Our dinner companion, the lady who lent us her smile, has raised her goblet in a quiet toast. It is as though its rim touches me, and I try to find words for the feeling, and for the wine that glows like molten rubies in her glass. If I can do that, I can take away more than a memory that will fade faster than a winter footprint; I can take away an intense and interpreted description, a record as tough to erase as a relief. Without words, what can be well and richly remembered? Yesterdays disappear like drying mist.

I remember because I talk. I talk from morning to night, and then I talk on in my sleep. Our talk is so precious to us we think we punish others when we stop. So I stay at peace because I talk. Tête-à-têtes are talk. Shop is talk. Parties are parades of anecdotes, gossip, opinions, raillery, and reportage. There is sometimes a band and we have to shout. Out of an incredibly complex gabble, how wonderfully clever of me to hear so immediately my own name; yet at my quiet breakfast table I may be unwilling, and thus unable, to hear a thing my wife says. When wives complain that romance has fled from their marriages, they mean their husbands have grown quiet and unresponsive as moss. Taciturnity long, lovely word—is a famous tactic. As soon as two people decide they have nothing more to talk about, everything should be talked out. Silence shields no passion. Only the mechanical flame is sputterless and quiet.

Like a good husband, then, I tell my wife what went on through the day—in the car, on the courts, at the office. Perhaps I do not tell her all that went on, perhaps I give her a slightly sanitized account. I tell my friends how I fared in Now York and of the impatient taxi that honked actionized accounts. I tell my students the substance of what they should have read. I tell my children how it used to be (it was better), and how I was a hero (of a modest sort) in the Great War, moving from fact to fiction within the space of a single word. I tell my neighbors pleasant lies about the beauty of their lawns and dogs and vandalizing tykes, and in my head I tell

the whole world where to get off.

France.

Those who have reputations as great convisationalists are careful never to let anyone elopen his mouth. Like Napoleons, they first coquer, then rule, the entire space of speea around them. Jesus preached. Samuel Johnsa bullied. Carlyle fulminated. Bucky Fulldroned. Wittgenstein thought painfully alol like a surgeon. But Socrates talked . . . hazatously, gaily, amorously, eloquently, religious. He talked with wit, with passion, with hones He asked; he answered; he considered; he obated; he entertained; he made of his might be a boulevard before there was

alk, of course, is not always communication It is often just a buzz, the hum a husband mak when he's still lit, but the station's gone off. V can be bores as catastrophic as quakes, causing even the earth to yawn. Talk can be cruel as injurious to a degree that is frightening: the rig word wrongly used can strike a man down like club, turn a heart dark forever, freeze the fee ings. Nevertheless, while the thief is threatening to take our money or our life, he has yet to either; and while talk mediates a strike, weighs an allegation in the press or in commi tee, or considers a law in Congress, or argues case in court, while a spouse gripes or a con ma cons, while ideas are explained to a point beyon opacity by the prof, then it's not yet the dreadf day of the exam, sentence has not yet bee passed, the walkout has not yet occurred. It may sound like a balk, a hitch in the motion, a failu to follow through, but many things recommen talk, not least its rich and wandering rhymes.

Our thoughts travel like our shadows in the morning walking west, casting their outlines ju ahead of us so that we can see and approve, amend and cancel, what we are about to sai This is the only rehearsal our conversations us ally get. That is one reason we fall upon cliché if it were a sofa and not a sword; for we have rehearsed bits and pieces of conversation lill "Good morning" and "How are you?" and "Har a nice day" to the point where the tongue is like stale bun in the mouth; and we have talked Tommy's teeth and our cold car's stalling treach ery, of our slobby dog's affection and Alice asthma and Hazel's latest honeybunny, who thank God, is only black and not gay like h last one. Indeed, it is true that prefab convers tion frees the mind, yet rarely does the mir have a mind left after these clichés have con quered it. For our Gerberized phrases touc nothing; they keep the head hollow by crowing out thought; they fill all the chairs with bu tocks like balloons; they are neither fed no feed; they drift like dust; they refuse to breathe

We forget sometimes that we live with our-lves—worse luck—as well as within. The head e inhabit is a haunted house. Nevertheless, we ten ignore our own voice when it speaks to us: Remember me," the spirit says. "I am your holy nost." But we are bored by our own baloney. Thy otherwise would we fall in love, if not to ear that same sweet hokum from another? Still, e should remember that we comprise true Sialese twins, fastened by language and feeling, scause when we talk to ourselves we divide into the self that is all touth. Yet which one is which? Does one self do nost of the talking while the other self soaks it p., or is there a real conversation?

Frequently we put on plays, like a producer: ne voice belongs to a sister, shrill and intrepidly jupid; a nephew has another (he wants a pokie); the boss is next—we've cast him as a arnyard bully; and then there is a servant or a souse, crabby and recalcitrant. Each speaks as e or she is spoken through; each runs around in s role like a caged squirrel while an audience we ave also invented (patient, visible, too easily leased) applauds the heroine or the hero for the av he or she has righted wrongs like an avengng angel, answered every challenge like a Lanelot, every question like an Ann Landers, and aet every opportunity like a perfect Romeo. very romance like a living doll. If we really love he little comedy we've constructed, it's likely to ave a long run.

Does it matter how richly and honestly and vell we speak? What is our attitude toward ourelves? What tone do we tend to take? Consider famlet, a character who escapes his circumtances and achieves greatness despite the fact hat his will wavers and he can't remember the njunctions of his father's ghost. He certainly loesn't bring it off because he has an Oedipus complex (we are all supposed to have that). He is reat because he talks to himself more beautifully han anyone else ever has. Consider his passion, his eloquence, his style, his range: "O what a 'ogue and peasant slave am I," he exclaims; 'now could I drink hot blood," he brags: "to be or not to be," he wonders; "O," he hopes, "that this too too solid flesh would melt." For our part, what do we do? Do we lick our own hand and play the spaniel? Do we whine and wheedle, or do we natter like a ninny? Can we formulate our anger in a righteous phrase, or are we reduced to swearing like a soldier?

Many of us are ashamed to address ourselves in complete sentences. Rhetorically structured paragraphs seem pretentious, as if to gaze at our image in a mirror we had first to put on a tux. This means that everything of importance, every decision that requires care, thoughtful analysis, emotional distance, and mature judgment, must

be talked out with someone else-a consequence we can't always face, with its attendant arguments, embarrassments, counterclaims, and lies. To think for yourself-not narrowly, but rather as a mind-you must be able to talk to yourself: well, honestly, and at length. You must come in from the rain of requests and responses. You must take and employ your time as if it were your life. And that side of you that speaks must be prepared to say anything so long as it is soseen so, felt so, thought so; and that side of you that listens must be ready to hear horrors, for much of what is so is horrible—horrible to see, horrible to feel, horrible to consider. But at length, and honestly—that is not enough. To speak well to oneself . . . to speak well we must go down as far as the bucket can be lowered. Every thought must be thought through from its ultimate cost back to its cheap beginnings; every perception, however profound and distant, must be as clear and easy as the moon; every desire must be recognized as a relative and named as fearlessly as Satan named his angels. Finally, every feeling must be felt to its bottom, where the bucket rests in the silt and water rises like a tower around it. To talk to ourselves well requires, then, endless rehearsals—rehearsals in which we revise. The revision of the inner life strikes many people as hypocritical; but to think how to express some passion properly is the only way to be possessed by it. For unformed feelings lack impact, just as unfelt ideas lose weight. So walk around unrewritten, if you like. Live on broken phrases and syllable gristle, telegraphese and film reviews. No one will suspect until you speak, and your soul falls out of your

mouth like a can of corn from a shelf.

here are kinds and forms of this inner speech. Many years ago, when my eldest son was about fourteen, I was gardening alongside our house one midday in mid-May, hidden between two bushes I was pruning, when Richard came out of the house in a hurry to return to school following lunch, and like a character in a French farce, skulking there. I overheard him talking to himself: "Well, racing fans, it looks . . . it looks like the question we've all been asking is about to be answered, because HERE COMES RICHARD GASS OUT OF THE PITS NOW. He doesn't seem to be limping from that bad crash he had at the raceway vesterday-what a crash that was!and he is certainly going straight for his car . . . what courage! . . . his helmet is on his head, fans ... yes, he is getting into his car ... not a hesitation . . . yes, he is going to be off in a moment for the track . . . yes . . . ." And then he pedaled out of my hearing, busily broadcasting his life.

Not only was my son's consciousness, in that

Many of us are ashamed to address ourselves in complete sentences. Paragraphs seem pretentious, as if to gaze at our image in a mirror we had to but on a tux

I should like to suggest that the center of the self, itself, is this secret, obsessive. nearly continuous voice. It is the surest sign we are alive moment, thoroughly verbal (although its subject was the Indy 500, then not too many days away), but it had a form: that given to his language and its referents by the sportscaster. As I remember it now, the verbal tone belonged more to baseball than to racing. Richard's body was, in effect, on the air; his mind was in the booth "upstairs," while his feelings were mixed with those of his audience, both at home and in the stands. He was being seen, and heard, and spoken of, at the

This led me to wonder whether we all don't have fashions and forms in which we talk to ourselves; whether some of these might be habits of the most indelible sort, the spelling out of our secret personalities; and whether they might not vitally affect the way we speak to others, especially in our less formal moments-in bed, at breakfast, at the thirteenth tee. Might they not come from those areas of greatest influence or ambition in our lives? I recognized at once that this was true of me; that although I employed many styles and modes, there was one verbal form that had me completely in its grip. If Richard's was that of the broadcast, as it seemed, mine was that of the lecture. I realized that when I woke in the morning, I rose from bed as though at the end of a sleepless explication, already primed to ask the world if it had any questions. I was, almost from birth, and so I suppose "by nature," what Gertrude Stein called Ezra Pound: a village explainer-which, she said, was all right if you were a village, but if not, not. And sooner than sunrise I would be launched on an unvoiced speechification on the art of internal discourse, a lecture I would have given many times, though rarely aloud.

I have since asked a number of people what shape their internal talk takes, and found (when there was not a polite, amused smile which signified unalterable resistance) that they agreed to the important presence of these forms, and that one type did tend to dominate: it was often the broadcast-never the lecture-though I encountered one sermon and several prayers; it frequently took place in the courtroom where of was conducting a fearless prosecution or a triurphant defense; it was regularly the repetition; some pattern of parental exchange, a rut full relatives and preconditioned responses; the drama appeared to be popular, as well as porno raphy (in this regard, there were more movi shown than words said—a pity, both mode need such improvement). There were mon logues such as Browning might have penned: tll vaunt, the threat, the keen, the kyetch, the e logy for yourself when dead. There was even the bedtime story, the diary, the chronicle, and, course, the novel, Gothic in character, or least full of intrigue and suspense: little did W liam Gass realize when he rose that gentle M morning to thump his chest and touch his to that he would soon be embarked on an adventu whose endless ramifications would utterly alt his life; otherwise he might not have set out f the supermarket without a list; otherwise might not have done that extra push-up; might better have staved in bed with the bel clothes pulled over his stupidly chattering hea

Oral modes beat written ones by a mile. Obv ously. They can be spoken. And the broadcas with its apportionment of speaker in "speaker," "spectator," and "sportsman," had a edge over most of its competition. There wer finally, differences as to sex: no woman admitt she broadcast her life as though it were sor sporting event.

Yet I should like to suggest (despite the und niable sappiness of it) that the center of the seitself, is this secret, obsessive, often silly, near continuous voice—the voice that is the sure sign we are alive; and that one fundament function of language is the communication will this self that it makes feasible; and that if so ety-its families and factories and congresss and schools—has done its work, then every or of us is a bit nearer, every day, than we we before to being one of the fortunates who has made rich and beautiful the great conversation that constitutes our life.

## WHAT IS WAR?

As Clausewitz was the first to realize, popular will is the ultimate weapon
By Colonel Harry G. Summers Jr.

ot too long ago, the belief was widespread that wars were caused primarily by the United States, and that if we would just "give peace a chance" such conflicts would cease. Also widespread was the conviction that it was the procurement of the weapons of warparticularly by the United States-that was the primary cause of conflict. These notions do provide insight into American hubris, but they do little to explain why today Vietnam is fighting in Cambodia, why Iran and Iraq and Somalia and Ethiopia seem bent on destroying one another, why Israel invaded Lebanon, or why Soviet troops are in Afghanistan. A more fundamental explanation is necessary if we are to understand both the character and the dynamics of war.

One major impediment to such an understanding is that, as far as military matters go, most Americans are neo-Iominians and neo-Uptonians—even though most have never heard of Baron Antoine Henri de Iomini or of Brevet Major General Emory Upton. Jomini, who served on Napoleon's staff, was one of the most influential military strategists of the nineteenth century, particularly in France, England, and the United States. He taught that war was a science that could be reduced to fixed rules and mathematical formulas. In our own time, the Jominian influence has been seen in the abstruse formulas of the so-called nuclear strategists and in the computer models that masqueraded as strategy during the Vietnam War. This fascination with the quantifiable means of war—military budgets, nuclear missiles and warheads, tanks, ships, aircraft, and "human resources" -is mirrored by those critics of the military whose attention is also focused on monies, hardware, and numbers.

Colonel Harry G. Summers Jr., an infantry veteran of the Korean and Vietnam wars, is now on the faculty of the Army War College. His book On Strategy: A Critical Analysis of the Vietnam War recently won a Furniss Award as the best work on national security affairs.

The fallacy of attempting to understand war in mathematical terms is illustrated by a bitter little story that made the rounds during the closing days of the Vietnam War: when the Nixon Administration took over in 1969, all the data on North Vietnam and the United States were fed into a Pentagon computer—population; gross national product; manufacturing capability; number of tanks, ships, and aircraft; size of the armed forces; and the like. The computer was then asked, "When will we win?" It took only a moment to answer: "You won in 1964!"

Baron Jomini had proved to be a false prophet. An even more common misperception is caused by belief in Emory Upton's notion that war and politics are diametrically and fundamentally different. The thesis developed by General Upton, a Civil War hero who died by his own hand in 1881, had a profound effect on American military and civilian thinking. Fifty years after his death, its imprint could still be found in official Army doctrine. A 1936 Army Staff College text stated categorically that "politics and strategy are radically and fundamentally things apart. Strategy begins where politics end. All that soldiers ask is that once the policy is settled. strategy and command shall be regarded as being in a sphere apart from politics."

This Uptonian approach to war carried forward to the battlefield. In his book War and Politics, Bernard Brodie, one of America's most distinguished military strategists, related that when, in April 1945, Prime Minister Winston Churchill urged General George C. Marshall to liberate Prague and as much of Czechoslovakia as possible before the Russians arrived, Marshall, in a letter to General Dwight Eisenhower, commented, "Personally and aside from all logistical, tactical or strategical implications, I would be loath to hazard American lives for purely political purposes." ("To avoid hazarding American lives is bound to be commendable," Brodie oblives.

On War is still the best and timeliest explanation of the dynamics of modern warfare. In the united States has fallen into the same errors that Clausewitz so eloquently exposed

served, "but if it was not to be done for 'purely political purposes,' what then was that or any other war all about?")

This same kind of thinking was evident when General Douglas MacArthur, during the Korean War, told the Senate that "the general definition which for many decades has been acceptable was that an when all of the political means failed, we then go others: It was MacArthur's persistent belief in his accy that led to his relief, and with that relief, to the destruction of Emory Upton's hold on the Army. Official Army doctrine now clearly states, "Since war is, among other things, a political act for political ends, the conduct of a war, in terms of strategy and constraints, is defined primarily by its political objectives."

While the Uptonian fallacy no longer influences official military thinking, it still confuses civilian ideas about war. This is partly because of the long and venerable tradition of antimilitarism in this country, a luxury made possible by our insular location. Protected by the great oceans, as Alexander Hamilton wrote in The Federalist, "The citizens, not habituated to look up to the military power for protection . . . neither love nor fear the soldiery: They view them with a spirit of jealous acquiescence in a necessary evil." While the preamble to the Constitution makes it clear that it is "We, the people" (not just the armed forces) who have the responsibility to "provide for the common defense." the absence of immediate threats to our survival has caused many to believe that war is not a concern of the citizenry, but of the military alone.

As Michael Howard, the Oxford historian, has pointed out, nuclear weapons have served to deepen this belief. Too complex for the average citizen to comprehend, too awesome even to contemplate, war in the nuclear age has been perceived by many to be something done by "experts." That being the case, it would appear to follow that eliminating the military and its esoteric weaponry would automatically eliminate war. It is important to note, however, that this logical fallacy is not new. Answering those who would have established a constitutional prohibition against a standing American military, James Madison asked in 1788, "How could a readiness for war in time of peace be safely prohibited, unless we could prohibit, in like manner, the preparations and establishments of every hostile nation?" He went on to warn that "the means of security can only be regulated by the means and dangers of attack. They will, in fact, be ever determined by these rules, and by no others." Madison's warning is more timely in this age of ICBMs than it was in the days of sailing ships. To address this problem we must have a clear insight into the nature of war, something that neither

Jomini nor Upton can provide.

Unlikely as it may seem, the best explanation of the dynamics of modern warfare is a book writer ten a century and a half ago by an officer in th Prussian army, Carl von Clausewitz. Publishe posthumously in 1832, much of On War was on a draft at the time of the author's death. Ar until recently its importance was obscured, bot by politically motivated distortions of the te: and by almost unreadable English translations. was only with the resurrection of the origin text by Professor Werner Hahlweg of Münst-University in 1952 and its masterful English translation by Professors Howard and Paret 1976 that the immense value of Clausewit: work became apparent.\* What makes On War: timely is that, unlike most military strategis and theoreticians. Clausewitz did not advoca war or recommend specific courses of action, be merely sought to describe war's character and d namics. The importance of the book was er hanced by the post-Vietnam War discovery th since the beginning of the nuclear age, the United States has unwittingly fallen into the

same logical errors Clausewitz so elequently exposed.

What is war? It is not weapons or warhead or even military force itself; these are only "the means of war." According to Clausewitz, war simply "an act of force to compel our enemy to our will." That is precisely what the Vietname are attempting to do to the Cambodians, who Iraq tried to do to Iran, what Somalia is strivit to do with Ethiopia, what Israel attempted to a in Lebanon, and why Soviet troops are Afghanistan.

It was to resist such an imposition of will the the American military was founded, and why exists today; for an important corollary to Clau sewitz's definition of war is that it is also an act force to prevent an enemy from imposing his will "Consider in the abstract how war originates he wrote. "Essentially, the concept of war do not originate with the attack, because the ult mate object of attack is not fighting: rather, it possession. The idea of war originates with the defense." As Clausewitz noted, "War serves th purpose of the defense more than that of th aggressor. . . . The aggressor is always peace loving (as Bonaparte always claimed to be); } would prefer to take over our country unor posed." Echoing Madison's remarks fifty year earlier, Clausewitz went on to say, "To preven his doing so one must be willing to make war ar

\*Carl von Clausewitz, On War. Edited and translat by Michael Howard and Peter Paret with introducte essays by Peter Paret, Michael Howard, and Bernal Brodie and a commentary by Bernard Brodie. Princ ton University Press, 1976. prepared for it. In other words it is the weak, ose likely to need defense, who should always armed in order not to be overwhelmed. Thus crees the art of war."

Clausewitz's belief that will, not weapons, is e true determinant of war was most recently pfirmed by the U.S. operation in Grenada. riting in the New Republic shortly after it ocrred. Charles Krauthammer pointed out that e means of war—the American military power ployed in the operation—was unremarkable and of itself, for "there never has been any rubt that the United States had the military pacity to knock over small countries." What d a critical effect on our subsequent Central merican policy, and on our credibility elsehere in the world, was President Reagan's unpected decision to use that power and the erwhelming public support his decision reived. What mattered was American will.

It was precisely as Clausewitz had explained. Andern" warfare, he wrote, is a product of the emarkable trinity" of the people, the army, id the government. The army provides the eans of war; the government, by its selection of e political object to be attained, provides its rection. But it is the "passions of the people" at are the engines of war. This distinction is ucial. Having witnessed the terrible power of apoleon's levée en masse, which involved the alk of the population in the war effort, he conasted Napoleonic warfare with earlier forms of inflict in which "war was still an affair for govnments alone, and the people's role was simply at of an instrument." That was exactly the disaction Alexander Hamilton had drawn fifty ars earlier when he compared the proposed merican army-an instrument of the Ameriin people to be raised, supported, and commitd to war only by the "representatives of the cople, periodically elected"—with the British army-raised, regulated, and committed to battle by the king.

Ithough Hamilton's proposals were incororated into the Constitution, after World War these constitutional roots were forgotten. Benning with the Korean War, the military ineasingly became an instrument of the Execuve rather than of the people. Academic mited-war theorists went so far as to argue that mited-war strategies should be adopted despite ne fact that the American people, because of ational traditions and ideology, would be oposed. Clausewitz could have been talking about nese misconceptions when he warned that the eople-army-government trinity was so crucial nat "a theory that ignores any one of them . . . ould conflict with reality to such an extent that or this reason alone it would be totally useless."

And useless it proved to be, for it was the exclusion of the American people from the strategic equation that was at the root of our failure in Vietnam.

The academic limited-war theorists were not the only ones who lost touch with reality; so did the nuclear war theorists. And, once again, Clausewitz anticipated their arguments, constructing a theoretical postulate of pure, or absolute, war. In the abstract, he argued, "war is an act of force, and there is no logical limit to the application of that force. Each side, therefore, compels its opponent to follow suit: a reciprocal action is started which must lead, in theory, to extremes . . . a clash of forces freely operating and obedient to no law but their own." Having conceived of such absolute war, however, he then set out to destroy his own postulate. Absolute war, he warned, is "nothing but a play of the imagination. . . . If we were to think purely in absolute terms, we could avoid every difficulty by a stroke of the pen and proclaim with inflexible logic that, since the extreme must always be the goal, the greatest effort must always be exerted.'

More than a century later, we still had not learned this lesson. According to the so-called strategy of massive retaliation, which dominated military thinking in the 1950s, any war would be a nuclear war. Since it would be decided in a matter of minutes, there was no need for conventional defenses and no need for the citizenry to become involved. Once again, the "remarkable trinity" was ignored. In an address at the London Guildhall in 1983, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn also decried the effects of nuclear weapons on the Clausewitzian people-army-government trinity:

It was equivalent to saying: Let's cast off our worries, let's free the younger generation from its duties and obligations, let's make no effort to defend ourselves, to say nothing of defending others—let's stop our ears to the groans emanating from the East, and let us live instead in the pursuit of happiness. If danger should threaten us, we shall be protected by the nuclear bomb; if not, then let the world be burned in Hell for all we care. The pitfully helpless state to which the contemporary West has sunk is in large measure due to this fatal error: the belief that the defense of peace depends not on stout hearts and steadfast men, but solely on the nuclear bomb.

The nuclear strategists have not only ignored the crucial role of the people; they have ignored the dynamics of war. As Clausewitz emphasized, in the real world war is not left to its own devices and therefore does not automatically become pure violence. "As soon as preparations for a war begin," he wrote, "the world of reality takes over from the world of abstract thought." And in the world of reality, things never work out as they are

Beginning with the Korean War, the military increasingly has become the instrument of the Executive rather than of the people. This was at the root of our failure in Vietnam It is the most criticized of Clausewitz's tenets, that 'war is merely the continuation of policy by other means,' that has turned out to be the primary constraint on

intended to: allies do not cooperate, weapons do not function properly, armies get lost or are misdirected. All of these factors—what Clausewitz called "friction"—keep war from reaching its absolute.

More important is the constraint imposed by the political goal—the original motive for the war—which determines, said Clausewitz, "both the military objective to be reached and the mount of effort it requires."

War is simply a continuation of political intercourse, with the addition of other means. . . . If that is so, then war cannot be divorced from political life; and whenever this occurs in our thinking about war, the many links that connect the two elements are destroyed and we are left with something pointless and devoid of sense. This conception would be incluctable even if war were total war . . . [for] war does not advance relentlessly toward the absolute as theory would demand. Being incomplete and self-contradictory, it cannot follow its own laws, but has to be treated as a part of some other whole; the name of which is policy. . . . Thus policy converts the overwhelmingly destructive element of war into a mere instrument.

Clausewitz could have been addressing his remarks to the nuclear strategists—and to the antinuclear protesters—who define war in terms of numbers of missiles, types of delivery vehicles, and size of warheads. Dismissing as absurd the idea that war can be defined in terms of military means, he stated that "it is policy that creates war. Policy is the guiding intelligence and war only the instrument, not vice versa." His theories were verified by the wars in Korea, in Vietnam, and, most recently, in the Falklands,

where one side had an absolute monopoly 6 nuclear weapons, yet never used them. In a cases, the restraint was political, not military, fact, it is the most criticized of Clausewitz's terets, that "war is merely the continuation of poicy by other means," that has turned out to the primary constraint on nuclear war.

There is one important caveat, however. The subordination of the military to political contrand the supremacy of policy rest on "the naturand unavoidable assumption that policy known the instrument it means to use." Since in or Republic "policy" is ultimately the responsibility of every citizen, all of us, civilians and soldier must have a "certain grasp of military affairs. That is precisely what Clausewitz gives us. C. War is not, nor was it intended to be, a manufor action. It provides instead something of in mensely greater value—a theory that allows to understand (and hence to control) the terrib dynamics of war. As he put it:

Theory will have fulfilled its main task when it used to analyze the constituent elements of war, distinguish precisely what at first sight seeme fused, to explain in full the properties of the mea employed and to show their probable effects, define clearly the nature of the ends in view, and illuminate all phases of warfare in a thorough critical inquiry. Theory then becomes a guide to an one who wants to learn about war from books; will light his way, ease his progress, train his jud ment and help him to avoid pitfalls. . . . It is mea to educate the mind . . . to guide . . . in . . se education . . . [and] to provide a thinking man [woman] with a frame of reference.

The rest is up to us.

## LETTERS

Continued from page 5

The form exceeded content To a very marked degree: A rather fitting comment On our current clerisy.

William Lillis Cincinnati, Ohio

## Looking for America

I could not help but react to the contributions of Philip Berrigan and the others who write so disdainfully about the United States today ["Does America Still Exist?" Harper's, Marchl. Were they to reflect on the differences in the standard of living and quality of life of the ghetto inhabitants of my youth and today's city slum dwellers, they would have at least one measure of progress.

The fact that we have learned to tolerate the bigotry and sanctimonious self-righteousness of Berrigan is another measure. The equation he draws between the United States and the Soviet Union is a political obscenity. Anyone in the Soviet Union who spoke as Berrigan does would-if he were permitted to live-be confined for the rest of his days to a concentration camp or an insane asylum. Yet Berrigan's dearest wish is to disarm the United States so it would be unable to resist the expansion of a society that would make not only his existence but that of any lover of freedom impossible.

Sidney Hook Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace Stanford, Calif.

As to whether America exists: I was in Germany for three years on the Army plan. I once believed, as many Americans still do, in the concept of freedom and America in a very laconic fashion. My attitude changed the day I stood at the Berlin Wall, on the West Berlin side. Looking across the wall at the gun towers and barbed

Continued on page 82

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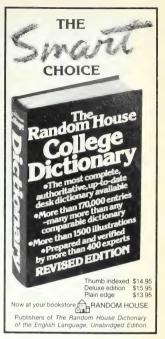
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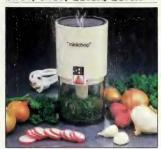
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wire, I realized that they weren't there to keep people out, but to keep people in. Yes, America does have people who do not have enough to eat, people who are living on grates in the street in the middle of winter. But these problems are being addressed.

Marc L. Yergin Pittsburgh, Pa.

None of the essays in the Forum address the erosion of that hallmark of traditional morality commonly understood as personal responsibility. The low esteem in which that trait is held in our consumer-oriented society is attested to by the abundance of litter on many city streets—testimony that self-expression is at least one up on self-discipline. Could this be the price exacted by a fierce commitment to the memory of Sam Adams, who in 1773 did some littering with tea?

Horace Montgomery Athens, Ga.

One can scarcely claim to be an "intellectual" without being critical of the present state of our country and pessimistic about our future. So it is not surprising that many of your respondents, whether conservative (Nisbet) or radical (Berrigan), answered negatively your question.

But, as is often the case, ordinary people are giving a very different answer. In the last twenty years, people throughout the world have participated in revolutions based on the American principle that a government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Such revolutions were aborted in Hungary (1956), in Czechoslovakia (1968), and in Poland (1981). They were successful in Spain and Portugal; they may soon be successful in Argentina and the Philippines.

It seems to me that the actions of tens of millions of people are a better response to the question of whether America exists than any of the lamentations of your respondents.

Lawrence W. Hyman Ridgewood, N.J.

## The Care of Mrs. K\_\_\_\_

A fundamental question: Why must up-to-date medical care be provided to a patient, especially one such as Mrs. K..., whose hospital bill came to some \$47,000 and whose hospital stay terminated in her demise ["The Slow, Costly Death of Mrs. K...," Harper's, March]?

I have practiced medicine since 1956. In the early years of my practice. I was associated with the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, where I was involved with the development of the intensive care unit. Critically ill patients are treated in ICUs in order to tide them over the most difficult parts of their illnesses. Indeed, the successful outcome of many surgical procedures done on elderly or critically ill patients, e.g., open-heart surgery, would be impossible if postoperative care did not take place in a centralized location. Many patients with severe pulmonary or cardiac disease are taken care of in intensive care units, enabling them to survive episodic insults to their target organs that might, with less intensive degrees of care, result in their untimely death. I say untimely because with this care many are able to leave the hospital and resume normal activities. So much for the justification for intensive care units.

The decision as to whether resources that might maintain or secure life should be withheld from a particular patient is reserved, and rightly so, for society as a whole, and society continues to beg the issue. Doctors are trained to go "all out" to save every patient's life because, not being privy to the workings of a deity, we cannot tell when our efforts will be rewarded by the patient's survival and when not.

The entire thrust of Western civilization is to hold life dear. In the medical field, we have many times overcome what appeared to be insurmountable barriers to make quantum leaps in improving health care. Often the efforts were, for their time, incredibly expensive; occasionally they were incredibly cost-saving in that they replaced expensive therapies. The impetus to seek, to treat, to try in the face of despair, and to improve life and living is one of th foundations of our civilization. If has become too expensive for societ to bear, then society must make th decisions—but making the decisio to limit treatment to an individual not one society is willing to make, it witnessed by recent litigation and government regulations regarding the right to treatment of mentally retarded and congenitally deformed it fants.

Instead, it is expedient to blam the providers of health care for execising the skills that society requirement to have and to use. Stop giving the conflicting orders. Do not tell modeless than my best with the best esources I can muster when that the standard to which you ultimate hold me. I would plead that you have created this paradox—solve it. The society's utopian goal for the best tomorrow's care at less than yeste day's cost is unobtainable.

Sidney W. Winchell, M.D. Louisville, Ky.

As a second-year medical studer studying respiratory physiology, I w asked by the instructor, who is als director of the hospital intensive ca unit, "What event in the late 1960 was responsible for the increasir prevalence of respirators in U.S. ho pitals?" I muttered under my breatl to the amusement of those seate nearby, "That was when Medicar Medicaid, and other third-party pa ers were formed." Needless to sa that was not the desired respons however, the point remains th there has been an explosion in med cal technology in the last two de ades. And this explosion has bee fueled, in part, by the increasing availability of funds made possible | third-party pavers.

The results of this monument growth have been at best some r markable cures, especially in pedia ric oncology and in the treatment trauma victims, and at worst the ditasteful debacle detailed in Day Hellerstein's annotation. The prolem, which the annotation raises, that doctors cannot know the otcome of their best and costly effoubefore the fact, as a doctor's vision.

earest through the retrospectoope. The medical community must in how to deal effectively with the tential problems of channeling ger and larger amounts of society's sources into heroic efforts to salge a few years or even a few months an individual's life.

Douglas Evans mover, N.H.

I am a retired professional health rker, approaching my eighty-sevth year. I provided services to the blic for fifty-one of those years. I we seen much illness and death, yet reaction to Dr. David Hellerstein's notation conjured up a horror scene on the Middle Ages.

During her hospitalization, Mrs.

— was X-rayed thirty-one times dreceived drugs from the pharmacy 6 times (the latter not including sen, IV fluids, and special substances has gentamycin). In the first three ys, forty-four laboratory tests were fromed. Some services and equipnit provided her included a respiraty machine, a kidney dialysis dece, a hypothermic blanket, and a icheostomy set to ensure oxygen pply. (The tracheostomy set was athed to twenty-eight times.)

While the print-out shows only a lling for services, the detail suggests computerized, mechanized, dehunized set of procedures affecting a man being. When we consider the tivity required to tend the machines and provide these services, we may onder when Mrs. K\_\_\_\_\_ had the portunity for rest, which is needed a recovery from illness.

Is it permitted to ask if the services ovided for Mrs. K.......... were priarily for death prevention rather an for health promotion? What is rong with death? Every living thing 1 our planet comes into being, dealops, performs its function, and es. Death is a natural thing, to be derstood and accepted. A humaning should be allowed to die with eedom from pain when possible, and the greatest degree attainable in a disturbed surroundings.

larie Neuschaefer lewark, Calif.

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The hospital where Mrs. K\_ died somehow failed to punctuate the end of its financial sentence. It neglected to charge her for the shroud kit she was wrapped in.

Michael A. Edington Falls Church, Va.

## Winesburg and Its Lessons

Finding a piece on Winesburg, Ohio ["Twisted Apples," Harper's, March] was a delight. Unfortunately, John Updike's treatment of the book could have benefited significantly from adherence to the new theme of Harper's as spelled out by Lewis Lapham: "the making of connections.'

An explication of Sherwood Anderson's novel as "The Book of the Grotesque" adds little to what college students have written about Winesburg for years in their American literature classes. What's missing from "Twisted Apples" is the link between Anderson's "truths" and today's world. The more insecure people are, the more they grasp at small truths and ignore all else; they hold on so tight they become twisted, like bonsai trees, gnarled by their burdens. A number of examples come to mind: the beleaguered Richard Nixon, Jim Jones, Yasir Arafat, Jerry Falwell, John Hinckley-so many twisted ap-

Literature's value is its ability to help people make connections, between fictional characters and themselves, between another world and their own. I hope that your Revisions section adopts this perspective in future issues.

Michael Priestly Warsboro, Vt.

## The Present Techno-Danger

Re: Lewis Lapham's Notebook

There was an obituar business section that touched me more than those of most humans: The last manual typewriter made in America rolled off an assembly line at Smith-Corona

and was presented to some

in a lighthearted ceremony.

And so we condemn generations to a life of trying to think while machines hum get busy get busy!-while cursors blink with mindless patience while screens fill up with easy

I look around at old friends:

blather.

the stolid Olympia that does the daily work the wide-carriage Smith with the soft touch

the sixty-year-old Royal, China Red Art Deco. (my favorite, machine of loving grace)

the Olivetti Valentine, also red, high-impact plastic (throw it under the airplane seat and go!)

No wires No batteries No impatient noise

> All of them ready to write anything, anywhere, without disturbing a single damned electron.

Now I see some future where a few of us old codgers trade secrets for cutting out ribbons and inking them trade parts as our machines surrender to entropy

and keep on typing noisily along (but blessed silence in between the phrases) while all you others

tap on your humming Selectrics caress your Apple keyboards play with your Wangs

and never know the simple joy of pounding keys to push the right word into place.

Ioe Haldeman Massachusetts Institute of Technology Cambridge, Mass.

## Keeping the International Pear

Daniel Patrick Moynihan offers very perceptive analysis of a serio. problem ["Nurturing Terrorism Readings, Harper's, March]. How ever, he overlooks one importapoint: Legal principles are meaning less unless they can be enforced. As stands today, international law cal not be enforced internationally. can only be enforced unilaterally individual nations, which is as god as not at all. Any country can take legal position relative to anoth country and try to back it up with m itary, economic, or political mea ures. If the opposing country stronger, however, there will be enforcement.

What the world urgently needs is permanent international peacekee ing force. It is up to the United N tions to adopt measures to bring th about. And it is the role of the Unit States as a member of the United N tions to work toward that goal.

The international force must large. And it must have much mo power and authority than the milita force of any individual country. Wi such an enforcement agency, into national law, which today is only : abstract principle, would become reality every country would have take seriously.

Bruce B. Makous New York, N.Y.

## Unfolding Art's Secrets

The administrative directive ( personnel security issued by Robe A. Knisely of the National Endov ment for the Arts should be reassuring to all Americans concerned with o security ["Working Conditions Readings, Harper's, March]. Ce tainly any enemy who might conter plate the planting of a mole in one America's most sensitive agencies now forewarned.

Because of Knisely's diligence, of enemies' efforts will probably be c verted to less sensitive federal estal lishments, such as the American Ba tle Monuments Commission.

Joseph T. Elvove Kiawah Island, S.C.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO.17

by Thomas H. Middleton he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation rom a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be

square indicates the entered in that square last month's puzzle	are. Cont	est ru	ıles a	ind tl				
CLUES	WC	RDS	3					
A. Rendered misan- thropic or disap- pointed	55	32	20	181	102	114		154
B. Unsettled, undec	ided	121	205	184	75	197	18	4
C. Pass on	70	48	52	145	117	125	92	
D. United by certain common character tics; kissing		74	93	130	85	51	147	214
E. Extravagant boas	ting —	108	157	59	97	28	160	204
						68	171	46
F. Later consequence	210	175	196	133	127	17	156	88
G. "See, see!, / Blown with the	194	153	137	-8	87	166	207	3
windy tempest of heart" (3 wds.; H VI, Part 3)		22	173	213	50	110	200	126
H. Striking, conspic ous, notable (hyp		27	172	111	99			81
I. She "dwelt amon the untrodden wa (Wordsworth)		44	192	47		209	72	142
J. Red rockfish	201	151	107	168	174	-58		
K. Japanese admiral (1884–1943), ma mind of the Pear Harbor attack	ISCC1-	105	19	187	60	14	176	149
L. Deducts; removes mimics (2 wds.)	199	31	193	41	113	9	116	34

24 73 120 165 132

M. Wasteland overgrown

with shrubs (esp. Brit.)

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N.	Like a sieve	16	84	216	206	115	183	56	
Ο.	Old Welsh stringed instrument	179	94	80	26	164			
Ρ.	Oily	76	100	159	170	185	71	109	103
								191	83
Q.	Payment to an au- thor, composer, etc.	36	11	42	162	40	49	128	
R.	Pertaining to swim- ming	208	143	152	96	190	129	123	1
								25	169
S.	Fixed, set up	155	67	[39	112	158	211	198	64
							38	178	135
Τ.	Broad-pronged pickle-fork named	106	29	63	215	78	136	182	86
	after an Edward Lear nonsense word				203	7	43	124	188
U.	Stitched		21	23	141				
V.	Whirlwind	138	37	90	98	77	53	131	
W.	What lack of exercise will get you (3 wds.)	65	6	101	89	186	189	104	134

146

X. Brutal, violent person

Y. Oddness

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## SOLUTION TO THE APRIL PUZZLE: NOTES FOR "MILESTONE"

This being the HUNDREDTH HARPER'S CRYPTIC CROSSWORD, as the unclued lights revealed, the obvious adjustment was to change each C in a clue answer to 100. Across: 7. UNCLEAR, anagram; 9. DI(vor)CE: 10. CROCS homophone; 11. WOODCUT, composite anagram with L; 13. FLEE-C(utpurs)E; 14. C-IS-TERN; 17. EVIL, hidden; 19. O(perati)C-ARINA(anagram); 20. A. (CRONY) M.; 21 DIAL(reversal) ECT(anagram); 24. ENFORCE, hidden; 27. SOUPCON, "soup's on"; 28. TOLTECS, anagram; 32. REACT(O)R, anagram; 33. SPICING, hidden; 34. IT-CHIN-G; 35. CO-CO-A. Down: 1. UN-CL(e)-OG(reversal); 2. (ura)N(ium)-ICE; 3. DO-OR; 4. (s)E LECT; 5. DECO, anagram; 6. T-A-R-O, initial letters; 8. REST-ON; 12. DEC.-(u)OY(reversal); 14. CARDERS, anagram; 15. EVI(de)NCE; 16. CR-AFT; 17. C(IT)ORE, reversal; 18. LAME, two meanings; 22. INCEPTOR, anagram; 23. TERNS, homophone; 25. O(pec)-CON-NOR(reversal); 26. (t)OP-(T)ICS; 29. L-AIC(reversal); 30. CHOW, two meanings; 31.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the number, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 17, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Ave-nue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of Double Acrostic Mines of Double Acrostic No. 15 (March) are David F. Carlson, New York, New York; Margo M. Barrett, New York, New York; and Sylvia Sul-livan, Berkeley, California.

SOLUTION TO APRIL DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 16): At games . . . I was hopeless. I was a fairly good swimmer and not altogether contemptible at cricket, but . . . boys only attach importance to a game if it requires strength and courage. What counted was football, at which I was just a funk. I loathed the game. -[George] Orwell: Such, Such Were the Joys

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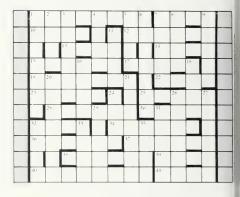
## PUZZLE

## LETTER DROP

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr. ach Across clue consists of two definitions, leading to two different answers. When one letter is dropped from the longer word (length in parentheses), the shorter word is revealed. (Either word may be defined first.) Enter the shorter word in the diagram, and put the extra letter in the nearest shaded square in the left or right column. When completed, the two words revealed in those columns spell out what your duties were. Down clues are normal.

There are three proper names among the answers and two uncommon words among the Down answers (9 and 16). As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 87.



## Clues

8

## Across

- 1. Was fast punished (9)
- 7. Tail spy (5)
- 10. Fragrant wood brews (5)
- 12. Stir seasoning in stew (7)
- 13. Forsake one of five (5)
- 14. English river bug (5)
- 15. Fold jacket (7)
- 17. Calls for shellfish (6)
- 19. To exaggerate, got stuffed (8)
- 22. Tenuous item (5)
- 23. Was a flop smoothed over (6)
- 25. Square kind of pie (6) 28. Mule: a disgraceful thing (7)
- 30. Saw was cutting (6)
- 32. Feigns instances of poise (5)
- 34. Composed license (7)
- 36. Live ashes (7)
- 37. Medical officer: embarrassing position (7)
- 38. Sharp knife (7)
- 39. Malicious opinion (5)
- 40. Bum relapse (9)
- 41. Handles major retailer (5)

## Down

- 1. Football maneuver that would be impromptu if the elements were reversed (7)
- 2. Singer's somewhat casual tonally (4)
- 3. What will express what follows? Sikh will! (6)
- 4. It's a bad thing, getting up full of energy (4)
- 5. Price Not Right (new version) . . . it's a long story (4)
- 6. Pretty girls taking in work showing lumps (7)
- 7. Toast-colored animal (5)
- 8. Intimate much could be made of this (4)
- 9. Woody Woodpecker finally is accepted by highschooler (5)
- 11. Direction in printing test results, possibly (4)
- 16. Machine gun is broken without approval (4)
- 18. Grieves aloud for physical bulk (4)
- 20. Races wildly after six . . . this shows guts (7)
- 21. Intertwined boots cleaned (7)
- 24. Ace worried about parachute's opening-land going into the sea (4)
- 26. Italian aunt hangs around hotel with flower (6)
- 27. Treasures from commercial minerals (6)
- 29. Spiffy dressers becoming flops around East (5)
- 31. Intrinsically St. John, the poet (5)
- 32. Horse with spirit is two-thirds fit for plowing (4)
- 33. Southern kind of fine material (4)
- 35. Eight or eleven houses rent (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Letter Drop," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners' of the March purzle, "Steek & Sevens," are John T. Christian, Waban, Massachusetts; Gregg Menges, San Luis Obispo, California, and Sue Unterman, Northridge, California.

## HARPER'S



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And . . .

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BESIEGED BY THE STATE Robert Nishet By defending the individual, government destroys

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Essav

THE END OF THE AFFAIR

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Cover: Wall mural in Nicaragua, photographed by Susan Meiselas/Magnum

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## LETTERS

## The New History

I am afraid that Gertrude Himmelfarb's rather misinformed attack on the new social history ["Denigrating the Rule of Reason," Harper's, April] reflects an overlong involvement with the nineteenth century; she has not even caught up with the "new social history" of Charles Beard. All of her criticisms of modern social history were leveled against Beard's An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution, which was published in 1913. In that landmark of historical scholarship Beard made the same point that Himmelfarb finds so objectionable in the work of the new social historians, namely that our political history, including the making of our basic charter of government, was not the product of reason alone but was heavily influenced by interests, feelings, and other irrational considerations. I thought that Nietzsche, Freud, and Kafka, and, more recently, Richard Hofstadter, had made clear to everyone that human beings and the politics they practice are hardly guided only by reason.

And why is Himmelfarb so dismayed by changes in approaches to history? As she well knows, the content of history has always been shaped by present concerns. Certainly her own recent book on the idea of poverty in Victorian England reflects that principle. Did she write on that subject because it was so exciting to the Victorians? No, she wrote on it because she lives in an era when poverty is no longer accepted as a given that must be endured. Contrary to her view, it is not strange at all that modern social historians-or even political historians—should ask questions of the past that differ from those raised by the people of the time. That is the job of the historian-to see what con-

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

temporaries could not see or chose no to see, as well as those things they di understand. All good history, after all, is selection, analysis, and expla nation, not simply reporting the opin ions of dead people, important : those opinions may be in helping u understand their times.

Carl N. Degler Department of History Stanford University Stanford, Calif.

I much admire Gertrude Him melfarb as a historian of politica ideas. All the more, therefore, am saddened by her outdated, unfair, an misguided onslaught on the new so cial history.

□It is outdated in that it is flogging dead or dying horse. Five years ago publicly pointed to evidence that so cial historians were beginning to tur back to more traditional modes of his torical writing, and every week ther appears further confirmation that m prediction was correct.

It is unfair since it fails to give cred to the astonishing achievements the new history. The new history ha greatly extended the range of topic for serious historical study and ha made major advances in areas such a social organization, family structure demography, economic history, th experience of daily life, and the men talité of various classes, especially th poor and the inarticulate. Some of th finest works of history have been writ ten by the best of the "new histo rians." Of course, a mass of boring an trendy trivia has been produced b their third-rate epigones. But ther will always be writers of trivia whether it be about diplomatic his tory half a century ago or about th history of sex today.

☐ It is misguided in that it is stirring u divisions among serious historica scholars who should be learning from each other, and whose common fait in the accessibility by reason and re search to relative and provisions



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ruth and morality is under attack rom other quarters. Today, we need o stand shoulder to shoulder against he growing army of enemies of raionality. By that I mean the followers of the fashionable cult of absolute reltivism, emerging from philosophy, inguistics, semiotics, and decontructionism. These are truly "denirating the power of reason," since hey tend to deny the possibility of ccurate communication by the use of anguage, the force of logical deducion, and the very existence of truth and falsehood.

aurence Stone Department of History rinceton University rinceton, N. I.

I concur with Gertrude Himnelfarb's view that social historians often lose sight of any larger whole in heir pursuit of the sufferings of the poor and oppressed. Nursing grievinces can raise consciousness, all ight. There is nothing like a wicked outsider to consolidate in-group feeling, and clashing in-groups certainly make consensus politics difficult or impossible.

On the other hand, I cannot see that historians who cultivate the group consciousness of women, blacks, workers, homosexuals—or of adolescents or madmen for that matter-are notably more wicked or irrational than those who cultivate national consciousness and group feeling at the expense of shared human characteristics that exist beyond political boundaries.

Rational and liberal politics of the sort dear to Professor Himmelfarb divide humanity into rival states whose differences are at least as dangerous to life and reason as anything the social historians are calling from the depths to disturb civil peace within national houndaries.

William H. McNeill Department of History University of Chicago Chicago, Ill.

Gertrude Himmelfarb replies:

It is hardly surprising that social historians should rally to their cause. But it is disappointing that they should do so by misreading my essay. I said repeatedly that my objections are not to the new history itself but rather to its claims of superiority and totality.

Carl Degler accuses me of not having "caught up with the 'new social history' of Charles Beard." Not only have I caught up with Beard (the third paragraph of my essay mentions him explicitly); I have also caught up with all the critiques of Beard that have made his study of the Constitution something less than the "landmark of historical scholarship" that Degler, incredibly, still regards it to be. And we did not need Beard to tell us that our political history was not made by "reason alone." Aristotle taught us that long ago when he spoke of man as a political animal. Degler finds it odd that I should be suspicious of a history that asks questions of the past that

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the past did not ask of itself. He does not quote the rest of my sentence: "for which the evidence is sparse and unreliable and to which the answers are necessarily speculative, subjective, and dubious." Degler asserts that "certainly" my book on poverty in Victorian England was shared "present concerns." "Did she write on that subject because it was so exciting to the Victorians? No, she wrote on it because she lives in an era when poverty is no longer accepted as a given that must be endured. In fact, I wrote on that subject (as the most casual glance at the table of contents of my book would reveal) precisely because poverty was "so exciting to the Victorians," and precisely because it was they who first conceived of it as a social problem rather than a condition to be endured.

Perhaps Degler would better understand my position if I remind him of an afticle he wrote some twenty years ago. A good historian, he said at that time, is guided by his "participantsources"-i.e., contemporary evidence. He might think it plausible that the American Revolution was caused by high taxes or the navigation laws, but if he found no evidence for that in the contemporary literature he would have to abandon his thesis; conversely, if he found that other reasons were given at the time, he would have to take them seriously, however strange they seemed to him. "The careful historian," Degler concluded, "tries to think as his subjects did, and within their system of values." Just so.

Lawrence Stone provides the best testimony against himself. If I am "outdated" by at least five years, surely Stone was also outdated when, less than three years ago, he published a volume of essays, The Past and the Present, that was severely critical of some of the most influential modes of the new history. Only a year and a half ago I had the pleasure of chairing a luncheon meeting of the American Historical Association at which he was the speaker. He took the occasion to criticize social history for, among other things, ignoring the political dimension of history. Moreover, the "evidence" he gave, five years ago, fol the return to "more traditional mode of historical writing" was the shif from quantitative to mentalité history and his example of the revival of nar rative history was Le Roy Ladurie' Montaillou-hardly what most histo rians would regard as either tradi tional or narrative history. My own evidence for the preponderance of so cial history (and of the most trivial kind) comes from extensive reading of programs for academic conferences proposals for grants, and the like Stone may dismiss all this as the worl of "third-rate epigones," but it is the work that is now unquestionably dom inating the profession.

I entirely agree with Stone that the "fashionable cult of absolute relativ ism," exemplified in recent trends in philosophy, linguistics, semiotics and deconstructionism, represents denigration of reason. I would only add that I find that same cult exempli fied in some modes of the new history

I am pleased that William McNeil

Finally, I would like to assure the practitioners of the new history (as i they needed any assurance) that I pronounced no interdiction on the new history (as if I were in a position to do that). All I did was caution against a redefinition of history that would make of social history the "total his tory," or even the dominant and superior form of history. Political history needs all the leavening it can getfrom economic history, cultural history, intellectual history, and, yes, social history. What political history does not need is to be belittled, for to do so demeans not only history but humanity.

### agrees with me on some points, if no on others. But the issue of national history is so momentous that it had best be left for some other occasion.

### NATO at Thirty-five

The United States is not a member of NATO to do Europe a favor, but to defend its own interests ["Should the U.S. Stay in NATO?" Harper's, April]. Without Europe the world would be: singularly lonely and unfriendly place for all Americans.

Continued on page 73

Dancing is the art closest to African life, Traditional dances are seldom solo or couple dances. Rather, several dancers form up single file and move in unison. So, if you want to get in on the real African culture ... get in line.

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# NOTEBOOK

### The new patriotism By Lewis H. Latham

Oome months ago the Washington ost published an exceptionally fatuous article advertising "The New Pariotism" as if it were an after-shave otion. The Post, of course, has an imressive talent for publishing trendy oolishness, but in this instance the writer came close to parody. Employng the language of television comnercials, he announced the return of martial spirit to a body politic gone prematurely slack and old. By way of product endorsements he listed the ollowing:

☐ The record sales being reported by nanufacturers of American flags.

☐ The eagerness with which 75,000 students last year seized upon 75,000 Army gym bags distributed, free of charge, at high school football games. ☐ The testimony of selected Radcliffe girls that Harvard boys enrolled in ROTC units were more attractive

than their civilian peers.

Similar articles citing similar evidence have been bolstering the moale of the media for the last eighteen months. Every three or four days another columnist or broadcaster makes the amazing discovery that ordinary Americans living anonymous and poorly dressed lives find nothing disreputable about declaring their love of country. In addition to the evidence offered by the Post. I have noticed these further proofs of the new patriotism:

☐ The declining percentage of college freshmen admitting to a sympathy for the ideology of the left (21 percent in 1982, down from 52 percent in 1972).

The conservative sentiments currently in fashion among the intellectual classes.

☐ The resurgence of "old-fashioned values," expressed in the lobbying for

prayer in the nation's schools.

☐ The opulence of the weapons

☐ The popular enthusiasm for the American invasion of Grenada.

The politeness and intelligence of the young men enlisting in the armed

A general warmth of feeling for men in uniform.

☐ The steady sales of hunting rifles and Ford pickup trucks.

☐ The wisdom of a high school student in California who, when asked for his opinion of nonconformists, referred to them as "trolls-longhairs, transient types, commies, and welfare recipients.

Almost without exception, the voices of optimism regained draw the moral that the United States has renounced the selfishness of the 1960s and recovered from the apathy of the 1970s.

It is the uniformity of these announcements that makes them so depressing. Whenever the instruments of the mass media combine in loud and joyful chorus it is pretty safe to assume that they have got the music wrong. Like many other universal truths revealed in the last two decades (e.g., the perfection of President Kennedy's Camelot and the omnipotence of the Arab oil cartel), the current discovery of patriotism has less to do with the attitudes of the American people as a whole than with the pressures of the market in images. The makers of news and slogans serve the whim of fashion, and because they seldom take the trouble to cast their adjectives in the perspective of time, their constructions bear a closer resemblance to fantasy than fact.

The advertisements for the new patriotism neglect to distinguish between the meanings of different words; as with the Washington Post, the copywriters confuse patriotism with nationalism, and both of these with jingoism. For the most part they celebrate the latter, as if love of country somehow implied reading Soldier of Fortune magazine and telling racial jokes. The politicians and the editorial writers talk about "standing tall" and "not bugging out," but the Marines leaving Lebanon talked about being scared and glad to get away. The show of rhetorical force by the editors of conservative and neoconservative journals sounds as empty as the prerecorded laughter on network situation comedies. It is as if the new patriots were hoping to persuade themselves that the world remains as it was in 1945, that the United States still calls the shots and sends in the plays.

But most Americans haven't got the taste for military adventure or the stomach for the defense of empire. No matter how resplendent the uniforms or how soft the glances of Radcliffe girls. I cannot imagine an appreciable number of college students wishing to stand guard for twenty years in Pan-

ama or the Khyber Pass.

Americans have always had trouble reconciling their amiable and commercial temperament with the demands of a necessarily cruel and selfish state. As Robert Nisbet observes elsewhere in this issue, it is the nature of the state, whether totalitarian or democratic in its pretensions, to wage ceaseless war not only against foreign states but also against those institutions within its own borders (family, school, voluntary association) that would challenge its monopoly of sovereign power.

The founders of the American re-

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public attempted to establish a ball ance between the claims of the stat and the interests of those lesser institutions that arouse in most American the genuine emotion of patriotism Writing last month in this magazin about the hollowness of Presiden Reagan's militarism, Henry Fairli noted that it was the photographs in soldier's wallet that bore witness to the allegiance of his feeling. Maybe at overly zealous major might carry post cards of the Washington Monument o the New York Stock Exchange; amonthe troops under his command the red ord would show the view looking wes from a back porch, a wedding portrait the snapshot of a parent or a child.

Given so homely a definition of patriotism, Americans over the las thirty years have been remarkably faithful to the premise on which the country was established. The merchants of the new patriotism still denounce the excesses of the lost counterculture and the opposition to the Vietnam War, but those events could as easily be construed as signs of strength, as proof of the idealistic purposes that Americans still feel called upon to make manifest to a cynical and indifferent world. Who among them ever stopped loving America: What other people ever did so much for the sake of an idea?

At the risk of bankrupting their economy, Americans have transferred vast sums to their less fortunate companions. They have insisted or the right of free speech (to the point of confusing it with pornography) and have elected (to their sorrow and eventual disillusion) politicians in whom they thought they could recognize even the dim and flickering light of an honest dream.

The new patriotism is also the old patriotism, which has been there all along, usually no more than a block away from the television studios and newspaper offices in which the ladies and gentlemen of the media tend the altars of the official conscience. Our of sight of the cameras the majority of Americans have been caring for the principles to which the nation was dedicated, living up to the promise of the American enterprise. Few of them would have the gall to preach the virtues that they so carelessly practice.

# **SMALL WONDERS.**



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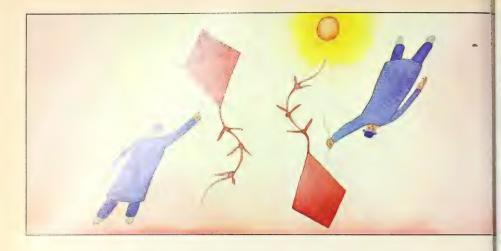
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# Are we moving in the right direction?

The value of nuclear power is being questioned these days mainly because of serious financial problems with some plants under construction. What's often overlooked is that with 80 plants operating in the U.S., and over 200 more throughout the world, nuclear-generated electricity is already being used extensively, safely, and economically.

High interest rates and inflation, plus mostive updating of safety regulations, bus construction slowdowns, have made many of the nuclear plants now under construction much more expensive and they were when originally planne.

Yet these plane will still be needed, because demand a electricity is growing.

### A growing economineeds more electri

Industry is shifting to many acturing processes that use electricity ter energy efficiency. Electron nology is improving productivit Our heating and cooling needs in offices, factories, malls, and homes continue to boost electrical demand.

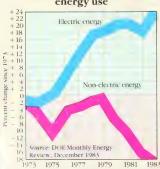
The question raised in the past few months boils down to this: Can nuclear power plants, fueled by uranium, produce reasonably priced electricity?

### Uranium saves money and fuel

The average cost of electricity from the 80 U.S. nuclear plants now operating is less than half the cost of oil-generated electricity. And in many parts of the country, it's roughly the same as or somewhat less than electricity from coal.

Most of the nuclear plants now operating were built before the years of double-digit inflation and persistently high interest rates—huge fac-

### Electric vs. non-electric energy use



While the use of non-electric energy has declined, U.S. consumption of electric energy has increased by over 25% since the Arab oil embargo.

tors in the higher cost of the plan now approaching completion. Ev so, over their 30- to 40-year lifetin these new plants can provide eco nomic benefits because of the low cost of uranium fuel.

### Renewing the nuclear prom

Utilities have learned to be more i istic about what it takes to construent run a nuclear plant. They haven beefing up their nuclear entering staffs and strengthening toperator training programs.

At the same time, the Federal government is moving to reform the nuclear regulation process, whice causes needless delays and often adds hundreds of millions of dollatin excessive construction and operating costs.

But these steps alone are not enough. The full potential of nucla power will be achieved only with a public understanding of its benefit Then, the development of America nuclear-electric energy will continue to move in the right direction.

### Free booklet tells more

For more information, write to th U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 37012 (B11), Washington, D.C. 20013.

### Information about energy America can count on toda

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# HARPER'S INDEX

Annual earnings, including overtime, of a Carnegie Hall stagehand \$\$90,000 (see page 65)

Average annual salary of a male Columbia University MBA after ten years on the job \$\$\$49,356

Of a female Columbia University MBA \$\$\$40,022

Market value of labor performed annually by the average American housewife \$ \$40,288.04 Lecture fee for Henry Kissinger \$ \$20,000

Percentage increase in the number of U.S. millionaires, 1981-82 : 48.8

Percentage of American marriages that occur in June \$ 12

Percentage of American Jews under thirty who marry out of the faith : 72

Percentage of Harvard students who graduate with honors : 75

Estimated yearly infant deaths attributable to formula feeding, worldwide \$ 3,000,000

Number of American couples currently seeking to adopt children \$ 2,000,000

1 Charles of American couples currently seeking to adopt children \$ 2,000,000

Number of times that Rod McKuen says he rewrote his latest book, The Sound of Solitude 34

Number of elementary particles in the visible universe \$10<sup>14</sup>

Number of possible games of chess : 1012

Percentage decrease in television viewing in homes with personal computers \$40

Percentage of male high school students who plan to seek careers in computer-related fields \$ 23

In teaching : 1

Percentage of baseball players signed to professional contracts who never appear in a major league game \$ 92

Percentage of Americans who commit murder and never appear in a courtroom \$ 50

Number of people who have applied for the job of executioner in New Jersey \$ 50

Number of countries that have sold arms to both sides in the Iran-Iraq war \$ 9 (see page 16)

Percentage of the U.S. oil supply that passed through the Straits of Hormuz five years ago 20

Today: 3

Coffin manufacturers in the United States today : 400

Fifteen years ago : 600

Percentage of the U.S. population that lives in mobile homes : 10

Percentage increase in U.S. households headed by single mothers, 1970-80:58

Percentage of the U.S. population that ate at McDonald's each day last year \$ 7

Membership of Physicians for Social Responsibility in 1980 : 800

In 1984 : 28,000

Percentage of voters who say they are more likely to vote Democratic in November if a woman is on the ticket \$ 26 Campaign dollars expected to be spent for each vote cast in the 1984 presidential election \$ 3.38

Minutes of each workday that the average American spends earning money to pay taxes : 160

Average number of days business and government take to pay a bill in Nigeria : 96

and government take to pay a bill in Nigeria • 9

In Japan : 7

In the United States : 20

Total Defense Department telephone bill in fiscal 1984: \$1,300,000,000

Total man-hours spent mowing lawns in the United States each year \$ 2,254,000,000

Inches by which Ronald Reagan's chest size has increased since he started working out \$ 13/4

Pounds of butter that can be bought (at \$2.06 per pound) for the cost of an M16 rifle \$256

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of April 1984.

New pology materials make advanced aircraft perform better and cost less.

Graphite positives like these are already in use on the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps F/A-18A point and on the F-20 Tigershark, America's newest tactical fighter.

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# READINGS

# (Speech) A PLEA FOR CORPORATE CONSCIENCE

From a speech delivered by Federal District Court Judge Miles W. Lord in his Minneapolis courtroom on February 29. Lord made his remarks in approving a \$4.6 million product-liability suit against the A. H. Robins Company, manufacturer of the Dalkon Shield intrauterine contraceptive device, which has been found to cause serious, and sometimes fatal, pelvic infections in many of its users. This settlement satisfied seven of the 9,000 claims that have been brought against Robins. Lord's remarks are addressed to E. Claiborne Robins Jr., the firm's president; Carl D. Lunsford, senior vice president for research and development; and William A. Forrest Jr., vice president and general counsel.

After months of reflection, study, and cogitation—and no small amount of prayer—I have concluded that it is perfectly appropriate to make this statement, which will constitute my plea to you to seek new horizons in corporate consciousness and a new sense of personal responsibility for the activities of those who work under you in the name of the A. H. Robins Company.

It is not enough to say, "I did not know," "It was not me," "Look elsewhere." Time and again, each of you has used this kind of argument in refusing to acknowledge your responsibility and in pretending to the world that the chief officers and directors of your gigantic multinational corporation have no responsibility for its acts and omissions.

Today as you sit here attempting once more to extricate yourselves from the legal consequences of your acts, none of you has faced up to the fact that more than 9,000 women claim they gave up part of their womanhood so that your company

might prosper. It has been alleged that others gave their lives so you might prosper. And there stand behind them legions more who have been injured but who have not sought relief in the courts of this land.

I dread to think what would have been the consequences if your victims had been men rather than women—women, who seem, through some quirk of our society's mores, to be expected to suffer pain, shame, and humiliation.

If one poor young man were, without authority or consent, to inflict such damage upon one woman, he would be jailed for a good portion of the rest of his life. Yet your company, without warning to women, invaded their bodies by the millions and caused them injuries by the thousands. And when the time came for these women to make their claims against your company, you attacked their characters. You inquired into their sexual practices and into the identity of their sex partners. You ruined families and reputations and careers in order to intimidate those who would raise their voices against you. You introduced issues that had no relationship to the fact that you had planted in the bodies of these women instruments of death, of mutilation, of disease.

Gentlemen, you state that your company has suffered enough, that the infliction of further punishment in the form of punitive damages would cause harm to your business, would punish innocent shareholders, and could conceivably depress your profits to the point where you could not survive as a competitor in this industry. When the poor and downtrodden commit crimes, they too plead that these are crimes of survival and that they should be excused for illegal acts that helped them escape desperate economic straits. On a few occasions when these excuses are made and remorseful defendants promise to mend their ways, courts will give heed to such pleas. But no court will heed the plea when the individual denies the wrongful

nature of his deeds and gives no indication that is ways. Your company, in the face whelming evidence, denies its guilt and its monstrous mischief.

st, you have told me that you are with members of the Congress of the ited States to find a way of forgiving you from damages that might otherwise be imsed. Yet the profits of your company continue to mount. Your last financial report boasts of new records for sales and earnings, with a profit of more than \$58 million in 1983. And, insofar as this court has been able to determine, you three men and your company are still engaged in a course of wrongdoing. Until your company indicates that it is willing to cease and desist this deception and to seek out and advise the victims, your remonstrances to Congress and to the courts are indeed hollow and cynical. The company has not suffered, nor have you men personally. You are collectively being enriched by millions of dollars each year. There is no evidence that your company has suffered any penalty from these litigations. In fact, the evidence is to the

The case law suggests that the purpose of punitive damages is to make an award that will punish a defendant for his wrongdoing. Punishment has traditionally involved the principles of revenge, rehabilitation, and deterrence. There is no evidence I have been able to find in my review of these cases to indicate that any one of these ob-

jectives has been accomplished.

Mr. Robins, Mr. Forrest, Dr. Lunsford: You have not been rehabilitated. Under your direction, your company has continued to allow women, tens of thousands of them, to wear this device—a deadly depth charge in their wombs, ready to explode at any time. Your attorney denies that tens of thousands of these devices are still in women's bodies. But I submit to you that he has no more basis for denying the accusation than the plaintiffs have for stating it as truth. We simply do not know how many women are still wearing these devices because your company is not willing to find out. The only conceivable ns that you have not recalled this product hat it would hurt your balance sheet and aless we men who have already been harmed that you have be liable for their injuries. You have taken the sortom line as your guiding beacon and the low and as your route. That is corporate irresponsibility its meanest. Rehabilitation involves an admission of guilt, a certain contrition, an acknowlessment of wrongdoing, and a resolution to take a new course toward a better life. I find none of this in you or your corporation. Confession is good for the soul, gentlemen. Face up to your misdeeds. Acknowledge the personal responsibility you have for the activities of those who work under you. Rectify this evil situation. Warn the potential victims and recompense those who have already been harmed.

Mr. Robins, Mr. Forrest, Dr. Lunsford: I see little in the history of this case that would deter others. The policy of delay and obfuscation practiced by your lawyers in courts throughout this country has made it possible for you and your insurance company to put off the payment of these claims for such a long period that the interest you earned in the interim covers the cost of these cases. You, in essence, pay nothing out of your own pockets to settle these cases. What corporate officials could learn a lesson from this? The only lesson they might learn is that it pays to delay compensating victims and to intimidate, harass, and shame the injured parties.

Your company seeks to segment and fragment the litigation of these cases nationwide. The courts of this country are burdened with more than 3,000 Dalkon Shield cases. The sheer number of claims and the dilatory tactics used by your company's attorneys clog court calendars and consume vast amounts of judicial and jury time. Your company settles those cases out of court in which it finds itself in an uncomfortable position, a handy device for avoiding any proceeding that would give continuity or cohesiveness to this nationwide problem. The decision as to which cases are brought to trial rests almost solely at the whim and discretion of the A.H. Robins Company. In order to guarantee that no plaintiff or group of plaintiffs mounts a sustained assault upon your system of evasion and avoidance, you have time after time demanded that, as the price of settling a case, able lawyers agree not to bring a Dalkon Shield case again and not to help less experienced lawyers with cases against your company.

Another of your callous legal tactics is to force women of little means to withstand the on-slaughts of your well-financed team of attorneys. You target your worst tactics at the meek and the

poor.

If this court had the authority, I would order your company to make an effort to locate each and every woman who still wears this device and recall your product. But this court does not. I must therefore resort to moral persuasion and a personal appeal to each of you. Mr. Robins, Mr. Forrest, and Dr. Lunsford: You are the people with the power to recall. You are the corporate conscience.

Please, in the name of humanity, lift your eyes above the bottom line. You, the men in charge, must surely have hearts and souls and consciences.

Please, gentlemen, give consideration to tracing down the victims and sparing them the agony that will surely be theirs.



From Die Welt, the West German daily.

### [Transcript] NANCY REAGAN'S **OUTTAKES**

From "A Visit with Nancy Reagan," by Darrell Yates Rist, in Christopher Street, No. 80. Rist, a filmmaker, recorded the following scene during production of a film about American history for high school students in which Nancy Reagan participated. Mark is Mark Goode, a White House media adviser: Bert is a personal assistant.

NANCY Isighing heavily, arranges herself and beginsl: When you visit the White House, it's something like the landlord visiting the tenant, because the White House belongs to all the American people. . . . Walking down these halls, I am almost overcome with history when I think that every president except George Washington lived here. But as the residents of the White House change, so does the White House itself. Laundry, of course, doesn't hang to dry in the East Room as it did in Abigail Adams's day. And Teddy Roosevelt's moose head no longer hangs on the State Dining Room wall staring down on distinguished guests. But whatever changes, the White House always maintains its dignity and symbolizes the continuity of our de-mocer-cy.

MARK: Cut.

[An explosion of anxious whispers: "What did she-" "It was fine." "She didn't-"

NANCY [in a pouting mumble]: I didn't say democ-

MARK [soothingly]: Democracy is the only thing. NANCY [whining]: Democracy I didn't do real well. MARK: Can we just pick up . . . that was the

only part I noticed. NANCY [distracted]: What was that?

MARK: Democracy.

NANCY: Democracy?

MARK: It was nice till there.

BERT. Nice.

MARK: Back to the last line, Ready?

DARRELL [loudly]: First Lady, take two.

IA snap of the slate. Wincing. Looks of strained patience. Recomposure.

NANCY: The White House always maintains its dignity and symbolizes the continuity of our democ'cy.

MARK: Cut.

NANCY [giggling]: Well, I. . . that word!

[Bert laughs.]

MARK: De-mo-cra-cy.

NANCY [whimpering]: Why did I do that?

BERT: That's fine, that's fine. It's not a big mis-

MARK: OK. Ready. Action.

NANCY: The White House always maintains its dignity and symbolizes the continuity of our democr'cy.

MARK: Cut. It's good enough.

BERT [to Nancy, laughing]: Dear, it was very good.

# [Chart] THE IRA /IRAQ ARMS BAZAAR

Sales to Iraq Sales to Iran	Major Weapons Before	Major Weapons During	Other Support During
Country	War	War	War
US.	0	8	0
USSR	8	8	8
China		8	
France	8	8	•
West Germany		•	•
Greece		0	0
Italy	0	8	•
Portugal			•
Spain		•	•
United Kingdom	0		8
Czechoslovakia		•	•
East Germany		8	•
Hungary		•	
Poland		•	•
Yugoslavia		•	
Austria		•	
Switzerland		8	
Egypt		•	•
Israel		0	0
Jordan		•	•
Kuwait			•
Saudi Arabia			•
Syria		0	0
South Yemen			0
North Korea		8	8
South Korea		0	0
TI - Man			0
Vietnom			0
Algeria		0	0
Libya		0	0
Morocco		-	ě
South Africa		0	
Brazil	•	8	•

Adapted from the Stockholm 12. If Peace Research Institute's 1984 yearbook, published this most a ling to SIRIs, few of the nations that supply arms to frain and Iria show signs of wanting to see an end to the war. "It is in the interests of both superpowers that their allies deliver weapons to both sides," since a prolonged conflict circulates the conditions for Iriaq and Irian's future reliance on the United States and the Soviet Union." Nine nations directly or indirectly supply both sides.

# [Interview] FIDEL CAN HIT THE CURVE

From "Our Man in Havana," by J. Hoberman, in the Village Voice, April 10. This exchange with Castro took place at a recent film festival in Havana.

have blundered into excellent field position just as Fidel comes around the bend. He spots the attractive *compañéra* next to me, and as he shakes her hand for the third.time, she tells him, "This guy has a question for you."

"Right," I say. "It's about beisbol."

Beisbol. Castro's entourage stops dead. Suddenly it's me and Fidel and the translator and the bodyguards and the compañera in the bizarrely world-historic eye of the storm. "Yes," I say. "I want to know why Cuban baseball uses the designated hitter."

The translator translates. Fidel considers the question and begins framing his reply. It's like a major policy statement. "The designated hiter," he says through the translator, "is part of the official international rules of baseball. As a member of the international community, Cuba, of course, must adhere to these rules."

"Wait a minute," I hear myself say. "The designated hitter isn't part of the official rules of baseball. Only one of the major leagues even uses it—the American League. Why should Cuba copy the American League?"

All around us Cubans are beginning to laugh. Did the *yanqui* catch Fidel? Clearly, the ball is still in my court, but I don't know what to say next. Fidel's position is pitcher. Should I ask him how he likes giving up his turn at bat? Or would that seem unduly provocative? Should I inquire how this specialization fits in with his conception of the New Socialist Man? Too theoretical. Cautiously, I decide to venture an opinion. "Speaking for myself, I think the designated hitter ruins the strategy of the game."

But Fidel has formulated a line. Quickly he begins speaking through the interpreter. "That is regressive," he maintains, cocking his head earnestly. "We must not be afraid to change the existing rules. The rules of all games must be called into question." Now Fidel is beginning to cook. "For example," he says, "I think we should make new rules for basketball. I propose we have three kinds of basketball. One for people who are under five feet tall, another for people who are five and a half feet tall, and a third for people who are over six feet tall." Fidel is watching me intently. "That way," he says, "the Vietnamese will be able to win a basketball game!"

[Acceptance Speech]

### THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE 30-SECOND SPOT

John Updike delivered this speech to the National Arts Club in New York City on February 29, upon receiving the club's Medal of Honor for Literature.

ne does not have to be a member of an arts club to observe that great art comes in clumps, that there seem times when a culture conspires to produce artists. Greek drama in the Periclean era, Dutch painting in the seventeenth century, Elizabethan poetry, nineteenth-century Russian fiction, German music from Bach to Brahmssuch episodes seem waves that lift to sublime heights the individuals lucky enough to be born in the right place and time. The energy and interest of a society focus upon certain forms, and the single, sometimes anonymous artist conducts the gathered heat and light into a completed work. A thousand years ago, crucifixes were foci of fervent attention, and for centuries what men knew of the nude male form and of human agony and dignity sought expression through the crucifix carver's hands. Something of the same concentration attaches to representations of Lenin in the communist world; and a visitor to the Soviet Union must admit that its official painters and sculptors do wonderfully well with the expressive possibilities latent in the image of a short bald man wearing a three-piece suit and a goatee-though this visitor's rapture was slightly dulled, twenty years ago, when he was taken through a Lenin factory, a clattering place where identical busts of the sacred agitator came down an assembly line and where bins were filled with items of this manufacture that had failed, because of a chip or grimace, to meet quality controls.

Now, in our own American culture, it seems clear enough where the highest pitch of artistic energy is focused. After trying to watch the heavily hyped Winter Olympics, I have no doubt that the aesthetic marvels of our age, for intensity and lavishness of effort and subtlety of both overt and subliminal effect, are television commercials. With the fanatic care with which Irish monks once ornamented the Book of Kells, glowing images of youthful beauty and athletic prowess, of racial harmony and exalted fellowship, are herein fluidly marshaled and shuffled to persuade us that a certain beer or candy bar, or insurance company or oil-based conglomerate, is, like the crucified Christ or the defiant Lenin in other times and places, the gateway to the good life. Skills and techniques developed over

nearly a century of filmmaking are here brought to a culmination of artistry that spares no expense or trouble; it has been the accomplishment of television to make every living room a cathedral, and to place within it, every six minutes or so, though it seems oftener, votive objects as luxurious and loving as a crucifixion by Grünewald or a pietà by Michelangelo. Our entire lives-our eating, our drinking, our traveling, our conviviality and courtship and family pleasures, our whole magnificent cradle-to-grave consumption, in short—are here compressed upon an ideal iconic plane; one can only marvel, and be grateful, and regret that except within narrow professional circles the artists involved, like Anglo-Saxon poets and Paleocene cavepainters, are unknown by name.

What of the rest of us, who huddle with our known names on the sidelines, practicing relatively retrograde and impoverished art forms while this great glowing pillar of multicolored flickering rotates at the hot center of our culture? Well, there are some consolations to being in the shade. It is cooler there, and people can't always see what you are doing. As Aldous Huxley pointed out, the inattention of the powerful is one of the secrets of freedom. Those of us who are riding the inky old print media into its sunset have, like the last threadbare cowboys, a certain grimly jaunty independence. We may do what we can do, and in our friendly limbo are under no obligation to assert that Coca-Cola is beneficial for not only the physical but the spiritual health of the nation, or that Mobil is watching out for our best interests night and day. We are free in our obscurity to try to tell the truth. Or to raise Pontius Pilate's old question, What is truth? We are free from committee meetings, from story conferences; no banker invades our sound stage in his anxiety to protect his investment, no character refuses to speak the lines we give him. We are free to explore and transmit private sensations; to permit that osmotic permeation of the ego's cell walls that empathy and love and altruism as well as art achieve. In a world where virtue and even the word virtue are hard to find, the hand-woven fictional or poetic text offers a boundless field for striving toward the excellent and the pure. Quite wonderfully, it can always be better, and only it matters-only it carries. There is a fair amount of folderol in a writer's life. but the proof, finally and deliciously, is nowhere but in the pudding. So, to be brief, I am well content at my desk, and grateful that the world has allowed me to stay at it. This kind award comes as something extra, which I take as a symbol of society's wish to cheer the writer on in his private task, as a caretaker of sorts, these last few centuries, of all of our cherished and threatened privacies.

# AUSCHWITZ JOKES

From an article by Alan Dundes and Thomas Hauschild in Western Folklore, October 1983. Dundes as a professor of anthropology and folklore at the University of California at Berkeley and author of a new book on German culture, Life Is Like a Chicken Coop Ladder. Hauschild is a German ethnologist.

othing is so sacred, so taboo, or so disgustin. ....nnot be the subject of humor. Quite the contrary—it is precisely those topics cultura ined as sacred, taboo, or disgusting that provide the principal grist for humor mills. In a history of atrocities, it would be hard to think of any example more gruesome than the methodical murder of millions of Jews in Nazi Germany. Astonishingly, jokes about the plight of Jews in World War II are now current in West Germany. These jokes, which many will no doubt find to be in extremely bad taste, might be said to constitute a form of "executioner's humor," rather than "gallows humor." Whether one finds them funny or not is not an issue. lokes are always a barometer of the attitudes of a group. Auschwitz jokes exist, and they obviously fill some psychic need for those who tell them and those who listen to them. They demonstrate that anti-Semitism is not dead in Germany-if documentation were needed to prove that point.

Here is a joke heard in Mainz in 1982:

How many Jews will fit in a Volkswagen? Five hundred and six—six in the seats and 500 in the ashtrays.

The Jew/ashes equation is an all too common theme in Auschwitz jokes. Other aspects of the Holocaust are also found in these jokes.

A child plays with a cake of soap. Granny says, "Keep your fingers off Anne Frank."

The Nazis did experiment with transforming Jewish corpses into soap, a metaphor for the conversion of "dirty" Jews into an agent of cleanliness. The joke suggests that the child should not with Anne Frank. In other words, the dead a least least the younger generation should not play with the products of Nazi Germany.

The transformation of Anne Frank into a bar of soap suggers one of the principal themes of these jokes: the roduction (literally) of masses of Jews. And in these jokes, we find the "condensed" Jew, who fits into an ashtray or who has been reduced to a piece of soap. Granny, like most Germans, favors cleanliness, yet she orders the child not to touch the soap. We have the "clean" Granny, a representative of the Nazi

generation, wishing to repress that "dirty" part of history.

Two Jewish children are sitting on top of a roof near a chimney. A passerby asks, "What are you doing up there?" "We are waiting for our parents," the children reply.

A Jew is walking down the street carrying a gas container with a pipe connecting it to his mouth. A passerby asks, "What are you doing?" "I'm addicted." he answers.

Here the problem of guilt is resolved through an insidious form of projection: the Jews wanted to be gassed. We see a similar device in the next text. Through repression and projection, the joke teller and his audience can pretend that they are not guilty; the Jews wanted such treatment.

Why did so many Jews go to Auschwitz? The fare was free.

A new scapegoat has been added to the German repertoire: the Turk. The influx of Turkish migrant workers throughout Europe has inspired a number of anti-Turkish jokes. One might think that the Turk would replace the Jew as the butt of jokes, but that has not been the case. It is instructive to see how Jews and Turks are treated in the same joke.

A German, a Jew, and a Turk are waiting in the clinic to see their newborn babies. A nurse tells them that their children have been mixed up and they do not know which baby belongs to which father. The German says: "Let me be in there undisturbed for five minutes." He comes back a few minutes later and with great certainty says: "This is your child, this is mine," etc. The nurse wants to know how he has done this. At first, the German refuses to say. But she presses him further and finally he says: "I went in, raised my arm, and shouted, 'Heil Hitler.' Immediately, my son lifted his arm and returned the same greeting. The Jew shit in his diapers and the Turk cleaned it up."

The mixing up of the children may reflect a continuing concern with racial purity. The German's reluctance to tell the nurse how he succeeded in identifying each baby suggests that he realizes that racist ideology is taboo. Still, he eventually admits that he used the Hitler salute to distinguish the true German. The modern twist is that the Turk is identified by the fact that he cleans up after the "dirty" Jew.

There is little evidence of remorse in these jokes. Only the reference to leaving Anne Frank alone hints at any compassion for the victims of Nazi death camps. The persistence of anti-Semitsm is seen in a joke that finds Hitler in hell:

Hitler has been burning in hell for dozens of years for all his sins. Finally he is cleansed and he enters heaven. God asks him: "What would you do if you could return to earth, Adolf?" Hitler answers: "I

would gas Jews!" Angrily, God sends him back to hell for three more years. When Hitler returns to heaven, God asks him the same question: "What would you do?" Hitler says: "Gas the Jews." Again Hitler is sent to hell for three years. When he comes back, God asks him a third time: "What would you do if you could return to earth?" Hitler has thought over the whole thing and says: "I would build some beautiful highways." God asks: "To what places would you build these highways?" Hitler answers: "Directly from Prague to Auschwitz."

This joke was told by a bus driver in Bavaria to amuse tourists on his bus. It contains a common argument, namely that Hitler deserves credit for some things, such as building good highways. The premise of the joke—that Hitler suffered enough in hell to be cleansed—is worthy of notice. Yet the joke concludes that Hitler's anti-Semitism (and perhaps German anti-Semitism generally) is so virulent that not even the horrors of hell could change it.

Auschwitz jokes allow the joke teller and his audience to admit that Auschwitz is indeed a part of German history. This is surely a healthy sign. Yet at the same time, it is disturbing to think that the recognition of Auschwitz's grim reality has not ended centuries of anti-Semitism in Germany.

[Rap Song] RAPPIN' JESSE JACKSON

From "Jesse," by Grandmaster Melle Mel and the Furious Five, on Sugarhill Records. Rap singing involves the chanting of quick-rhyme lyrics over percussive dance rhythms.

He's comin'. He's comin'. He's here: His name is Jesse

(Refrain)

Hypocrites and Uncle Toms are talkin' trash Liberty and Justice are a thing of the past They want a stronger nation at any cost Even if it means that everything will soon be lost

(Chorus)

He started on the bottom, now he's on the top He proved that he could make it so don't ever

Brothers stand together and let the whole world

How brother Jesse Jackson go down in history (So let's go!)

(Chant)

Love/Work/Caring/For one another (4 times)

See Ronald Reagan speaking on TV Smiling like everything's fine and dandy Sounded real good when he tried to give a pep

To over thirty million poor people like me How can he say that we got to stick it out When his belly is full and his future is sunny? I don't need his jive advice But I sure do need his jive-time money.

(Chant)

Love/Work/Love/Work (4 times)

The land of the free and the home of the brave But it might as well be the home of the slave They got me walking around saying Freedom's come

But my body is free and my mind is dumb The people are black but the house is white And just because I'm different they don't treat me right

They done cast me aside and held me down, Dragged my name down to the ground Oh beautiful for spacious skies With your amber waves of untold lies Look at all the politicians trying to do a job But they can't help but look like the mob

(Refrain)

Hypocrites just talkin' trash, etc.

Love/Work/Caring/For one another (4 times)

The 30th day that's in December Is a day everybody's going to remember Because on that day a righteous man Thought about taking a brand new stand The name of the man is lesse lackson His call is for peace without an action 'Cause now is the time to change the nation



From Punch, the English weekly.

### BREAKTHROUGH: COMPUTER GRAPHICS THAT CREATE MODEL PATIENTS FOR SURGEONS.

We're using computers to give reconstructive surgeons a startling new perspective on their work—three-dimensional images that depict the patient's face and skull from any angle, inside or out.

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Our breakthrough in computer modeling helps surgeons correct birth defects and undo the damage of disfiguring accidents.

We're creating breakthroughs not only in health care and information handling but also in communications and equipment leasing.

We're McDonnell Douglas.

# ACDON! OUGL



Without just another negotiation He went Peace Corps for human rights To free a lieutenant shot down in flight Just another statistic and the government

knew it

They didn't want the man to do it
Before he left he called the President's home
And Reagan didn't even answer the phone
But I tell you one thing that's a natural fact
You can bet he call Jesse when Jesse got back
(RRRAH!)

(Chorus)

ed on the bottom, now he's on the top,

(Refrain)

Hypocrites just talkin' trash, etc.

So for fast and friendly service (Hey!) There's no need to be nervous (Hey!) He's changing our condition (Hey!) So join the rainbow coalition. Come on!

# (Thesis) THE FALLACY OF RACIAL POLITICS

From Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality? by Thomas Sowell, published by William Morrow. Sowell, an economist, is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University.

as political activity been an important factor in the rise of social groups from poverty to prosperity or in their increased acceptance?

Among the groups that have gone to other countries, begun at the bottom, and eventually risen above the original or majority inhabitants are the Chinese in Southeast Asia, the Caribbean, and the United States. In these very different settings, the Chinese have studiously avoided getting involved in politics. In country ther country they have maintained their own unity institutions to adjudicate disputes.

unity institutions to adjudicate disputes, care for the needy, and otherwise minimize recourse to the institutions of the surrounding society. After achieving affluence and acceptance, some individual Chinese have gone into politics, but typically as representatives of the general population rather than as ethnic spokesmen. But political activity has played little if any role in the often dramatic rise of the Chinese from poverty to affluence.

This pattern has likewise been characteristic of German immigrants in the United States, Brazil, and Australia and of English immigrants

in Argentina, who have played a major role in the development of that country's economy, but almost no role in its politics.

Jews were for centuries kept out of politics in a number of countries, by law, by custom, or by anti-Semitism. But even where political careers were at least theoretically open to them, as in the United States, Jews only belatedly sought public office. While some Jewish political leaders have championed Jewish causes, the most prominent (Herbert Lehman and Jacob Javits, for example) have been spokesmen for more general political causes.

Until relatively recently, Italians were notorious for non-participation in American politics and for readily supporting non-Italian candidates over Italian candidates. Even the most famous Italian-American politician, New York City Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia, lost the Italian vote to his Irish opponent in 1940, as have Italian candidates in Chicago, Boston, and elsewhere.

In Argentina as well, Italians took little part in political life during their rise from poverty to affluence, though they achieved economic dominance in a number of industries and skilled occupations.

Empirically, political activity and political success have been neither necessary nor sufficient for economic ascendance. Nor has eager political participation or outstanding success in politics been translated into faster advancement. The Irish are probably the most striking example of political success in an ethnic minority, but their rise from poverty was much slower than that of other groups who were nowhere near being their political equals.

It would perhaps be easier to find an inverse correlation between political activity and economic success than a direct correlation. Groups that have the skills for other things seldom concentrate on politics.

[Résumé]

### STUART E. EIZENSTAT

From a curriculum vitae of the former presidential adviser.

tuart E. Eizenstat occupied the most prominent position a practicing American Jew has held in American government in modern times, as the chief domestic policy adviser to President Carter from 1977 to 1981. His position has been compared by some to that held by Joseph in Egypt.









From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

[Blacklists]

### BEARERS OF DANGEROUS IDEAS

To Be Kept Out—Under the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act of 1952, the government may deny visas on ideological grounds. The Reagan Administration has invoked the act frequently forbidding, restricting, or delaying travel by individuals it "has reason to believe" seek entry "to engage in activities which would be prejudicial to the public interest." The Administration is not obligated to release the names of all those whose travel it has restricted; the following names have come to the attention of Congress, the American Civil Liberties Union, and other interested groups.

HORTENSIA DE ALLENDE, Chilean human rights activist

RICARDO ALARCON, former foreign relations minister of Cuba

TOMÁS BORGE, Nicaraguan interior minister DENNIS BRUTUS, South African poet

OWEN CARRON, IRA leader

JULIO CORTAZAR, the late Argentine novelist ROBERTO D'AUBUISSON, president of El Salvador's Constituent Assembly

MAHMOUD DARWISH, Palestinian poet BERNADETTE DEVLIN, Irish nationalist, former

member of Parliament
JULIO GARCÍA ESPINOSA, Cuban deputy cultural

OLGA FINLAY, Cuban feminist scholar, activist DARIO FO, Italian playwright

ANNA MARGARITA GASTEAZORA, Salvadoran opposition leader

MARIA RODRIGUEZ, Cuban feminist scholar and activist

HECTOR OQUELI, Salvadoran opposition leader IAN PAISLEY, Irish Protestant leader

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ, Nobel Prize-winning Colombian novelist

TREVOR MONROE, Jamaican scholar and activist YVES MONTAND, French singer

SAM NUJOMA, president of the South West African People's Organization (along with seven other SWAPO leaders)

NINO PASTI, former NATO general

FRANCA RAMA, Italian actress ERNESTO SÁBATO, Argentine author

JOSÉ VIERA, former foreign relations minister of Cuba

GUILLERMO UNGO, Salvadoran opposition leader

RUBÉN ZAMORA, Salvadoran opposition leader 320 JAPANESE DELEGATES to the June 1982 U.N. special session on disarmament

To Be Kept In—Until this February the United States Information Agency maintained a list of ninety-four Americans to be excluded, for ideological reasons, from government-sponsored speaking engagements abroad. The blacklist was abandoned after the Washington Post reported its existence Below is a portion of the list.

PHILIP AGEE, author, former CIA agent SEWERYN BIALER, Columbia University political scientist

### [Table] A DEBATER'S GUIDE TO TOUGH OUESTIONS

From ''Political Campaign Debates: Images, Issues & Impact,'' by Myles Martel, in Campaigns & Elections, Winter 1984. Martel was Ronald Reagan's debate coach in 1980; his book, Before You Say a Word: An Executive's Guide to Effective Communication, was published last year by Prentice-Hall.

LVI		MAJOR OPTIONS
1. Hostil.	"How do you expect liberal groups to support you with your rotten record on the environment?"	Point out hostility.     Show cool, nondefensive disagreement, taking exception to terms chosen.     Project righteous indignation, short of losing composure.
Speculative	"What do you expect union membership to be in this state in four years?"	Label question as speculative.     Generally, don't make any attempt to be precise; stick with optimistic generalities (if, of course, they apply).
3. Multifaceted	"How many workers are unemployed in this state? How has this level changed over the past four years? How does this state's unemployment compare with that of neighboring states? What do you plan to do about the unemployment problem?"	1. If each facet can be remembered and answering all won't cause harm (assuming there is ample time), then answer fully. 2. If harm would be done by answering a particular facet, it is probably best to "forget" it. 3. Don't hesitate to ask for a facet to be repeated if you are reasonably certain it is a "safe" one. 4. You may want to refer humorously to the number of questions asked. 5. If the questions cannot be realistically answered within the time allotted, say so.
4. "Yes-No"	"Your campaign has been funded mainly by PAC contributions, yes or no?"	If "yes" or "no" is safe by itself, answer accordingly.     If that is risky, point out how a simple yes or no answer can interfere with a presentation o "the full truth." Then answer the question.

BENJAMIN BRADLEE, executive editor of the Washington Post

IAMES BALDWIN, author

SHIRLEY CHISHOLM, former New York congress-

WALTER CRONKITE, former CBS anchorman ARNAUD DE BORCHGRAVE, author, former wsweek correspondent

THOMAS DOWNEY, New York congressman ELIZABITH DREW, New Yorker correspondent AMITAL ETZIONI, George Washington University sociologist

RICHARD R. FAGEN, Stanford University political scientist

FRANCES FITZGERALD, author

BETTY FRIEDAN, feminist author and activist JOHN K. GALBRAITH, economist and author

ALLEN GINSBERG, poet

GARY HART, Colorado senator

CORETTA SCOTT KING, lecturer, civil rights ac-

CHARLES E. LINDBLOM, Yale University professor of economics and political science

RALPH NADER, lawyer, consumer activist

EARL RAVENAL, Georgetown University professor of international relations

GEORGE REEDY, educator, former press secretary to President Johnson

PAUL SAMUELSON, MIT economist

IAMES R. SCHLESINGER. Carter Administration Cabinet member

WILLIAM SCRANTON, former U.N. ambassador and governor of Pennsylvania

LESTER THUROW, MIT economist

STANSFIELD TURNER, former CIA director TOM WICKER, New York Times columnist

SHELDON WOLIN, Princeton University political scientist

### [Guidelines]

### HOW REAGAN DOES IT

From "The Imperial Media," a blueprint for presidential press relations, by Robert Entman. In a recent speech before Sigma Delta Chi, the Society of Professional Journalists, Jack Nelson, Washington bureau chief of the Los Angeles Times, claimed that Ronald Reagan's press policies "have generally followed a strategy recommended at the beginning of his Administration and outlined in a report by Robert Entman, a Duke University professor." The report was prepared for the Institute for Contemporary Studies in San Francisco, part of a foundation established by Edwin Meese III. Below are Entman's prescriptions.

Reduce reporters' expectations. Tame White House-beat reporting by decreasing reporters' expectations of full access to officials and by directly asserting that the demands of leadership require a modicum of confidentiality. Take advantage of the country's growing preference for strong leadership to legitimize this approach.

Shift reporters' attention from politics and plans to facts and figures. While discouraging discussions of the president's political motivations and strategies, staffers should be open and accommodating with the technical policy analysis that undergirds decisions. This tactic should defuse complaints about total inaccessibility. It could reduce the total volume of reporting, since dry data are often defined as unnewsworthy. To the extent data are covered. Americans would obtain more of that elusive information about the "what" of presidential policy. Such information, better than the current skeptical but banal stress on the "why," would enforce democratic accountability by telling citizens more clearly just "what" government is doing to and for them.

Discourage personal mingling between press officers, other White House staff, and journalists. While something surely is gained by social interaction, and while it probably cannot be reduced very much, the president should realize that the advantages of personal friendships dissolve when the news gets juicy-as Ron Zeigler, Ron Nessen, and Jody Powell found. Co-optation works both ways. Reporters may get more out of presidential staff (for instance, through "off-therecord" backgrounders that can be used to frame on-the-record questions, or through alcohol- or fatigue-induced slips) than vice versa.

Beware the pitfalls of Cabinet government. In the current environment of intense media attention, Cabinet government could saddle the president with more responsibility for media relations without giving him enhanced power to control them. The media might hold presidents accountable both for the decisions Cabinet departments make and for the bad news they generate. For the buck not only stops at the Oval Office; it inexorably goes there, no matter where it originated. The president will be asked to explain and justify the newsworthy controversies a Cabinet member arouses, as suggested by the storms over Earl Butz's bad jokes and Joseph Califano's antismoking campaign.

Employ a press staff that understands how the national media cover incumbent presidents. This means selecting journalists or others who know well the operations of the press corps.

Keep the press staff (except the secretary) in the dark about the politics of White House decision-making. If press officers are not privy to the president's political strategies and future plans but are well briefed on policy substance, they can honestly fend off reporters' gossipy "why" inquisitions and steer the focus to the "what."

For pushing policy proposals, the media are most helpful early or late in the decision cycle. In the beginning, before there are set views, presiden-

### [List]

### PECKING ORDER

From "Specific Listing by Federal Agency of the Number of Federal Officials Receiving Chauffeur Service on a Full-Time or Occasional Basis or Being Provided a Government Vehicle on an Exclusive Basis," a study conducted by Senator William Proxmire's office.

Federal Agency	No of Officials With Charaftern's
Supreme Court	1
Commerce Department	1
Education Department	1
Interior Department	1
Energy Department	1
Housing and Urban Development	1
Agriculture Department	2
Labor Department	2
Health and Human Services	3
Treasury Department	4
Justice Department	4
White House	6
State Department	13
Transportation Department	22
Defense Department	60

# [Directory] SYNTHETIC FAMILIES

From a list of groups participating in a self-help fair, February 25 and 26, at the La Jolla Village Square shopping mall in San Diego. Reprinted from the San Diego Union, February 24.

A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A
Acoustic Neuroma Association (brain surgery patients)
Advocates Against Psychic Abuse
Alcoholics for Christ 744-5190
Alcoholics for Christ 744-5190 Alliance for the Mentally III 463-3672
Alzheimer & Disease Support Group
Amputees in Motion
Animal Rights Coalition
BASH (Bulimia-Anorexia Self-Help)
Battered Women's Groups
CANHC (learning disabilities)
Citizens' Freedom Foundation (cult awareness) 283-6733
Cocaine Anonymous
Compassionate Friends (parents who have
lost a child)
Council of the Blind Support Group
DES Action
Eating Disorders Foundation
Emotions Anonymous
Expressions (singles' discussion group)
Families Anonymous (families of drug users)
Fathers' Aid
Head Injury Foundation
Infertility Association
Juvenile Diabetes Foundation.454-3321Kouples Infertility Dialogue (KID).231-2828
Kouples Infertility Dialogue (KID)
La Leche League
Lesbian and Gay Support Groups
Make Today Count (life-threatening
illness)
Mended Hearts (heart patients and families)
Nar-Anon Family Groups (families of drug users) 584-1007
Narcotics Anonymous
Neurofibromatosis Foundation
North American Conference of Divorced and
Separated Catholics
Nurse to Nurse (chemical dependency)
Overeaters Anonymous
Parents, Daughters, and Sons United
(concerned with incest)
Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays
Parents of Murdered Children
t to Parent (parents of handicapped
(laldren)
Parents of Williams Syndrome Children
Parent - Thout Partners
Pill Addi - Anonymous
PMS Group (Pre-Menstrual Syndrome)
Project Return an govering mental patients)260-8131
Scleroderma and topus Groups
Sexual Assault Groups
SIDS Family Support Group (Sudden Infant
Death Syndrome)
SLAM (Society's League Against Molestation)
Stuttering Project
Suddenly Alone
Veterans' Quit Smoking Group
veteralis Quit Silloking Oroup

tial talks can weave a favorable aura around a proposal. Later, near decision time, undecided members of Congress can occasionally be swayed by all the media attention a president kindles. But note the boomerang threat: if voting with the president means voting against home-district sentiment, publicity and visibility may be the last thing potential allies need.

Use the different media for the purposes they can best accomplish. For example, television is best for ephemeral rousing of mass sentiment through symbolism. It is not the medium for rational persuasion. Jimmy Carter's energy and inflation speeches provide a paradigm to avoid. The New York Times, Washington Post, and Wall Street Journal are the best places for agenda setting and reasoning with elites. These papers also guide the news judgments of the networks. Time and Newsweek are read by the better-educated and politically interested public. Newsmagazines can shape the issues their audiences ponder and some of the standards their readers use to evaluate presidents and policy.

Pumping up approval ratings through the media is feasible mainly in connection with foreign-policy initiatives and crises. The approval question probably taps a combination of what the public thinks the main job of the president is and how well he is doing it. When a chief executive is immersed in a major diplomatic quest (Begin and Sadat at Camp David; Nixon in China) or a threat to national sovereignty (the Mayaguez; the Iranian hostage seizure), elites generally support him, and drama suffuses the story. The president receives reams of positive coverage that focus overwhelming public attention on one aspect of his job: handling the foreign affair. Approval ratings usually spurt upward. But elite support, media favor, and public approval may fade as secondguesses supplant the cheers. More important, the approval increase is linked to the initiative or threat. As it becomes old news, perceptions of the president's "job" revert to other (usually domestic) matters on which he is less likely to enjoy a consensus of elites and a beneficent press. But this story contains a useful lesson: to the extent that he can, a president should encourage circumscribed perceptions of what his proper "job" should be. That way, when asked if they approve of the way the president is handling it, more people are likely to respond affirmatively.

# **Industry and Opportunity**

Among economic and social seers, there's talk about a "post-industrial" America. In our shift to an information society, some say the U.S. will perform less and less manufacturing of the traditional kinds while other countries do more.

True, high-tech industries contribute increasingly to the nation's well-being. But they can't stand alone. America needs to maintain a strong industrial base if it's going to reach for the future. And high technology will play a pivotal part.

Capabilities spawned by the electronic microchip are transforming industry. High technology yields new products and new ways of making them. It contributes to heightened industrial dynamism.

As the U.S. moves back to economic health, it's plain that our economic makeup will never be the same again. But it has never remained the same for long. Technological advancement has always brought some restructuring.

When we went from an agricultural to an industrial economy, farming didn't disappear. Instead, it became more productive and less labor-intensive. People forced off the farm by technology went to work in industry. The face of America changed forever.

Technology holds out opportunities for renewed industrial vitality. Witness the U.S. auto industry, which has rejuvenated itself through massive investments, technological advances, and productivity gains. Genetic engineering may revolutionize chemical manufacturing and other organically based products. And computers and intelligent robots are changing the manufacturing process in many areas.

A locomotive plant in Erie, Pennsylvania, for instance, has used technology to cut the production time for traction motors from 16 days to 16 hours. A Richmond, Virginia plant has used technology to yield productivity gains of 16 percent in its manufacturing system for printed circuit boards. And a car radio manufacturer has used a modern, high-speed manufacturing process to bring production back to Kokomo, Indiana from its plant in Singapore. The new process more than offsets the higher labor costs in this country.

High-tech industries do not stand in isolation or in opposition to basic industries.

To accept industrial decline as inevitable is to deny that American inventiveness and resourcefulness can point the way to continued progress, as they have in the past.

Change is a constant. To some, it brings disruption and disorientation. With technology exploding all around us, change is taking place more rapidly than ever. The challenge is not just to adapt and adjust to change, but to anticipate it and turn it to advantage.



# [Poem] I AM DISCONTENTED!

From the Moscow weekly Literaturnaya Gazeta, January 25. According to the Advanced International Studies Institute, the article excerpted below is an example of Aesopionism: the practice of "writing in a manner designed to convey an acceptable meaning to supervisory personnel and censors, and an entirely different meaning to others." Lengthy passages of controversul material may be quoted, as long as they are placed in an acceptable context.

dar article, a discussion of "denunciatory" poetry in China, contains portions of a resublished poem by Luo Genye entitled "I Am

Ve see in contemporary Chinese poetry agonizing quests by the hero; an aspiration toward the ideal; the joyful affirmation of hopeful changes; the creation, interpretation, and synthesis of native and foreign poetic forms; and the revival of free verse. Other processes are occurring simultaneously, however, whose development is too complicated to forecast. But they are already forcing living thought and living feelings into the Procrustean bed of orthodoxy sanctified by Mao Zedong's ideas.

Oh, discontent, you are the germ of every change, Oh, discontent, you are the very first beginning of creation.

I am an electric current.



From Barricada, the official Nicaraguan newspaper.

The river flowing of its own will Makes me discontented;
The basis and essence of my life.

The basis and essence of my life Flow in vain, wasting strength.

I am a blast furnace. Earth's niggardliness,

Not yielding anything of its own free will,

Makes me discontented;

It hides inside its bosom, deposited deep down,

My torch and my breath. I am an old market stall.

Take notice, I am dreaming Of large variety

I am ashamed to look at doleful shop windows

I am a city.

I still maintain my ancient look.

I am as old as a legend.

Please, make me beautiful with ribbons of fast

Please, place upon my head the crown of a highrise building.

I am a poor field.

The ox that hobbles in the morning

Upsets me.

I am a tired-out shoulder.

Dragging the boat's tow rope hurts me.

I am discontented.

How can people be contented

With noise, ash, and dirt?

I am a drawing locked up in a safe, existing in its confines,

I've no desire to remain a blueprint, but to be embodied.

I'm innovation, it is hard for me to breathe all covered up,

I want to soar to mountain heights,

Where the springtime thunder roars.

I am from the creative circle, I want to make this circle larger,

Open wide the gates for arts and science.

Yes, the heritage of heroes, the cause of hearts and minds

Have been squandered frivolously by the bureaucrats.

I fight bureaucracy—it's rooted deep inside the soul!

I'm also seriously discontented with our culture.

Discontented, the river straightened itself with an audible crack of the backbone,

Discontented, oil gushed from the depth of seas, Discontented, all science emerged from the forbidden zone.

Discontented, thought rushed ahead and truth found its course.

And poverty—how can you be contented with that?—surges toward happiness.

The youthful dream of aromatic fruit is ripening in the flower,

The hope of burning everything up completely is kept aglow in the embers,

My heart is overflowing with the purest of love, I want to shout out: I am discontented with everything around me!

Some readers expect their magazine to clothe them in opinions the way Halston or Bloomingdale's dresses them for the opera.

The new Harper's is looking for readers

holly capable of dressing themselves.



The Harper's Index, for example, presents a not-so-random collection of statistics both current and relevant—the number of wars waged in 1983 (41), the percentage of

nericans who believe that heaven exists (77), the number of movie theaters in the nited States (16,901) as opposed to the number of movie theaters in the Soviet Union 44,100). Read as a sequence the Index provides a kind of sounding of the spirit of the

nes. For those willing to listen.

Each issue also contains writing from people as various in their perceptions as miel Patrick Moynihan, Kurt Vonnegut, Leo Steinberg and Tom Stoppard. As well readings from publications as miscellaneous as <u>Pravda</u>, <u>The Bulletin of the Atomic ientists</u>, <u>Variety</u> and <u>Le Monde</u>. We do this to give you an indication of what's being id and done in places you don't have access to. What you do with it is up to you.

The new Harper's Forum provides a genuine national debate. Every month we'll vite both written and oral correspondence from famous and not-so-famous people on important topical subject, such as the schools, men and women, or disarmament.

ou may find some of the points of view debatle, but that's exactly what we had in mind.

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DF4

# (Fiction) TOTALITARIAN KITSCH

From The Unbearable Lightness of Being, a novel by Milan Kundera. Trenslated from the Czech by Michael Henry Heim. Published by Harper & Row.

Dabina's initial inner revolt against communism was aesthetic rather than ethical in character. What repelled her was not nearly so much the utilizess of the communist world (ruined casello manned into cowsheds) as the mask of it tried to wear; in other words, communist kitsch. The model of communist kitsch is the ceremony called May Day.

She had seen May Day parades during the time when people were still enthusiastic or still did their best to feign enthusiasm. The women all wore red, white, and blue blouses, and the public, looking on from balconies and windows, could make out various five-pointed stars. hearts, and letters when the marchers went into formation. Small brass bands accompanied the individual groups, keeping everyone in step. As a group approached the reviewing stand, even the most blasé faces would beam with dazzling smiles, as if trying to prove they were properly joyful or, to be more precise, in proper agreement. Nor were they merely expressing political agreement with communism; no, theirs was an agreement with being as such. The May Day ceremony drew its inspiration from the deep well of the categorical agreement with being. The unwritten, unsung motto of the parade was not "Long live communism!" but "Long live life!" The power and cunning of communist politics lay in the fact that it had appropriated this slogan. For it was this idiotic tautology ("Long live life!") that attracted people indifferent to the theses of communism to the commu-

Len years later (by which time she was living America), a friend of some friends, an Americator, took Sabina for a drive in his gigantic car bis four children bouncing up and down in the lends. The senator stopped the car in front of a stace an orbit an artificial skating rink, and the children samped out and started running along the large expanse of grass surrounding it. Sitting behind the wheel and gazing dreamily after the four little bounding figures, he said to Sabina, "Just look at them." And describing a circle with his arm, a circle that was meant to take in stadium, grass, and children, he added, "Now that's what I call happiness."

nist parade.

Behind his words there was more than joy at seeing children run and grass grow; there was a deep understanding of the plight of a refugee from a communist country where, the senator was convinced, no grass grew or children ran.

At that moment an image of the senator standing on a reviewing stand in a Prague square flashed through Sabina's mind. The smile on his face was the smile communist statesmen beamed from the height of their reviewing stand to the

identically smiling citizens in the parade below.

what if, the moment they were out of sight, three of them jumped the fourth and began beating him up?

The senator had only one argument in his favor: his feeling. When the heart speaks, the mind finds it indecent to object. In the realm of kitsch, the dictatorship of the heart reigns supreme

The feeling induced by kitsch must be a kind the multitudes can share. Kitsch may not, therefore, depend on an unusual situation; it must derive from the basic images people have engraved in their memories—the ungrateful daughter, the neglected father, children running on the grass, the motherland betrayed, first love.

Kitsch causes two tears to flow in quick succession. The first tear says: How nice to see children running on the grass!

The second tear says: How nice to be moved, together with all mankind, by children running on the grass!

It is the second tear that makes kitsch kitsch.

The brotherhood of man on earth will be possible only on a base of kitsch.

And no one knows this better than politicians. Whenever a camera is in the offing, they immediately run to the nearest child, lift it in the air, kiss it on the cheek. Kitsch is the aesthetic ideal of all politicians and all political parties and movements.

Those of us who live in a society where various political tendencies exist side by side, and competing influences cancel or limit one another, can manage more or less to escape the kitsch inquisition: the individual can preserve his individuality; the artist can create unusual works. But whenever a single political movement corners power, we find ourselves in the realm of totalitarian kitsch.

When I say "totalitarian," what I mean is that everything that infringes on kitsch must be banished for life: every display of individualism (because a deviation from the collective is a spit in the eye of the smiling brotherhood); every doubt

(because anyone who starts doubting details will end by doubting life itself); all irony (because in the realm of kitsch everything must be taken quite seriously); and the mother who abandons her family or the man who prefers men to women, thereby calling into question the holy decree "Be fruitful and multiply."

In this light, we can regard the gulag as a septic tank used by totalitarian kitsch to dispose of its refuse.

### <sup>[Script]</sup> BY AN OPEN WINDOW

From End of the World, a play by Arthur Kopit that opened on Broadway May 6. Michael Trent is a playwright who has been commissioned by Philip Stone to write a play about how the world ends. This excerpt is from the closing scene.

TRENT: Ny son had just been born. We'd brought him home. He was what, five days old I guess.

[Pause]

And then one day my wife went out . . . And I was alone with him. And I was very excited I suppose. Yes. Because it was the first time I was alone with him. And I picked him up, this tiny thing, and started walking around our living room. We lived on a high floor. We overlooked the river, the Hudson, the light was streaming in, it was a lovely, lilting autumn day, cool, beautiful. And I . . . looked down at this creature, this tiny thing, and I realized . . .

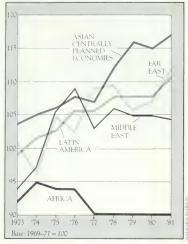
Pause

I realized I had never had anyone completely in my power before.

[Pause]

And I realized he was completely innocent. And he looked up at me. And whatever he could see, or make out, he could see only in innocence. And he was in my power. And I'd never known what that meant, never felt anything remotely like that before. And I saw I was standing near a window. And it was open. It was but a few feet away. And I thought I could drop him out. How easy to drop him out. And I went toward the window, because I couldn't believe this thought had come into my head, where had it come from, not one part of me felt anything for this boy but love, not one part, my wife and I had planned, we were both in love, there was no resentment, no anger, nothing dark in me toward him at all,

# |Graph| CONFOUNDING MALTHUS



This graph, based on United Nations statistics, appeared in "The Growth of World Food Output and Population, 1950—1980," by D. Grigg, in the October 1983 issue of the English journal Geography. Grigg, a professor of geography at the University of Sheffield, shows that, contrary to the widely held belief, food output in the developing world has actually kept well ahead of population growth, everywhere but in Africa. The graph represents trends in per capita food output from 1973 to 1980. One hundred is the base for each region, representing per capita output in the period 1969 to 1971.

no one could ever have been more in love with his child than I, as much yes, but not more, not more, and I was thinking I can throw him out of here, and then he will be falling the ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty stories down, and as he's falling I will be unable to get him back, and I will feel a remorse . . . of infinite extent . . . and nothing will be able to redeem me from this, I will be forever outside the powers of redemption, if there is a God then with this act I am forever damned. And I felt a thrill, I FELT A THRILL, II WASTHERE: I FELT A THRILL AT THE THOUGHT OF DOING SOME ACT WHICH HAD NO REASON WHATSOEVER AND WOULD LEAVE ME FOREVER DAMNED! God will notice me with this, I said.

And of course I resisted. And moved away from the window. It wasn't hard to do. Resisting wasn't hard at all. BUTIDIDITISTAY BYTHE WINDOW. AND I CLOSED IT! I resisted by moving away, back into the room. I sat down with him.

I don't think there's a chance I would have done it, not a chance.

[Pause

But I couldn't alor a chance, it was'... very, very seduc

[Pause]

And it is a actively resist.

[Pause]

not nothing. It was something . . . And it me into me . . . And it took effort to esist, small but measurable effort to resist.

[Silence. He looks at STONE, who is sipping his tea.] If doom comes . . . it will come in that way. STONE: I would think.

[He sips his tea. A pause]

TRENT: You want it to come, don't you!

STONE: What?

TRENT: Doom. You'd like to see it come!

STONE: No, no, of course not, that's ridiculous.

[He sips]

I just know if it did, it would not be altogether without interest.

# (Sermon) THE SPIRITUALITY OF SPACE

Philip Johnson, the architect, delivered this sermon at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City on February 12.

y some lucky accident my topic today is the "Spirituality of Place and Space." We are all well tware that man does not live by bread alone. But t, one might ask, is not bread? You all refer the character in Aldous Huxley's Chrome Yellow who reaches his spiritual apogee upon hearing Beethoven's Andante, Opus 132, the "Thunksgiving Prayer," perhaps the greatest spiritual music ever written. Many of you would agree with Wordsworth when he says that the Lord's dwelling is in the light of setting suns Nature—we've all walked by the sea. We all recognize the poetry that can be the very essence of spirituality

I agree that all these kinds of spirituality are

excellent; but I claim precedence—slightly prejudiced, perhaps, by my profession—for the spirituality of place and space. Space is something that is around you all the time. Some of it's good and some of it's bad. You can get a stab of pain walking through a slum. You can experience ecstatic cries of power and glory upon entering this beautiful Gothic nave.

My point is this: Are there not spiritual places wherever we go?

I'll never forget my own epiphany. It was sixty-five years ago. I was quite young, and had been taken to the cathedral in Chartres. So overwhelmed was I that I vowed on that day—and I haven't changed my mind since—that if I ever were to live in Chartres, I would convert to Catholicism. And also that, if by any chance God chose me to become a Catholic, I would go and live in Chartres.

So powerful can the effect of physical surroundings on the spirit be.

I also claim precedence for my choice over poetry, music, and the dance because those other means of getting to the spiritual are shortlived. The poem ends; the andante is finished. But we are always surrounded by physical space.

Americans travel a great deal—to Europe, to the Far East. Why do we travel so much? We go to see strange places and meet new people, of course. But our main aim, I feel, underneath it all—it may be unconscious with many of you; it's conscious with me—is to see the environs of foreign cities and compare them to our own. We go abroad for the spiritual sustenance provided by architecture.

How many of you have ever been to Venice without feeling a thrill as you step out of a small, narrow street into St. Mark's Square, as you make that right-hand turn under the towering campanile and look out to the sea. Or as you turn and walk back from the sea, to face, once more, the Cathedral of St. Mark. It's impossible for that square and that city not to press down upon you with their beauty.

Another experience I remember deeply, and one I hope some of you are old enough to remember with me, is the destruction of one of our great buildings here in New York. I speak of the former Pennsylvania Station. I remember well the day that I and six others walked up and down in front of that station, protesting its imminent destruction. Nobody around us knew who we weresome sort of kooks, they thought, and then went back to their daily business. And a few days later that building was no more. That building meant perhaps more to me than to the average person; I admit it. But there is something in every one of us that responds to these great buildings. Such buildings—like Grand Central Station—give us the feeling of entering into a great civilization.

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From Artforum, the monthly journal of art criticism. These paid advertisements ran in the January, March, and April issues.

Imagine for a moment that this cathedral, this hallowed space, were not here. I believe that the destruction of any such masterpiece diminishes the spirituality of the city or nation that allows it to happen.

Why can't we create such spaces today? One objection is that there are no more craftsmen to build such buildings. Well, your diocese has proven the opposite, with its masons now starting to put a facade on this great church. The craftsmen are here.

Are the architects failing? I can find you a dozen. It isn't that.

People will, of course, ask where we are going to get the money. I find that the silliest question of all in a country where we seem able to get money when we want it. Why is it that we prefer megatons of weapons of war, oceans of alcohol, square miles of facial makeup? We have money.

We can rebuild our country. We have only to remember that the Parthenon cost the people of Athens the equivalent of a hundred billion dollars at a time when they were fighting against Sparta for their very lives. A hundred billion dollars is nothing to us. We have a deficit twice that size every single year. Just two or three of those hundred billion dollars would re-create our cities in a decade. If the will were but there. We have the stone; we have the unemployed; there are plenty of us who would work ourselves to the bone for any aim as great as the re-creation of our

No, my friends, it isn't the means that we lack; it's the will. We've lost our sense of spiritual space, our desire for spiritual space. Other ages have had it; others have been able to create it; we do not lack precedents. From Athens and Fatehpur Sikri in India to Teotihuacán in Mexico and the Tuileries of Paris —the people of those nations and those countries gave their time. their energy, their money. God give us the will once more to create in our land a new Eden.



# The air in this room must be 1,000 times cleaner than that in an operating room.

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The comment of special section is a section of the section of the

former forms of a more more of silicon half the

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The best ideas are the ideas that help people.

# CAN THE U.S. LIVE WITH LATIN REVOLUTION?

dent James Monroe promulgated the doctrine that now bears his name, the United States has claimed the entire southern half of this hemisphere as its own sphere of influence. Over the years, the United States has exercised its power by sending Latin America bankers with loans to make, bureaucrats with aid to give, Peace Corpsmen with advice to share—and, not infrequently, the Marines.

The Cuban revolution opened a new round in the history of U.S. relations with its southern neighbors, challenging the notion of hemispheric dominance that for so long had been taken for granted by the United States. Two decades later, the Nicaraguan revolution heightened anxiety over Latin American nationalism, Soviet influence, hemispheric social reform, and U.S. national security.

Can the United States live with revolutionary regimes in Latin America? If so, under what conditions? How will U.S. policies in Nicaragua and El Salvador affect our relations with the other countries in the region? Should those policies be changed? To discuss these questions, Harper's recently assembled a diverse group of Americans from throughout the hemisphere to consider how we might best shape the future we are bound to share.

The following Forum is based on a discussion in Washington, D.C., that was organized with the cooperation of the Institute for National Strategy and the Center for National Policy. It was moderated by Abraham Lowenthal, a professor of international relations at the University of Southern California.

### MICHAEL BARNES

is chairman of the Western Hemisphere Subcommittee of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. A Democrat, he represents the Eighth Congressional District in Maryland, adjacent to Washington, D.C.

### EDMUND G. BROWN IR.

was governor of California from 1975 to 1982. He is now chairman of the advisory board of the Institute for National Strategy in Los Angeles.

### WILLIAM COLBY

· director of the Central Intelligence Agency from 1973 to 1976. He is now a partner in the Washington law firm of Reid & Priest.

### ARTURO CRUZ

was appointed by the Sandinista government in 1979 to run Nicaragua's Central Bank. He joined the ruling junta in 1980 and later was named ambassador to the United States. He publicly resigned in Managua in December 1981.

### CHRISTOPHER DICKEY

was the Washington Post bureau chief for Mexico and Central America from 1980 to 1983. He is now a fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations.

### MARK FALCOFF

was a senior consultant to the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America (the Kissinger commission) and is now a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. His book Small Countries,

Large Issues will be published this year.

### CARLOS FUENTES

is Mexico's best-known novelist and was that country's ambassador to France from 1975 to 1976. He is on the advisory board of the Institute for National Strategy.

### FATHER XABIER GOROSTIAGA

was director of national planning for the Nicaraguan government from 1979 to 1981. He is now director of the Institute for Social and Economic Research in Managua.

### FRED IKLÉ

is the under secretary of defense for policy. He was the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency from 1973 to 1977.

### WILLIAM LEOGRANDE

is a professor of political science at American University in Washington, D.C., and the author of Cuba's Policy in Africa, 1959–1980. He was on the staff of the Senate Democratic Policy Committee from 1982 to 1983.

### DANIEL ODUBER

was president of Costa Rica from 1974 to 1978. He is now vice president of the Socialist International, which is headed by Willy Brandt.

### JOANNE OMANG

covers the Central America issue from the nation's capital for the Washington Post. She was the Post's Latin American correspondent from 1975 to 1977.

### ROBERT PASTOR

was a staff member of the National Security Council under President Carter. He is now a professor of public affairs at the University of Maryland.

### SUSAN KAUFMAN PURCELL

was a member of the State Department's policy planning staff from 1980 to 1981. She is now director of the Latin American Project at the Council on Foreign Relations.

an the United States live CARLOS FUENTES: with revolutionary regimes south of its border? I would like to invert the question and ask if these revolutionary regimes can live with the United States. My answer is a hopeful yes. It is based on the relationship between Mexico and the United States, a relationship fraught with difficulties of every sort for at least thirty or thirty-five years after the Mexican revolution. And the way in which Mexico achieved an accommodation with the United States offers lessons that are perhaps applicable to the current situation in Central America.

What were the lessons learned by Mexico? First, that if a revolutionary regime is to survive it needs a revolutionary army behind it. The most democratic government ever elected in Mexico, the government of Francisco Madero, was overthrown in 1913 as a result of collusion between the army of the ancien régime and Henry Lane Wilson, President Taft's ambassador to

The lesson was promptly learned: a revolution must be backed by an army loyal to the institutions the revolution is creating. The great mass of people must also be mobilized to pursue revolutionary goals and programs that involve such things as changes in the ownership of property. popular education, the recovery of natural resources, especially those in the subsoil, and the creation of an infrastructure.

The Mexican revolution went through these changes, all the while harassed, menaced, and even invaded by American administrations from Taft's to Hoover's. Mexico did not in any way have a Marxist regime; even so, President Coolidge in 1927 called Mexico the source of Bolshevik subversion in Central America because it helped Augusto César Sandino.

The Mexican revolutionaries felt they had to organize a strong national state in order to deal with the United States, and their policy came to fruition in the 1930s. Two great statesmen. Franklin Roosevelt and Lázaro Cárdenas, finally set Mexican-American relations on the correct course.

The final lesson of the Mexican revolution I would like to invoke is that of nationalism, of nationhood. Mexico found that it had to be a nation before it could be a democracy. It would have been ideal to have nationalism and democracy together, but that proved difficult to achieve. Mexico is not a perfect democracy. But the United States has been able to live with it and to fashion a good relationship with it.

ABRAHAM LOWENTHAL: Carlos, are you saying that the United States can accept revolutionary change along its borders when the revolutionary regime achieves enough military strength to greatly increase the cost to the United States of intervening against it?

FUENTES: In some ways, yes. The fact is, revolutionary regimes that did not have military strength were overthrown. The Arbenz government was overthrown in Guatemala in 1954. The Allende government was overthrown in Chile in 1973. The Madero government was overthrown in Mexico in 1913. And it is notable that, once relations between Mexico and the United States were normalized, the power of the army in Mexican politics started withering away.

I also think revolutions grow old, like everything in this world. The Mexican revolution today is a fat lady who drives a Mercedes-Benz. I think this is the way of the world. The American Revolution grew old. The Russian Revolution grew extremely old. The Soviet regime is one of the most reactionary in the world. It is almost paralyzed with old age. It is like Chernenko himself. It can hardly raise an arm without cough-

The Nicaraguan and Cuban revolutions, if they survive, will also become old and temperate. The United States should deprive Fidel Castro of arguments for internal repression by lifting the embargo. It should establish normal relations with Cuba and all the other countries in the region, regardless of their ideologies.

I am convinced that the Soviet links to these revolutions can be negotiated away, and that the Contadora\* treaty now being drafted will meet all the security concerns of the United States.

The great danger is to opt for military solutions and to forget the value of diplomatic and political imagination. The occupation of El Salvador and the invasion of Nicaragua by the United States would result in a regional war of which the two major victims, I am afraid, would be Mexico and Costa Rica.

Ideally, the United States should embrace revolutions—love them to death, co-opt them, if you will. It should not antagonize them by creating hyperinflated situations in which a region like Central America becomes a soufflé about to burst.

What is happening in Central America is simply part of a political process that will result in a new, multipolar organization of the world, leaving behind the hegemony of the two superpow-

\*In 1983 the leaders of Colombia, Mexico, Venezuela, and Panama established the Contadora group to resolve the military conflict in Central America. Their "document of objectives," which has also been signed by El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, calls for an end to military interference in the affairs of other nations, as well as for various forms of regional cooperation.

ers. In this new world order, the United States, the Western European democracies, and Japan will always have the upper hand, because no in the control of t

REED IKLE: The United States is not against revolu-Revolution is not the problem, and can often be the solution to a problem. Revolution is a transition; the question is what comes after the transition. If a revolution leads to a government whose policies represent the wishes of the people, then it is good. There have been a number of revolutions that have received the support of the U.S. government. There was a revolution in Portugal at the end of the Salazar regime that led to democracy, and we have excellent relations with that country.

What must be of concern to the United States, particularly in a region as close to us as Central America, is the replacement of a nonrepresentative government by a dictatorship that is more efficient, more brutal, and, above all, more permanent. Revolutionary regimes that call themselves Marxist or communist and that follow the Bolshevik approach to power have two undesirable features: they are irreversible, and they want to expand their type of rule into neighboring countries—by force, if need be.

Our guiding principle should be to foster the development and the consolidation of pluralistic democracy. By and large, democracies are more peaceful toward their neighbors than dictatorships. It is hard to find wars since 1918 that were started by democracies. Similarly, democracies are less willing to expend resources for military purposes and to build up threatening military power. We see in Western Europe and in the United States how difficult it is to allocate resources to defense. But Nicaragua's ongoing military buildup will make that country the most powerful force in Central America. In my view, that would not be possible if Nicaragua were a demos.

Democracy is also the best guarantee of human rights. It is curious that people in the United States who express deep concern about the human rights situation in Central and South America pay so little attention to the preservation and extension of democracy. Nevertheless, ours is a democratic hemisphere, and it is becoming more so. There are far more nations in the hemisphere that are pluralistic democracies than

there were ten years ago. If the elections in Brazil take place next year, 90 percent of the people in the region south of us will be under democratic rule, compared with about 40 percent ten years ago. Democracy, not revolution, is the trend of the future.

The "stolen revolutions" in Nicaragua and in Cuba, to use President Reagan's words, are

aberrations.

LOWENTHAL: Can peaceful democracies emerge soon out of the civil wars in Nicaragua, in El Salvador, or in Guatemala?

DANIEL ODUBER: Costa Rica has survived as a democracy, despite its lack of a military, because of its reliance on inter-American diplomacy. Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, and the United States, by supporting peaceful inter-American solutions to political problems, have been able to defend us.

Marxism-Leninism is an expansive doctrine, and we had many, many problems at the beginning of the Nicaraguan revolution with the Sandinista leaders. But patiently, patiently, we let them see that we weren't a threat to them and that they shouldn't be a threat to us. We have been talking and talking with the Nicaraguans. We are still afraid, but not as much as we were three or four years ago.

Revolutions have occurred in my region when democratic processes did not work or were subverted by cynicism, corruption, and fraud. We have a theory, based on centuries of experience, that you kill the tyrant in order to be free.

Unfortunately, with very few exceptions, the many oppressive governments in Latin America in this century have been backed by the United States. This has meant that popular revolutions have had an anti-American character. And this antagonism toward U.S. foreign policy has made it possible for communists to steal revolutions.

In the few democracies that existed in this region after World War II, and in the many more that exist now, the communists have been a laughingstock. They never get more than 5 percent of the vote when elections are cleanly held. This shows that our youth are not inclined to become Marxist-Leninists, Sendero Luminosos, Maoists, or Trotskyites. All these ideologies are for us a thing of the past. There is no soil in Central America in which Marxist regimes can take root. But the problems the region is facing will make it easy for Marxists to steal revolutions unless the democratic movements being built to destroy dictatorships receive strong support.

The national security of the United States is the paramount problem. The Central Americans, the Caribbean people, and the South Americans I talk to agree that the national security of the United States is their national security. That is especially true for a country like mine. which has no army and must rely on law and the international institutions that have been created in the last hundred years.

What happened in Nicaragua everybody knows. In spite of forty years of effort by Latin. American democratic leaders, all of whom were friends of the United States, the Somoza regime was known as a puppet of U.S. foreign policy. I was not at all surprised that, in the moment of victory, the youth of Nicaragua, after living in the hills, some of them for ten or fifteen years, fighting the tyrant and being supported only by Castro's Cuba, declared themselves Marxist-Leninists. Most of them did so without knowing what they were talking about.

Venezuela, Panama, and to a certain extent Costa Rica began the game of overthrowing Somoza by force. In the middle of it they failed. Cuba got involved, as did the Palestinians, the Bolivians, the Montoneros, and others. The people of Nicaragua were not communists, but most of them were resentful of U.S. foreign policy. After Somoza was overthrown, in July 1979,

the moment came to move in and try to create a democratic alternative. We tried, as Arturo Cruz knows. Social Democrats, liberals, Christian Democrats—everybody moved in. But it was not enough, and "the boys," as we used to call them, became the owners of power. The Marxist-Leninists began slowly purging all those who were not complete and declared Marxist-Leninists.

In spite of that, there are important groups of democratic leaders in Nicaragua who can help bring about change. But what worries me, and I have to say this frankly, as someone who has been fighting for democracy and international law for forty years, is that unilateral intervention by the United States might destroy all the inter-American diplomatic institutions that have been built up over a hundred years. For the U.S. Congress—which we all respect and see as an example—to be discussing the appropriation of funds for a group of men to change the government of another country flies in the face of international law. If you add to that the Falklands incident and the Grenada incident. Lam afraid that the Latin American friends of the United States will be unable to defend American policy.



SOURCES: U.S. forces, Department of Defense; national armed forces, International Institute for Strategic Studies. NOTES: The national armed forces totals do not include reserves, conscripts, or paramilitary groups. The U.S. forces in Honduras represent the approximate number of troops and military engineers participating in the Granadero I exercises (May 23 to June 30). In El Salvador there are fifty-five U.S. military trainers; the other Americans are support personnel. The U.S. forces in Cuba are stationed at Guantánamo Bay. There are approximately 150 military liaison personnel attached to U.S. embassies in thirteen other Central American and Caribbean countries.

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MICHAEL BARNES: I think the majority of the members of the House of Representatives feel that over the last few years U.S. policies with respect to Central America have polarized opinion in United States and damaged relations with our neighbors. There is a feeling that the U.S. experiment has failed to seek alternatives to the use of force in Central America. The Reagan Administration has not made use of the various mechanisms that are available to it in the hemisphere to address the threat that it and others perceive. Instead, it has pursued the military option, financing guerrillas who are attempting to overthrow another government in the hemisphere.

One alternative is greater emphasis on the Contadora initiative—on substantive rather than merely rhetorical support for the efforts of the four Contadora countries and others in the hemisphere seeking political solutions to the problems of Central America.

ARTURO CRUZ: I fully agree that intervention should give way to persuasion. Therefore, the Western European and Latin American democracies and the United States should put their weight behind the Contadora initiative.

There is something Secretary Iklé said earlier with which I also agree: revolutions should be of a transitory nature. The problem in my country, Nicaragua, is precisely that we don't know where our transitory regime will lead us. And here I

would like to ask Don Carlos two questions. You said, and rightly so, that revolutions need military support; otherwise they will be guashed. In my country the army is officially known as the Sandinista Popular Army, because the ruling party controls it. As long as that is so, I don't see any way for democracy to emerge. I must ask you, Don Carlos, from whom do the Mexican armed forces receive instructions-from the secretary of war, or from the PRI [Institutional Revolutionary Partyl?

As you said, Mexico has been a victim of U.S. aggression; yet Mexicans are pragmatic in their relations with their neighbor. That is what I fear is lacking in my Sandinista compatriots. It is now time for the guerrillas who bravely struggled for years to start acting like statesmen. Don't you believe they should become statesmen?

FUENTES: The Mexican army takes its orders from the president of the republic, not from the secretary of war, and certainly not from the PRI. To answer your second question, yes, I think that eventually guerrilleros have to become statesmen. But you cannot ask the Sandinistas to disband their army when there are U.S. fleets and contras menacing them.

WILLIAM LEOGRANDE: The reaction of the United States to revolutionary governments is generally hostile, even before it is clear how they will turn out. That is a function of the historical attitude



of the United States toward Central America and the Caribbean—the notion that the region is "our own backyard."

Over the last few decades, societies in Central America have changed. They are now socially more complex, and their populations are politically more aware, than ever before. The old, traditional institutions and ways of governing no longer work. The United States has never come to terms with that. The conflict in Central America is partly a social revolution, but it is also a crisis of decolonization—these societies are trying to move beyond the orbit of the United States. That does not necessarily imply hostility toward the United States. But the hostility that exists may be a result of the way the United States is handling, or I should say mishandling, this crisis of decolonization. Until we learn to handle it better, regional peace is going to be very, very difficult to achieve.

SUSAN KAUFMAN PURCELL: Bill LeoGrande said the United States is hostile to revolutions even before we see how they turn out. That is precisely the point. We don't want to see how they turn out unless we absolutely have to. We have already seen how two of them-the Cuban and the Nicaraguan—have turned out, and we are not happy with the results. We don't like risks. That is why we have historically chosen to back authoritarian regimes, even over democratic ones. We know that authoritarian regimes will not be hostile to us, while democratic governments will be less subservient, and perhaps more

I am not advocating or supporting that policy, but I am saying that in terms of a narrow definition of U.S. interests, it has worked well until recently.

- LOWENTHAL: Don't you think that the current policy incurs big risks? Isn't there a risk of being drawn into military intervention in Central America?
- PURCELL: I think there isn't any no-risk option for the United States in Central America. But the discussion these days centers around either a negotiated solution or U.S. military intervention. No one talks about a continuation of the current policy—semi-covert aid to antirevolutionary forces and military and economic aid to allied governments.

Everyone compares Central America to Vietnam and assumes that growing opposition in the United States to the Administration's policy will force us to withdraw. But there aren't any U.S. troops fighting in Central America, so the domestic political repercussions of maintaining the present policy are not as great.

WILLIAM COLBY: I think the United States is in a very risky position. Trying to maintain the status quo may not work; the region could explode. Trying to eliminate the danger of revolution by military action may be futile, because the conditions for revolution are ripe. I have been both a guerrilla and an antiguerrilla, so I know both sides of the equation.

The critical element, whether you are leading a guerrilla movement or fighting one, is to get the political initiative—to offer a better revolution than your opponent. It seems to me that the Administration knows this, and is therefore stressing a vigorous program of economic and social development.

The problem is how to articulate a positive revolution and support it-not through intervention but by backing local leadership. The thing we are hung up on now is the human rights problem. We should be helping to train the judiciary, the prosecutors, and the police in order to improve the rule of law.

- LOWENTHAL: Are there any examples of the rule of law being brought to a society from the outside?
- COLBY: The British did a good job of it in their colonies. They developed a civil service, an independent judiciary, and police forces. Their traditions are still strong in a number of areas.
- LOWENTHAL: But are there examples of this being accomplished without military occupation?
- COLBY: Useful help was rendered in Liberia and in Korea, and police forces have been trained to adhere to professional standards through the Agency for International Development's public safety program and by postcolonial British police expatriates in Kenya and in Malaysia. We can hardly complain about the absence of proper police procedures if we refuse to help develop them. Yet we are constrained by legislation barring assistance of any nature to foreign police services. We should not limit ourselves to influencing and aiding the military.
- CHRISTOPHER DICKEY: In most cases we haven't even done a very good job of that. We created the armies of Central America. We created the national guard in Nicaragua in the 1920s. More recently, in 1954, we created the Honduran army. We have created these military institutions in Central America because we thought they would bring stability and be the agents of positive change. In fact, they have had quite the opposite effect, right down the line. They have subverted democracy, overthrown governments, staged coups, rigged elections, and administered torture.

If we believe that our interests in the region are vital, we should confront the possibility of gethem with American troops. If we are Jy to do that, then we have to examine policy changes, such as regional demilitation. We should start thinking about doing way with the military institutions that aren't worth much to begin with.

ROBERT PASTOR: Over the long run, the American people will not support a covert war on the scale of the war we are waging in Nicaragua—a war that involves a covert air force and a covert navy and that also involves vast dangers, including mining Soviet ships!

Moreover, the "human rights hang-up" is fundamental. The American people will not want to associate with criminal regimes unless there is a clear and compelling threat to the United States. I think the Administration has been very slow to understand that, especially with regard to El Salvador. It is doing just enough to curb the death squads and to promote dialogue to assuage the concerns of Congress, but it is not doing enough to solve the problem or to show that it is really concerned about it.

To give El Salvador \$300 million in military aid, after giving it nearly \$200 million of such aid over the last three years, is to give a blank check to the forces that are the major threat to the

#### Nicaragua and U.S. Foreign Policy, 1928

The overthrow of the government of Anastasio Somoza in 1979 by the Sandinistas was not the first time in this century that Nicaraguan politics precipitated a foreign policy crisis in the United States. After years of civil strife, a peace accord among certain factions became the basis for the occupation of Nicaragua from 1927 to 1933 by more than 5,000 U.S. Marines, who fought the guerrillas led by General Augusto César Sandino. The intervention in Nicaragua became a bone of contention between the two major political parties in the U.S. presidential election of 1928. The following are excerpts from the Republican and Democratic Party platforms of that year.

The Republican Party

The United States has an especial interest in the advancement and progress of all the Latin American countries. The policy of the Republican Party will always be a policy of thorough friendship and co-operation. In the case of Nicarigua, we are engaged in co-operation with the ernment of that country upon the task of assistery to restore and maintain peace, order and stabile y, and in no way to infringe upon her sovereign whits. The Marines, now in Nicaragua, are there are protect American lives and property and to aid in carrying out an agreement whereby we have undertaken to do what we can to restore and maintain order and to insure a fair and free election. Our policy absolutely repudiates any idea of conquest or exploitation, and is actuated solely by an earnest and sincere desire to assist a friendly and neighboring state which has appealed for aid in a great emergency. It is the same policy the United States has pursued in other cases in Central America.

#### The Democratic Party

The Republican administration has no foreign policy; it has drifted without plan. This great nation cannot afford to play a minor role in world politics. It must have a sound and positive foreign policy, not a negative one. We declare for a constructive foreign policy based on these principles:

☐ Outlawry of war and an abhorrence of militarism, conquest and imperialism.

Non-interference with the elections or other internal political affairs of any foreign nation. This principle of non-interference extends to Mexico, Nicaragua and all other Latin-American nations. Interference in the purely internal affairs of Latin-American countries must cease.

☐ International agreements for reduction of all armaments and the end of competitive war preparations, and, in the meantime, the maintenance of an army and navy adequate for national defense.

☐ Abolition of the practice of the President of entering into and carrying out agreements with a foreign government, either de facto or de jure, for the protection of such government against revolution or foreign attack, or for the supervision of its internal affairs, when such agreements have not been advised and consented to by the Senate, as provided in the Constitution of the United States, and we condemn the administration for carrying out such an unratified agreement that requires us to use our armed forces in Nicaragua.

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country. The main threat in El Salvador is from the right. The left can win only if it attracts the remaining people in the middle—the Christian Democrats and some of the unions-and if it grasps the mantle of nationalism, as it did in Cuba and Nicaragua.

The countries of South America and Central America, including the Contadora countries, are looking for diplomatic solutions. But they will be unwilling to take that risk if they sense that the United States will pull the rug out from under them by acting unilaterally. The United States must take risks in El Salvador, including putting sufficient pressure on the military to eliminate the death squads. Only then will there be any chance of defeating the left.

There are alternatives to our present policy in Nicaragua. It is not realistic to think that the United States will embrace the revolution, but we should figure out how to avoid being the excuse for the revolution's mistakes. Only U.S. actions can make Sandinista charges of American imperialism credible to their own people.

When I was in Nicaragua last August, I told Tomás Borge that the Carter Administration had been very sensitive to the problem of the self-fulfilling prophecy. We wanted to avoid the action-reaction cycle that had led to the deterioration of U.S.-Cuban relations between 1959 and 1961. But we were blind-sided by the Sandinistas' self-fulfilling prophecy. They cried "imperialism" so often that they made the United States into an imperialist.

To return to Carlos's first question, I think the Nicaraguan Marxist-Leninists who took power did not want to live with the United States, did not want to change their stereotypical vision of us. If there is to be peace in Central America, they will have to be willing to change that stereotype and show some inclination to understand the dynamics of the United States. And the United States will have to realize that the revolution, if it is not reversible, can still evolve if it is given a bit of space.

MARK FALCOFF: Both Bob Pastor and my friend Carlos Fuentes have conceived of a solution to the crisis in Central America in which a series of cards fall consecutively into place in a very helpful way. There is Don Carlos's soufflé metaphor: an effervescence of anti-Americanism, which, from a historical point of view, is quite understandable, followed by nationalism, followed by a moderating of a revolution that has spent its initial venom against the United States and has become more pragmatic. The example of that process, and it is a good one, is Mexico.

That happened in a different time, however. The world is much smaller now, and the Soviet Union really is involved. The Cuban and Nicaraguan revolutions cannot be compared to the Mexican revolution except in their anti-Americanism, which for all its centrality to Castro and to the comandantes is not, in and of itself, what provokes our concern.

You asked. Don Carlos, if revolutionary regimes can live with the United States. I ask, do they want to? You asked, quite rightly, why we don't take away Castro's excuse for repression: lift the embargo and announce our willingness to deal with him on a basis of dignity. I ask not only you but myself as well, does Castro want that? Would it serve his interests? If not, what policies flow therefrom?

IOANNE OMANG: Why do we all assume that the Reagan Administration would agree that its Central America policy is failing or needs changing? From the Administration's point of view, the debate over that policy has served to reinforce the image of the United States throughout Latin America as strongly anticommunist. No matter what the United States has done-invade Grenada, support the contras in Nicaragua—it has left no doubt about its position.

Although it is true that the invasion of Grenada and the support of the contras are widely denounced as illegal interference, these actions have given the Reagan Administration the image of being slightly unreliable. To the President, that is probably a good thing: it keeps the rest of Latin America off-balance. I think that is just what he wants.

DICKEY: I think the Administration is aware that if there is any part of the world that is worse off today than it was four years ago it is Central America. In Guatemala one dictator was traded for another, and then another. There is a very fragile democracy in Honduras, and that country is rapidly being turned from a banana republic into a bivouac. In El Salvador the guerrillas are three or four times stronger than they were four vears ago. In Nicaragua, not only is the regime not faltering but it is much stronger than it was two or three years ago.

XABIER GOROSTIAGA: Peace, democracy, and U.S. national security interests cannot be established in Central America without solving the problems of the 70 to 80 percent of the people who have been historically oppressed. There are a lot of Marxist tendencies in Central America, but they are not what I would call dogmatic European Marxist tendencies. What exists is a sort of Creole Marxism, a convergence of nationalism, Christianity, and Marxism. It is not European Marxism and it is not even Cuban Marxism, since the Catholic Church did not have anything to do with the Cuban revolution. And nation domes such had less to do with the revolution in Cuba than is the case in Central America. If you don't understand the cultural inteof these historical tendencies, you caninderstand what is going on in Central

Morality and political logic dictate nonintervention, even if ideological and bureaucratic attitudes in the United States seem to dictate a different course of action. The United States is creating problems with its allies because of its policies in Central America. For example, Canada and Sweden have increased their aid to Nicaragua. Something funny is going on. Why doesn't the United States pay more attention to a allies are doing?

As I told my old friend and former boss Arturo Cruz, we have to help the *muchachos*, the Sandinistas, to institutionalize the revolution so that it can become more flexible and pragmatic. These people didn't pass through Harvard on their way to running a country. As Daniel Oduber said, they went up into the mountains when they were fifteen. They don't know the intricacies of international diplomacy. The people who are criticizing the Sandinista government, and those who are unconditionally supporting it, should not create an impossible situation for those of us in the United States and in Nicaragua who would like to help the revolution mature.

I think Central America is a test case for all of Latin America. If the United States maintains its ideological, and in some ways pathological, attitude toward Central America, it will find it difficult to have good friends in Latin America. U.S. support of the contras is destroying both the system of international law and the inter-American legal system. It is difficult to foster pragmatic positions in Nicaragua when there are radical positions on the other side.

EDMUND G. BROWN JR.: The challenge in Central America is particularly affected by U.S. domestic politics. The strong political force that will not tolerate another Cuba has made it clear to politicians that there is far more risk in undertaken new policy initiatives in Central America in supporting traditional anticommunist apperches. The majority of Americans are not focusia, on Central America, but if we look at those with the citic clear that the anticommunist "right wing" perspective is stronger by several orders of magneticale than any contrary view.

That being the case, it is predictable how Congress will behave. Congress is not a think tank; it is a mechanism to respond to the popular will. The basis for congressional decisions is domestic politics, which today has a strong rightward bias.

Nevertheless, what is happening in Lebanon, and what happened in Algeria some years ago, indicates that people who are willing to die for their goals generally prevail over people who are not. We have an Administration that articulates tough-minded principles but that got out of Lebanon rather quickly after the number of U.S. dead reached a few hundred.

I suspect that adversaries of the United States could conclude that there is no long-term political will for costly commitments abroad. In that sense, there is no reason for the Salvadoran or Nicaraguan insurgents to be too troubled by the Administration's policy.

President Reagan made one of his most compelling speeches twenty years ago against urban redevelopment schemes like the Model Cities program, which attempt to solve problems by throwing money at them. Yet that big spending policy is now embraced for Central America.

Why this contradiction? Perhaps because the only alternative for President Reagan is invasion, which is not politically palatable at this moment.

So when you look at the three options—invasion, throwing money at the problem, or negotiating with the Sandinistas, the Cubans, or whomever—throwing money at the problem may buy some time and may be the only course that can be digested politically.

We should ask ourselves now if we are really for democracy, or, if security in the East-West conflict overrides democracy, if we can mobilize a domestic constituency to support and make sacrifices for a program that goes against our national values. I personally believe that we cannot. Therefore, I can think of nothing more urgent than creating the political climate that will permit us to negotiate a new basis for our relationships with the other countries in this hemisphere.

LOWENTHAL: I see four options for the United States in Central America. The first is to continue the current policy of the Administration as it is set forth in the Kissinger report—to work toward military victories of the established anticommunist regimes, to attempt to enhance the legitimacy of those governments by pushing them to hold elections, to seek to curb the most flagrant violations of human rights, and to attempt to harass, intimidate, and possibly overthrow the Sandinista regime. Perhaps I should add, to supplement these activities with economic assistance.

The second option is what Tom J. Farer, in an article in Foreign Policy,\* called "managing the

<sup>\*</sup>Tom J. Farer, "Manage the Revolution?" Foreign Policy, Fall 1983.

revolution." That policy would attempt to change the nature of Central American society. It would move vigorously against the death squads, purge the armed forces, strongly promote agrarian and other structural changes, and try to bring to power reformist governments.

The third option is to substantially decrease U.S. involvement in Central America, essen-

tially to disengage from the region.

The fourth option is to focus narrowly on preventing the establishment of strategic facilities and the stationing of offensive weapons and combat forces by or on behalf of the Soviet Union. Does anyone see other possibilities?

PURCELL: The third and fourth options are basically the same. If the Soviet Union put missiles in one

of the Central American countries, we wouldn't just sit there.

FALCOFF: I would add that the economic aid package is not something the Kissinger commission dreamed up merely to postpone the inevitable. It is a response to the claims of many Central American leaders of all political persuasions that their countries' economies are so shattered that something must be done. I categorically reject the view that economic assistance is bad because it is driven by larger security concerns.

FUENTES: At the Rio de Janeiro conference in 1947, Latin America conceded the principle of U.S. security in this hemisphere. At the Bogotá conference in 1948, the United States conceded the

#### A Revolutionary Program For El Salvador

In February 1980, the Revolutionary Coordination of the Masses published the first program agreed upon by the four principal Salvadoran revolutionary groups. Although other manifestoes have appeared since those groups merged into the Democratic Revolutionary Front in April 1980, this document, portions of which appear below, is still the most detailed exposition of the revolutionaries' plans for the reconstruction of Salvadoran society and for El Salvador's relations with other Central American states and with the superpowers.

#### Task and Objectives of the Revolution:

☐ To overthrow the reactionary military dictatorship of the oligarchy and Yankee imperialism, and to establish a revolutionary democratic government founded on the unity of the revolutionary and democratic forces in the People's Army and the Salvadoran people.

☐ To put an end to the power of the great lords of land and capital.

□ To liquidate the dependence of our country

on Yankee imperialism.

☐ To assure democratic rights and freedoms for the entire people—particularly for the working masses.

☐ The revolutionary democratic government will establish diplomatic and trade relations with other countries without discrimination on the basis of differing social systems and on the basis of equal rights, coexistence, and respect for self-determination. Close fraternal relations with Nicaragua will especially be sought. Our country will become a member of the Movement of Nonaligned Countries.

☐ Nationalize the entire banking and financial system; foreign trade; the system of electricity distribution, along with the enterprises for its production that are in private hands; the refining of petroleum.

☐ Carry out the expropriation, in accord with the national interest, of the monopolistic enterprises in industry, trade, and services.

☐ Carry out a thoroughgoing agrarian reform, which will put the land that is now in the hands of the big landlords at the disposal of the broad masses who work it. The agrarian reform will not affect small and medium landholders, who will receive support for continual improvements in production on their plots.

☐ Carry out an urban reform to benefit the great majority, without affecting small and medium owners of real estate.

☐ Thoroughly transform the tax system, so that tax payments no longer fall upon the workers.

☐ Establish effective mechanisms for credit, economic aid, and technical assistance for small and medium-sized private businesses.

☐ Establish a system for effective planning of the national economy.

Create sufficient sources of jobs so as to eliminate unemployment in the briefest possible time.

☐ Bring into effect a just wage policy based on regulation of wages, taking into account the cost of living; an energetic policy of control and reduction of the prices charged for basic goods and services; a substantial increase in social services for the popular masses (social security, education, recreation, health care, etc.).

☐ Put into action a massive plan for construction of low-cost housing.

principle of monintervention to the Latin Amernity. Perhaps a similar diplomatic n be reached for Central America.

think Carlos has put his finger on what is ag in all these options—genuine multilat-in ecotiations that would transform the Condora initiative into something much more far-reaching

iKLÉ: Bob Pastor said that the United States should not be associated with criminal regimes. But does the mean we can ignore the consequences of criminal regimes? If there is a Pol Pot in the world, should we simply walk away and forget oncern for human rights?

There is something insincere about expressions of concern for human rights that come to the surface only when the United States is involved, has influence, and can use its influence. If voicing concern about human rights is nothing but a way of disengaging the United States from the rest of the world, human rights throughout the world will have been ill-served.

Bob Pastor also said that Nicaragua might have misunderstood the United States and maneuvered itself into opposition to us. Wasn't it rather that the Carter Administration misunderstood the *comandantes*, expecting they would keep their promises of democracy?

If you look at negotiation as an alternative to military force—instead of as complementary—you fatally misunderstand the opponents of democracy. Some of them are dedicated, courageous people who are willing to fight until they prevail. If our only alternative to that is words, then what Governor Brown said is true. We will not prevail; and those who will are not the ones who will observe human rights or let the majority of the people express their wishes.

We have to negotiate to win over those who are willing to share, to participate, to compromise; but we also have to help our friends use force to defend their basic interests.

Governor Brown observed that there may not be a willingness to die. The Salvadoran soldiers show a willingness to die, and I think that the nority understand what they are dying for. In a

El Salvador had a revolution in 1979 that was meat threat to Castro. I believe that is why Castro and his associates intervened—to bring the Classan Democratic revolution to an end.

Finally, I don't think that East-West security conflicts with other objectives. Strengthening democracy in Central America serves U.S. security in the East-West context; moreover, democracy is the best guarantee for human rights. We cannot disengage ourselves and let negotiations go on while those who are willing to destroy democracy through force continue to fight.

PASTOR: Fred Iklé missed my point. It is precisely the strategic imperative that should compel us to stop the death squads, since any policy that doesn't take into consideration human rights is doomed to fail. With regard to the comandantes, the Carter Administration did not misjudge them, but felt that in the long term the chances of evolution were greater if the United States did not push them against the wall.

LEOGRANDE: Dr. Iklé's comments reflect one of the most grievous problems of current U.S. policy, that is, the very strange vision the Administration has of what is going on in Central America. There is virtually no one left in the government of El Salvador today from what he calls the revolutionary government of October 1979. Almost all of the civilian leaders of that governmentwhich lasted only three months—are dead, or in exile, or have joined the FDR/FMLN [Democratic Revolutionary Front/Farabundo Martíl. The armed forces today are what they have been since 1932—the real locus of political power. The high command today is composed of many people who were thrown out in October 1979 but worked their way into power as the government shifted to the right. The idea that El Salvador is moving toward democracy stretches credulity and the meaning of language.

Chris Dickey is absolutely right when he says that there is no place in the world where U.S. policy has been less successful in the past four years than in Central America. If one looks at earlier decades, wherever we tried to bring democracy to Latin America, lo and behold, those are the places where we've gotten ourselves into the most trouble.

The country where the United States was most dominant was Cuba. Cuba was a virtual U.S. protectorate from 1898 to 1934. What we produced was not a stable democracy but rather the Batista dictatorship, which led to a revolution in 1959—a revolution that was as much anti-American as it was pro-Marxist.

In the Dominican Republic we created a national guard to preserve democracy. It produced Trujillo and the crisis after he was assassinated. We established the national guard in Nicaragua to protect and defend democracy. It brought us Somoza and led to the revolution of 1979. Our record of building democracy in Central America and in the Caribbean is not very good. Today we are making the same mistakes. In the name of democracy, we are strengthening the Salvadoran army, which has for decades acted as the guardian of the oligarchy. We are creating a military behemoth in Honduras that threatens that embryonic democracy and we are arming the remnants of Somoza's national guard. This is a travesty and a tragedy.

## BESIEGED BY THE STATE

By defending the individual, government destroys the fabric of society

By Robert Nisbet

In the 1930s, Albert J. Nock published a book with the arresting title Our Enemy the State. Despite Nock's luminous name in the world of letters, the book was little noticed. The 1930s was a time when statism was getting booster shots from the New Deal at home and from totalitarianism abroad. The conventional wisdom among intellectuals was that a book with such a title was at best irrelevant, at worst subversive. Everybody knew that capitalism was moribund and that the only salvation lay in the state.

Following the classical liberal tradition of the West, Nock chose to see the individual as the primary victim of the state's monopoly of power. That was a mistake. The chief prey of political power is not the individual but society. It is the war between state and society that has overriding political and social

consequences in the West.

By society I mean nothing supra-individual; nothing large, abstract, or remote. I use the word to mean all the ordinary relationships that bind human beings together and separate them from the horde. Family, neighborhood, and religion, each of which long antedates the political state, are society's molecular elements. To these ancient unities have been added over the centuries the more complex elements of society: towns, cities, monasteries, schools, universities, business enterprises, hospitals, and professions. These are all social inventions, created by the same combination of perceived need and ingenuity that spurred the invention of clocks, mills, steam engines, art forms, and games.

The political state is an institution that is very much a part of society, especially in the modern world. But there is one great difference between the state and all other associations: it alone possesses sovereignty—power backed by military force. By its nature, the state reaches all individuals. In the process it necessarily impringes upon the social groups that come between

it and the individual.

All institutions compete for the loyalty of individuals. So far as individuals are concerned, competition is probably most stringent within an institution; but from the point of view of society, it is the struggle between institutions that is decisive. There are several institutions that serve more than others to define social reality. The family, of course, is the oldest and most universal. Entire social orders have been dominated by household and clan, the Roman republic being the best known. Even today, in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, kinship ties retain a strength and an influence that match anything the state can command.

Robert Nisbet is Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities, Emeritus, at Columbia University. His books include Twilight of Authority, History of the Idea of Progress, and, most recently, Prejudices. He is currently an adjunct scholar at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, D.C. God may be dead, but the state is robustly alive. The worship of state power has become a religion every bit as powerful as Marxism Religion has also exercised a sovereign claim over the individual. In the Middle Ages, the church governed many of the provinces of life that new fall under the state's supervision. Matters we unquestionably leave to the state—registration of births, marriages, and deaths; education; festivals; morals; the regulation of economic transactions; even the decision to go to war—were the responsibility of the church in the Middle Ages.

In much of the world, however, the state now demands the primary loyalty of the individual. Statism is today as much a faith as Marxism or Catholicism. As the church followed the individual from cradle to grave in the Middle Ages, so does the state in our time. This is as true of democracies as of totalitarian orders. In a masterly essay entitled "The Balance of Power in Society," the social scientist Frank Tannenbaum observed many years ago that the power gained by one social institution is inevitably gained at the expense of other institutions. "Institutional friction and instability," he wrote, "are therefore the normal state of society, and the hope of peace and quietude is an idle dream." He defined tyranny as the complete, or nearly complete, dominance of one institution over all others.

Much of modern history is no more than a process by which the state has wrested power from family and church, as well as from guild, village, town, and social class. It is in this light that Bertrand de Jouvenel, in his book On Power, referred to the modern state as the "assailant of the social order" and as the agent of a "permanent revolution." For Jouvenel, the state was Power.

All command other than its own, that is what irks Power. All energy, wherever it may be found, that is what nourishes it. If the human atom which contains this energy is confined in a social molecule, then Power must break down that molecule. Its levelling tendency, therefore, is not in the least, as is commonly thought, an acquired characteristic which it assumes on taking democratic form. It is a leveller in its own capacity of state and because it is state.

The tendency of the state to compete with, assail, and revolutionize the social order has been evident since the dawn of the state a few thousand years ago. But democracy has done the most to widen and deepen the state's supremacy over other social allegiances. Democracy is first and last about power, not freedom. When infused with the ideals of liberalism, democracies can provide a setting for the freedom of individuals, groups, and associations. But democracies need not provide such a setting, and there can even be, as the political scientist Jacob Talmon and others have stressed, totalitarian democracies. How else did Stalin and Hitler manufacture their unprecedented mechanisms of absolute power save by insisting that their regimes were a higher form of democracy—a "real," or "effective," democracy

rooted in the needs of the masses, rather than a purely formal democracy serving as a cloak for the rule of the bourgeoisie and the plutocracy.

n its zeal to recover the individual atom, the state bedevils the social molecule. Consider the state's forays into the slums in the name of urban renewal. Years ago the brilliant city planner Jane Jacobs pointed out the seeming inability of the state to avoid bulldozing entire neighborhoods along with the dilapidated buildings of condemned urban areas. A sense of community can keep crime rates low no matter how squalid the physical appearance of a neighborhood may be. But the state can no more create a sense of neighborhood or community than it can create love or friendship.

The war between state and society can also be seen in much of what the state is pleased to call affirmative action programs. The state's declared objective is to rescue the powerless individual from the social forces that oppress him. I readily concede that there are times when the state is ob ligated to do so. After all, the Thirteenth Amendment trespassed on the rights of slaveholders. But busing schoolchildren many miles in order to meet some bureaucrat's arbitrary standard for the proper integration of the races grievously flouts the will of the community. From all we hear, these children are no happier about their new "rights" than are their parents.

Of all the wars waged by the state, the most important is the war against he family—taking the family in its fullest sense to include clan and kindred. We can observe that war in the state's recent involvement in the traditional patient-physician relationship. Here the individual being "liberated" by state action is Baby Doe. To protect the baby against her parents and their loctor the state has set up a so-called hot line in Washington, D.C., and proclaimed it the right, nay the duty, of hospital personnel to report any abuses of a handicapped infant's civil rights to the government. The question cannot be avoided: Is the possible benefit—if that is the proper word—to Baby Doe worth the damage to family autonomy? Can the remote, inquistorial, adversarial court system be relied on for justice? Or are the hard decisions in cases such as Baby Doe's best left to the family and its physician?

Consider, too, the university. Many will remember the determination with which the academic community fought the efforts of state legislatures in the 1940s and 1950s to circumscribe its right to supervise student admissions, determine curricula, and appoint faculty members. But today universities submit to demands that were not even dreamed of two generations ago. The requirements of affirmative action have sanctioned a degree of federal scrutiny of university affairs more intrusive than the old inquisition against supposedly disloyal professors. A faculty member at the University of Georgia was jailed for contempt after refusing to reveal to a court his vote (pace democracy) on another faculty member's promotion. But no scholars departed the institution, and the American Association of University

Professors did not bother to protest. This is how far universities have moved from the autonomy they once knew

and valued.

final example is pertinent. Prior to the dismemberment of AT&T (I realize "divestiture" is the more politic word), there were few complaints about service by customers, no significant sins charged by the unions, and not many objections from stockholders. AT&T was generally regarded as the greatest communications system in the world, the envy of all other countries. Nevertheless, the *membra disjecta* are now lying all over the landscape and Americans are faced with reduced service and higher costs for such service as can be given.

Preposterous as the AT&T dismemberment is, it has hallowed precedents. Henry VIII "divested" the English monasteries, for instance, although they had for centuries contributed voluminously to England's store of art treasures and had supported tens of thousands of families with work in the fields of the great monastic holdings. But Henry and his advisers believed that the monasteries were a dangerous monopoly. He broke up the whole system, enriching some individuals but condemning many thousands of tenant farmers to poverty and ultimately to the clutches of the Poor Law.

Apologists for the powerful state have long taken pains to justify the dismemberment or nationalization of autonomous groups and corporations. Hobbes, in *Leviathan*, compared them to "worms in the entrails of natural man." Elsewhere he described them as "stitches" in the body politic that "breedeth fever." Rousseau hated all such groups and made it evident in the Social Contract that the sacred General Will could not be realized until all "partial associations" were pulverized. Bentham's distaste for intermediate groups led him to advocate the abolition of both trial by jury and the spousal privilege of refusing to testify against one's mate. We can, of course, accept the government's reasons for breaking up AT&T. Or we can put the fate of AT&T in the historical context of the destruction of guilds, monasteries, castles, fiefs, and walled towns.

The United States came closest of all states to achieving a balance of power between the government and the social order. The Founding Fathers preferred the Lockean notion of limited government; for more than a century their vision was largely preserved. The Civil War changed the balance. Lincoln's excision of the cancer of slavery from the body politic was accom-

The questions are as painful as they are unavoidable: Should the fate of Baby Doe be decided by her family or by the courts? What likelihood is there that our judicial system can be relied on to provide justice?



Even when the exercise of state power is a moral necessity, it comes at a price. The unprecedented increase of national authority that resulted from the Civil War led ultimately to the sultranzation of American society in World War I World War I



panied by a nationalization of authority and a sharp reduction in the powers of the states that would eventually make America a very different place. World War I, with its unprecedented militarization of American society ("War is the health of the state," declared one critical onlooker, Randolph Bourne), was but the culmination of forces set in motion by the Civil War.

Today the American state has opted for redistributionism as its philosophy—that is, for egalitarian steamrollering of social and cultural differences. The word has gone out that there is something inherently base about the fact that a person may live well simply by virtue of being born into a family of wealth. Why this should be so, I do not know. But it is so, and the whole system of inheritance taxes is testimony to it.

When these taxes were first instituted, only wealthy families were at risk. But such families were too few in number to feed the state's ravenous hunger for revenue, so it began to cast its eyes at the middle class. Millions of families are now forced to give serious consideration to death taxes. One consequence is that it has become difficult for farms to remain in the family line.

We shouldn't forget the income tax, either. As Bertrand de Jouvenel observed, had the state been interested in protecting the family it would have seen to it that the family did at least as well as the business firm with regard to income taxes. "The firm produces the goods, the family produces the people," he wrote in *The Ethics of Redistribution*. "It is puzzling that the needs of the former should be so well understood by the lawmakers, and the needs of the latter so disregarded. . . . It is quite incomprehensible that a breeder of dogs for the race track should be allowed his costs, depreciation, etc. while the father of the family is not." How true. Since World War II the American family has received fewer and fewer tax advantages. What is allowed as a deduction for child rearing is a pittance compared with the real costs involved, as any parent can attest. The deduction a family may take for interest paid on a mortage is still safe, but probably not for long.

Frank Tannenbaum wrote that the "road to social peace is the balance of the social institutions . . . for the only way to peace in this world of fallible human nature is to keep all human institutions relatively strong, but not too strong, relatively weak, but not so weak as to despair of their survival." A few years ago it seemed that we were moving in that direction. There was a renascence of religion, giving hope to many that it would become once again a powerful check on the political state.

But as a moth is attracted to a flame, this religious movement has made a sharp turn toward the power of the state. Thus the Moral Majority and others demand a constitutional amendment to permit prayer in the nation's public schools and campaign relentlessly to pass an amendment making abortion, under whatever circumstances, a felony. Here the state's power would intrude into the very recesses of the womb! No matter what one's views on abortion and school prayer, it is impossible to see in these developments anything but an invasion of the social order by the state beyond anything we have known. Needless to say, these same religious groups are behind the government's demand for medical records in Baby Doe cases. Thus does religion come to resemble a Political Action Committee.

These groups, along with all the politicians, earnestly declare their abiding devotion to the family. It is not clear how one can be for the family while urging that state power penetrate the innermost sanctums of family life.

Bertrand Russell—no traditionalist—saw this coming just after World War II. "The father, the family, and the clan are all being replaced by the State, which is the residuary legate of these ancient authorities," he wrote in Authority and the Individual. "I will not pretend to welcome this change. I am not in love with the State. And a society in which the State rules unchecked is likely to be drab, uniform, and bellicose."

## THE END OF THE AFFAIR

An American tragedy in the Arab world By Fouad Ajami

learned that Malcolm Kerr had been murdered shortly after I was ushered into the chancery of the U.S. Embassy in Cairo on the morning of January 18. It was a Wednesday; I was keeping an appointment with Thomas Carolan, one of the embassy's political officers. On my way through the building to his office, I passed smartly dressed Marines who were standing guard. There was an air of tension. The previous April, the U.S. Embassy in Beirut had been blown up. Eight months later, in December 1983, terrorists had attacked the U.S. Embassy in Kuwait. The fate of the American diplomats in Iran was never far from mind. Embassies that once stood as symbols of power had somehow become vulnerable.

I had come to talk to Carolan about Lebanon, where he had been stationed in the mid-1970s. I also had the usual questions about Egypt—about the country's mood and about the American presence. Instead, we talked of Kerr's murder. In a gentle, subdued manner, Carolan offered what little information he had. Kerr, the fifty-twoyear-old president of the American University of Beirut, had been shot and killed by two unidentified gunmen on the campus he loved and administered and tried to insulate from the fighting.

The following morning the Gazette, the bland English-language paper that caters to the foreign community in Cairo, ran a story about Kerr's death. It quoted an unnamed source, an American academic, who attributed the murder to "U.S. Middle East policy." There was no further analysis. Who the killers were, what they repre-

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sented, what they thought their victim represented-these things were not discussed. Perhaps amid the turmoil of this region, stuck as it is in a hellish time between seasons, it was enough for the Gazette that Malcolm Kerr had been an American. But how had such bitterness and cynicism come to be so acceptable and matter-of-fact? How had the American presence in the Arab world come to be marked by nervous guards and assassins? It had not always been so.

Kerr was born in Beirut in 1931, in the very hospital where he was pronounced dead. He was born into a community that, since the nineteenth century, had sought to establish a very different American presence in the Arab world, a philanthropic presence. His father was a professor of biochemistry at the American University of Beirut; his mother served as the university's dean of women. Malcolm Kerr grew up in the city's American enclave, left Lebanon to attend Princeton, and returned to the American University to take his master's degree. He did his doctoral work at Johns Hopkins and forged his academic career at UCLA, where he eventually became director of the von Grunebaum Center for Near Eastern Studies. But he returned often to the region where he was born, refusing to study the Arabs from afar.

By 1979, Kerr was a visiting professor at the American University in Cairo; there, for two years, he taught Arab students who would have seemed strange to his father. These were the polished children of Egypt's rising classes, who attended the university in search of the American gloss crucial to success in the Egypt then being shaped by Anwar Sadat. The American presence in the region had come to mean foreign investors Americans brought notions of freedom and liberts withe But the scen in ington simued to upport Arab rs who had no use for democratic

Some

and multinational corporations; they brought new ways of dressing and behaving, a new rhythm. The American University of Cairo was where the ambitious prepared themselves for Western times.

I saw Kerr every now and then when I visited Cairo. We were studying the same material, even if from different angles. He was prone to be charitable in his judgments of Arabs and things Arab; I was at odds with the place. I was of the place, and felt more threatened by its ways. I grew up in an Armenian-Shiite ghetto northeast of Beirut. He grew up a short cable-car ride—and a world—away.

Kerr took over as president of the American University of Beirut in the fall of 1982. But the city that greeted him was no longer the city of commerce and finance and gardens that he had known as a youth. Seven years of civil war, and the Israeli invasion of that summer, had obliterated the world he longed for.

Kerr returned to a different world, and he came bearing the burden of a different America, one implicated in the politics and feuds and battles of the region. First there had been missionaries from America, then teachers, like his father. The 1970s brought businessmen. The

1980s brought the Marines. It had happened so quickly.

What America did Kerr's killers glimpse before the trigger was squeezed? What America did they kill? Perhaps they killed an old friend, someone who did not know that he no longer fit. Kerr insisted upon crossing the line separating the Arab and the American worlds. He seemed not to notice, or chose not to acknowledge, how twisted and blurred the line had become. The gunmen could have been among those who want things kept clear, who want the line drawn thick and strictly observed.

Perhaps Kerr's murderers believed they were killing their teacher, the American who brought with him such notions as liberty, freedom, and self-determination. Education had induced a taste for these things, but it had led only to frustration: such ideals could not be realized. The men in Washington, those who ran the teacher's country, continued to support Arab leaders who had no use for democratic values. Those without liberty and representation, like the Druse and Shiites, had taken up guns.

Kerr's killers may have had in their sights the farther who had abandoned them, the father who could not provide what he had promised. Many of Kerr's friends suspect he was murdered by militiamen of the right-wing Christian Phalange party. The Maronite Christians, on whose behalf the Phalangists fight, had a long list of grievances against the university. They objected

to its location in (Moslem) West Beirut, to the strong Palestinian presence on its faculty, to the radical political currents filtering in among the students. Whose side were the Americans on? The Maronites believed that the Americans, the Marines and all the others, were in Beirut to maintain the Christian hold on the country. Kerr, a student of Islamic thought and Arab nationalism, was not their kind of American.

It had all become so complicated. There had been a time, not long ago, when Arabs and Americans had barely known each other. They had approached then, as strangers do, with caution and with grace. There followed a torrid affair and a messy one. In their embrace they discovered things they had failed at first to recognize. Passions brewed hatred. Approaches led to betrayals. The ways of a distant power and the sensibilities of a region jolted by sudden cultural change led to furious grasping and recoiling, an explosive ambivalence. Two worlds met the encounter has issued forth a monster.

The Net, a novel by the Egyptian writer Sharif Hattata, speaks of this romance and ruin. Ruth Harrison, an American, has come to the new Egypt of the Sadat era to study the country's labor unions, or so she says. In fact, she has links to American investors and intelligence agencies. She is part of the American advance into a once hostile and forbidden country. She is in Egypt to tempt it out of its austerity; she has traveled east to make her career. Attracted by her glamour and interested in the financial opportunities she can offer, Khalil Mansur becomes involved with Ruth Harrison. His staid wife is tied to the old world and its ways; Ruth Harrison offers unencumbered romance. His job with a union is a dead end; with Ruth Harrison's help, he becomes a highly paid representative of an American pharmaceutical company. Eventually, inevitably, the whole arrangement collapses. Ruth Harrison is murdered, by whom it is unclear. And the Department of Social Peace secures Khalil Mansur's conviction and sees to it that he is put to death.

Before his execution, Khalil Mansur speaks to himself of America in the sad, confused voice that echoes throughout the Arab world:

The fisherman's net is tightening. The fish have grown weary. All you need is money in the bank, hard currency preferred. The age of deprivation is behind us. A new age of prosperity has dawned. A new Egypt with . . . inviting billboards . . . and new liberties: the liberty to buy and consume. . . .

For more than 150 years, Americans have come to the Arab world with things that tantalize: knowledge, values, goods, ways of life. The Arabs have reached for these things. The exchange has not gone smoothly. The encounter has ended in tragedy.

### II.

The first Americans to venture into the Arab vorld, a world then ruled by Ottoman Turks, were missionaries, sent by missionary societies in Massachusetts and Connecticut and fired up with the desire to rehabilitate the wayward Christians of the East and to convert the Mosems and Jews. As James A. Field wrote in America and the Mediterranean World, 1776–1882, New England Protestantism, "like the gospel of commerce," was thought to have "universal apolicability."

Two young graduates of the Andover Theological Seminary, Levi Parsons and Pliny Fisk, were the first to make the passage. They set out from Boston harbor in November 1819, ready "... for angels great, in early youth/To lead whole nations in the walks of truth." Parsons, who helped found a mission in Jerusalem, later reported that it was hard work, indeed, to carry the Gospel to "the people living heedless in the land where it was first proclaimed."

Other missionaries followed, young men from Amherst and Yale and, in time, young women from Mount Holyoke. By the 1820s, according to one Rufus Anderson, a missionary leader,

Americans had traversed the country of the Seven Churches of Asia; they had visited Egypt . . . and

had crossed the desert into the Promised Land. Americans had visited Jaffa where Noah had built his Ark of gopher wood. . . . New England feet had trod the ground of Jerusalem.

Yet, for all their traveling and preaching, the missionaries won few converts in this land of sects, sure truths, and religious hierarchies. But if the Gospel did not prevail, the more earthly knowledge the missionaries brought with them did begin to take root. Missionaries with medical skills were welcomed and admired. Others translated textbooks and primers and made flashcards to teach spelling. In 1834 missionaries brought a printing press to Beirut, and within two years they had printed some 381,000 pages.

A missionary from Vermont named Daniel Bliss was one of those who recognized that there was more hunger among the Arabs for knowledge than for the Protestant faith. With money raised from American and a few British sources, he helped found the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, later to become the American University. The college opened in 1866; its sixteen students studied under Bliss himself, two other missionaries, and a Lebanese mathematics tutor. One fund-raising appeal had stressed that "proper pious men looking forward to the Gospel



The American presence: A U.S. missionary and his son chat with U.S.-backed Lebanese army soldiers.

Dismissed in the West, Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points were embraced as a symbol of possibility by Arab Ministry" would find a home at the college, but those who wanted to be lawyers, physicians, engineers, clerks, merchants, interpreters, and teachers were welcomed as well. The college was less a monument to faith than to learning, and as such it stood as a symbol of America's role in the Arab world in the last half of the nineteenth

To the college, and to other educational institutions founded by the missionaries, came all sorts of students. There were bright young men

were impressed by the missionaries discipline, and by their books. Christian Arabs enrolled looking to revive and strengthen their connection to the West.

Opportunists also stepped forth. One Hanna al Haddad of Nazareth was blunt with the missionaries he sought to use. In a letter, he told them that he had often spoken on their behalf and acted as their "agent." He expected in return that they would provide him and his family (and his friends) with himayah (protection) and zahar (pull) and manfu (profit). The Druse in the mountains south of Beirut found a most peculiar use for the Protestants. After learning that Christians had been exempted from military conscription, the Druse sought to be converted en masse. But the Egyptians, who occupied Greater Syria in the 1830s, and their local client, the prince of Mount Lebanon.

were not so easily fooled.

These schemers had perceived a political dimension to the missionaries and their schools, and here they were not out of line. As the century drew to a close and the Ottoman Empire began to show cracks, Western notions of democracy and nationhood caught on among young, educated Arabs. Ottoman officials charged that the missionaries' classrooms were centers of sedition; the missionaries denied it. There might have been a leaflet here, a fiery speech there, but strictly speaking the missionaries were right: their books and lectures were free of political entanglements. But the Turks were right, too: it was something larger than leaflets or speeches that worried them.

T. E. Lawrence came to the Middle East before World War I to foment his own Arab revolt gainst the Turks; he understood as well as anywer that the Americans had politicized their students. They had done so by the very act of teaching the way they did. Lawrence noted in Seven Pillars of Wisdom how the rise of Arab nationalism had been

fortified and made pointed by the new American ideas in education: ideas which, when released in the old high Oriental atmosphere, made an explosive mixture. The American schools, teaching by

the method of inquiry, encouraged scientific detachment and free exchange of views. Quite withour intention they taught revolution.

The Americans held out the possibility of change, and young Arabs responded to it. George Antonius, a leading Arab historian of the interwar generation, called the Americans the foster parents of this surge of nationalism. The Americans, he wrote, realized that what the Arab world needed "was a system of education consonant with its traditions." The missionaries provided it. The old order was doomed; American ways had hastened its demise.

World War I saw the collapse of the Ottoman Empire. It was a time when great change seemed possible, Zionists, Armenians, Arabs, and Greeks put forth their nationalist claims. All had in Woodrow Wilson a hero, a leader who would rise above the old diplomacy and the tarnished ways of Europe. Point twelve of Wilson's Fourteen Points urged that the former subjects of the Ottoman Empire be given an "unmolested opportunity of autonomous development." But that was not to be. Wilson was vanguished at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919; Britain and France drew the postwar map and divided the Arab world as if it were booty. Syria and Lebanon came under French rule, and Iraq and Palestine passed into British hands.

Dismissed in the West, Wilson's Fourteen Points were embraced as a symbol of possibility by Arab nationalists who now found themselves European colonial subjects. Tawfic al Hakim, the influential Egyptian writer, wrote in the 1930s that, to his generation, the Fourteen Points had been a "gospel made up of love and peace." Europe, he noted sadly, had grown too old and cynical to accept the "Christ from the New World." It was not that Tawfic al Hakim was particularly fond of America; he was, in fact, a Francophile. What appealed to him and to his generation was the American notion of a world freed for trade, as well as Wilson's respect for "subject people."

France and Britain maintained their uneasy hegemony in the Arab world until the end of World War II, unchallenged by the United States. There were those who urged President Roosevelt to take a more active role in the region, but Roosevelt deflected such advice. "Arabia is too far afield for us," he scribbled in the margin of an aide's policy paper in 1940. "Can't you get the British to do something?" If the American government had no interest in getting involved. American business did. It began with an invitation. Ibn Saud, the founder of the Saudi kingdom, was strapped for funds—the Depression had cut the number of pilgrims to Mecca, and thus diminished his coffers—and he had no choice but to overcome his aversion to "infidels"

and solicit their capital and technology. In 1933, after outbidding the British, Standard Oil of Calfornia set up its first outpost in Saudi Arabia. By 1938, oil was flowing in the desert.

Seven years later, after the end of the war in Europe and the emergence of the United States as a global power, Roosevelt decided the time was right to make the American presence felt in the Middle East. On the way home from the Yalta conference in February 1945, Roosevelt played host to Ibn Saud, by then a business partner of Standard Oil, on board the USS Quincy in the Great Bitter Lake of the Suez Canal. The meeting lasted only five hours, but it stands out in retrospect as a dramatic prelude to postwar U.S. involvement in the Arab world.

It is difficult to imagine the gulf that separated the two leaders and their worlds. The passage north from Jiddah to the canal marked the first time Ibn Saud had set foot outside his country. The journey was made on the USS Murphy, a destroyer. The king and his entourage had turned up at the Jiddah harbor on the Red Sea with their own provisions, including a hundred sheep for slaughter along the way-all this for a trip of "two nights and one day," according to an account written later by the American envoy to Saudi Arabia, Colonel William A. Eddy. A compromise was reached: the king was allowed to bring seven sheep. He and his party were also permitted to pitch their tents on the deck. As Eddy explained, Ibn Saud firmly believed that "Allah gave Arabia the true faith and gave the western world the iron." Even before the destroyer reached the canal, two of the king's sons had been introduced to American ways: they attended a film below deck that featured, as Eddy recounted, "Lucille Ball loose in a college men's dormitory late at night." Fortunately, he noted,

"news of this orgy never reached the ear of the King.' Loosevelt wanted to meet with Ibn Saud for

two reasons. There was the matter of Jewish immigration to Palestine. As Peter Grose writes in Israel in the Mind of America, Roosevelt had selected Ibn Saud as the strongman he could charm into persuading the Moslem world that it should support increased immigration. With the guardian of Mecca backing the idea of a Jewish Palestine, FDR reasoned, the conflict between Arab and Jew would eventually subside. The Jews would get land; the Arabs would get American dollars. It would be that simple. But Ibn Saud was not convinced. He spoke from a tradition that placed a high value on retribution. His solution: "Give [the Jews] and their descendants the choicest lands and homes of the Germans who had oppressed them."

Then there was the matter of American influ-

ence. Roosevelt was ready to challenge the British in the region, and if the meeting did not settle the matter of Palestine, it did establish which Western power would be dominant in the Arab world. Ibn Saud had watched in awe as the American ships fired their guns: he understood who now wielded the power. Winston Churchill heard of the meeting and fumed. Ibn Saud later accepted his invitation to meet with the British, but only after he had cleared it with

Roosevelt. The imperial baton had been passed.

he United States became the preeminent power in the Arab world precisely at the time when a new generation of Arab nationalists was coming into its own. The nationalist movement led by Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt began in the early 1950s as a mild protest against an Arab ancien régime and against remnants of the European colonial presence. Many young Arabs nurtured the hope that America could be enlisted on their side in the interests of furthering its own ideals in the Middle East, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles visited Cairo in April 1953, and there was talk in Washington at the time that Arab nationalism could be tolerated and even harnessed. The nationalists were optimistic. Mohammed Heikal, an Egyptian journalist, captured the mood of that period:

The whole picture of the United States at that time was a glamorous one. Britain and France were fading, hated empires. The Soviet Union was five thousand miles away and the ideology of Communism was anathema to the Moslem religion. But America had emerged from World War II richer, more powerful, and more appealing than ever. Hollywood was churning out war pictures in which the Americans were the heroes and the others were the villains. Refrigerators, televisions, all the new instruments of the new life seemed to be coming from America. So the United States wore an aura of success and glamour, shining out above the tarnished failure of the old imperialists, and people were receptive to the idea of the Americans playing a major role in the Middle East.

But Dulles and the United States would let the Arab nationalists down. Hollywood films would continue to project a certain image of America, and the shipments of TVs and refrigerators to ports in the Middle East would, if anything, increase. The American style of life would be encouraged. But it became clear that the United States believed it no longer had the luxury of exporting the ideas of freedom, liberty, and selfdetermination that had been encouraged by earlier generations of Americans. There were growing interests (oil) to be maintained, and that meant making sure that those in power remained in power. There was the Soviet Union, poised to In the 1950s. the American style of life was encouraged. But the United States deemed it no longer had the luxury of exporting democracy

New wealth from oil was bringing the Arabs into the modern world. What American planners had seen as a geopolitical entity now emerged as a market

make moves in Egypt and elsewhere. The status quo, consumerism, anticommunism: this was what America now preached to the Arab world.

This new American Gospel spawned what the Egyptian writer Lewis Awad has called Arab "schizophrenia toward America." There was the memory of a "good America," and a strong addiction to American things. But there was also, and for the first time, a political grievance against America. America in the 1950s and early 1960 showed little of its more generous face to the Middle East. It had its oil clients in the Persan Gulf to protect against nationalist pressures from Egypt and Syria. Nasser and the nationalists were clients of the Soviet Union; they could not be accommodated. The men in Washington came to see the Arab world as a desert where they had to draw the line, one more region in which the superpower struggle had to be waged. And so it would be until 1967, and the Six Day War.

The Arabs blundered into that war and were badly beaten. They lost the peace as well, as the war produced a strengthened American alliance with Israel. In the late 1950s, in the wake of the Suez affair, President Eisenhower said that he would take an unequivocal stand against any Israeli claims in the Sinai. In the aftermath of the Six Day War, President Johnson too spoke of "territorial integrity," but he did little to protect it. The occupied lands remained occupied. A territorial status quo emerged from the war that the Arabs resented but could not overturn. America had the power; it could have afforded a more benign policy toward the Arabs. But the missionaries had long since been replaced by men preaching realpolitik. They assumed that there were no longer any Arabs who cared about liberty or democracy. Henry Kissinger, during the first Nixon administration, defined the Arab mind as "demented romantic."

Kissinger would change his mind. Two weeks after he was sworn in as secretary of state in the fall of 1973, the October War broke out. The oil embargo followed that winter; the price of crude quadrupled. The Arabs no longer appeared so romantic. Which is not to say that they appeared threatening—at least to some in America. New wealth was bringing the Arabs into the modern world. What American planners had once seen simply as a geopolitical entity to protect from communism had emerged as a major market. We had sent the Arab world missionaries, teachers, and diplomats. Now we sent salesmen.

A writer for Fortune who visited the Gulf states in early 1974 wrote: "In an age when many Americans bemoan the undesirable side-effects of industry, many Arabs have a passion to build a neo-American industrial state." Skip the politics, pass over the cultural differences, and by all means forget about preaching about democracy. There were vast new opportunities for the Pentagon, for the defense industry, for construction firms, for telecommunications companies. The customers, as Fortune reported in 1975, never "quibble about the cost."

The new wealth, it was believed, would tame the political passions of the region. It did not work that way. As Ibn Saud said, it was only the "iron" of the infidels that was in demand. Those who remained faithful to Allah, those the salesmen never got to meet on their stopovers—those Arabs had been anything but tamed by the mores the Americans thought they were exporting along with their industrial parks and petrochemical plants. It took Khomeini to show America how wrong it had been. It took Khomeini to point up the difference between the iron and the ways of the infidel. He used cassette tapes to foment a fundamentalist revolution.

## III.

The American recoil from its embrace of the Arab world is visible to us each morning in the papers. We cannot understand the exotic ways of ese people. They have strange beliefs, they to they war among themselves. The moderates hem are few and cannot be trusted; they never do what they promise. There are deep wells or distillusionment in the Arab world as well. I traveled there for the latest of many visits earlier this year, and whenever I could I spoke to old friends and new acquaintances about America.

In Cairo, I met with an old journalist friend who had best remain unnamed. He disapproves of practically everything the Egyptian government has done since the death of Nasser in 1970. He is a small man with alert eyes, a man built for this city of narrow, crowded streets. His thinking is at once brilliant and predictable; through the years I have learned to expect sharp and final judgments from him, then to sit with him long enough to listen as he introduces subtle shades of gray.

We talked about Sadat, about Egypt today,

about the Pan-Arab ideal to which he clings. Eventually I came around to asking him: What is America to you? What does she hold out to the

people here?

"America is a beautiful temptress," he began. 'But America's friends in Egypt can't have her. She will suck them like a lemon, suck them dry, and then discard them. This was true of Sadat. It is true of these clowns we have today-these professors and writers and experts who spend so much of their time at the American Embassy, and coming and going between Washington and Cairo. Before they figure out that America has used them up, America will have found other victims. The clowns here and in the Gulf can try to please America. But it won't work."

Why will they fail? I asked.

"America is already spoken for. She is spoken for by Israel. The chaps here return from America sure that they courted the lady well, sure that they have a chance. But they don't have a special thing with America, and never will."

So many run after her, I said. You were there once, and liked it. She must be some temptress.

"Yes. There is this great American dream. But the American dream is not for export. Take American capitalism. In America the capitalist makes money, but he pays taxes. But that system cannot work here. The fat cats in Egypt want everything for nothing. Whenever America

crosses borders, it spoils; it doesn't

travel well."

Ilias Freij, the mayor of Bethlehem, believes that certain things American do travel well. Foreign aid, for instance. Freii lives in the West Bank, the stretch of land that Yasir Arafat wants for a Palestinian state, that Israel says is hers to keep, that the Reagan Administration wants to see federated with Jordan. He is an oldstyle politician, good at walking between raindrops. He has his channels open to King Hussein in Jordan as well as to Arafat; by virtue of his position as mayor, he has dealings with the Israelis. He is not the kind to earn the respect of the impatient or the pure. His town has lived off tourists and pilgrims since time immemorial. It has lived by looking beyond contending truths.

I visited Freij along with two American foreign service officers and a political analyst from the American Enterprise Institute on January 7, the Christmas Day of the Orthodox Church. He was waiting for us outside his two-story house by the side of the road. It was my first meeting with him, but everything seemed to fall into place. I recognized in the portly man, in his impeccable attire, in his dignified bearing, in the house of stone, the themes and rhythm of the old Arab culture of notables and influentials. He has the serenity of someone who has seen enough human

folly to last for several lifetimes, who has heard countless charges and claims, and who has seen the coming and breaking of many a storm. "We Christians are a crazy bunch," he said. "We can't even agree about Christmas.'

Freij had emptied his house of the Palestinians who had come earlier in the day, as custom would have it, to pay their respects on this religious occasion. Three of his grandchildren played as we talked. The youngest, about four years of age, was decked out as a cowboy—hat, gun, holster. As we sat down to lunch, it became clear that Freij, a politician to his fingertips, had his own agenda for the day. He wanted a message sent to America-a message in a bottle, perhaps, for none of his visitors could lay claim to political power.

Freij leaves to men mightier than himself the large political questions of nationalism and selfdetermination. He attends to streets and city services. Last November, Secretary of State George Shultz said that, pending a settlement of the Palestinian question, something had to be done for the 1.3 million Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza. Many Palestinians regard any shortterm measure as a retreat from the problem of recognizing their longtime political aspirations. Freij, however, supports the American proposal. He wants American aid.

But American aid, he said, had not been "forthcoming." He asked his "American friends" for two garbage trucks for Bethlehem. But the Americans were unable to help; his "German friends" eventually gave him the trucks. The generous power with a large foreignaid budget cannot provide two garbage trucks for the municipality of Bethlehem. He told the story with a unique mixture of resignation and humor.

Freii is culturally and politically a man of the West. It is to America that he looks for aid and support. And it is America that has leverage over the Israelis with whom he lives. His modest goal is to get from America some \$50 million a year for the Palestinians of the occupied territories. That would be, he noted, about fifty dollars a person. "The money could come from the large aid package to Egypt and Israel," Freij said. "The two of them get several billion dollars in American aid. We are a frugal and simple

> people. The money would go a long way.

rab nationalist orthodoxy has it that the Palestinian issue is the central problem of the Arab world. But not everyone is deeply involved with this question. In Amman, Jordan, I crossed paths with a Shiite businessman from the Persian Gulf, a man who does not concern himself with the issue of Palestine and admits that he does

'The American dream is not for export,' my Egyptian friend told me. 'America doesn't travel well. Whenever it crosses borders, it spoils'

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A Shiite businessman complained that U.S. power is biased in favor of the status quo. The Shiites will get no sympathy from Americans, he said. They will be tagged as

terrorisis

not. He is a driven man in his late thirties, American-educated, restless, with shrewd eyes and a commanding presence. He has a merciless kind of brilliance and efficiency. He cannot suffer fools and does not bother to conceal his impatience. His passion is the centuries-old conflict between the Sunni political elites of the Arab world and the politically disinherited Shiites. It is the struggle in the Gulf that concerns him, the fight on what he called "the other border" of the Arab world.

He got to his point with surgical precision and speed. There is a "Sunni pact" of Arab rulers—the rulers of Jordan, of Egypt, of Saudi Arabia, of Kuwait, of Iraq. He even threw in Arafat. They are facing, he said, a revolution of the disinherited Shiires.

Where, I asked, does America fit in?

"This is an old fight," he said, "far older than America itself. It has a fury Americans cannot fathom. But the United States, because of its close ties to Saudi Arabia and its aversion to the Shiite revolution in Iran, will be dragged into it. And the United States will find itself pitted against socioeconomic upheaval. It will find itself on the losing side."

In his view, Shiites in Lebanon, in the Gulf, and, notably, in Iraq are making new claims on power. The Arab rulers tied to America will portray what is essentially an issue of social and economic justice within the Arab world as one of "order" and "stability."

"The Shiites will be tagged as 'terrorists,' "he said. "They will have no American sympathy. Look at the situation in Lebanon. American Marines have lived in close proximity to Shiite ghettoes and squatter settlements. Is there a serious American look into the Shiites' grievances, into why they are fighting the government of President Amin Gemayel? American power

here is biased in favor of the status quo."

While some speak of the arrogance of American power, it is a certain absence of grandeur in the casual ways of America that confuses people like Khaled al Solfiti, a Palestinian shopkeeper in the Old City of Jerusalem. Solfiti, whom I knew from a previous trip to the West Bank, is in every way a merchant. He has a wily and engaging simplicity. He offers you more respect than you need or want. It is an old trick in this part of e world.

Solfiti's tale. It has to do with former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Vance was once traveling through the area. He came to the Old City and walked past Solfiti's shop.

I asked Solfiti what he thought of Vance. For a moment he was at a loss for words.

"Well, he looked so plain, so ordinary; he

had a baggy sweater. Plain."

What do you mean by plain? I asked. Solfiti insisted on the adjective and seemed fixated on it. "Just plain. I mean, after all, he is the secretary of state of the master nation in the world. He should look the part."

I told Solfiti that Americans are informal, that power doesn't have as much dazzle and puff in America.

"Still," he said, "I thought he would look better."

Jimmy Carter was in Jerusalem, too, he said. He went jogging in the Old City.

"Let's be serious," Solfiti said. "A president of America, mighty America, running down the street in a pair of shorts?"

merica's casual ways don't trouble Marwan al-Qasem, chief of the Hashemite royal court. Educated in America, he has adopted some of these ways himself. He is a member of Jordan's political elite, a former foreign minister. A tall, handsome man in his forties with gentle eyes, he is a good listener with no trace of the pomp of officialdom so common in this part of the world. He had been working all day, but he still wanted to talk. The frustrations with America that he expressed in the course of our evening at his home were thoroughly political.

Over a simple snack, in a tone at once subdued and bewildered, he lamented America's role in the Middle East and many of its policies. He complained about "the mixture of American arrogance and timidity, the way America undermines the Arab moderates in public and reassures them in private." There is, he said, "something basically wrong in the relations between the Arab world and America. We understand the realities of American politics, but we can't be seesawed every four years." The agreement negotiated last November by President Reagan and Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, which established a "joint political-military group to deal with increased Soviet involvement in the Middle East," was signed "with complete disregard for the interests of the Arab moderates," he said. "We don't understand so many of the sharp turns in American policy. Carter once called the Israeli settlements on the West Bank illegal. For Reagan the settlements are a mere obstacle to peace. What will happen tomorrow? The American sense of fairness: where is it?"

I told him that there is in America much disillusionment with the Arab moderates, a feeling that they let the United States down by not pressuring Syria to get out of Lebanon. "The Americans," he said, "deceived themselves on the Lebanese situation and misled us. In September 1982 we were told by the United States that

Israel would be out of Lebanon by December 1982. In December 1982 we were told that the withdrawal would come in February 1983. February came and went. We told the Americans that they can't make Israeli withdrawal from Lebanon contingent on Syrian withdrawal, that the Arab moderates cannot deliver Syria, and that the United States can't equate Syria's presence in Lebanon with that of Israel. For ten years we have been journeying to Washington as though it were Mecca. And now, if I were asked what the American presence has produced, I would be hard put to defend it."

He then asked me a question, although I thought it was more in the nature of a query to

himself: "Does the United States believe in the weight of military conquest or does it stand for a sense of fair play?" I volunteered a theme of my own, that disillusionment with America is a product of Arab weakness and of the Arabs' propensity to depend on fair-minded outsiders to resolve their problems.

He tried to sidestep the psychological analysis. Then, out of the history that an innocent power had once seemed ready to write for the Middle East, Marwan al-Qasem dragged the memory of an American president. "When wewere children," he said quietly, "we were told about Woodrow Wilson and his dreams for this region. We believed in the United States."

The fortunes of the Arab world will not be directed by a distant power. If the United States cannot learn it is powerless, it should learn to keep its distance

## IV

t is tempting to think that what has been done can be undone, that America might once again send the best of itself to the Arab world, and that this is what the Arab world would once again choose to embrace. Malcolm Kerr believed in that sort of thing.

But it will not come to pass. The fortunes of so old and tangled a region will not be directed by a distant power. Our dominion there, what is left of it, is itself our delusion, a fabrication of our politicians and our "experts." If we cannot learn that we are powerless to order lands to our liking, we should at least learn to keep our distance. The Arab world must learn as well. The invitations must stop, the temptations must be resisted. Arabs must solve their own problems.

The ideas and skills of the West that are appropriate to the Arab world will remain there. American ways will survive because they are now, to an almost irresistible degree, the ways of the world. The young men and women of the Moslem world have them under their skin. There is a powerful American elixir that the African scholar Ali Mazrui has described as "a combination of high technology and pop culture." It has battered down many a wall. Those who like to judge see this mixture as leading to calamity. But the world is indifferent to such judgments.

America has formed so many of its rivals. The Shitte and Druse militiamen who overran West Beirut in February—mostly boys in sneakers and T-shirts—had something in them of the distant power that had come to their shore. Nabih Berri, the leader of the main Shitte militia, Amal, is a Permanent Resident of the United States; six of his children live in Detroit.

At the moment when American battleships

were pounding Druse positions last September, a child of Druse leader Walid Jumblatt was in the United States for emergency medical care. When the Druse militiamen finally came down from the Shouf mountains to West Beirut in February, one of them greeted the Marines with a cowboy hat.

The images we do not like in distant societies are often reflections of ourselves. America has held up before older societies a revolutionary message of social change and political equality; every now and then we ride into storms that we helped stir up. When we understand this, we will no longer imagine "others" as men of dark sensibilities in thrall to frightening forces. We will also begin to understand the deep roots of America's presence, as well as the ambivalence with which it is greeted by men who hector us in metaphors at once familiar and threatening, in places that invite us in and then reject us.

These are, in fact, the voices that spoke to Marlow in Joseph Conrad's "Youth"—voices that spoke to him on his first voyage beyond the world in which he was at home:

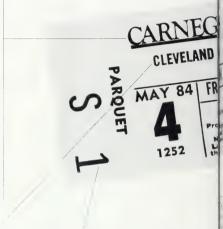
And then, before I could open my lips, the East spoke to me, but it was in a Western voice. A torrent of words was poured into the enigmatical, the fateful silence; outlandish, angry words, mixed with words and even whole sentences of good English, less strange but even more surprising. The voice swore and cursed violently; it riddled the solemn peace of the bay by a volley of abuse. It began by calling me Pig, and from that went crescendo into unmentionable adjectives—in English. The man up there raged aloud in two languages, and with a sincerity in his fury that almost convinced me I had, in some way, sinned against the harmony of the universe.

## PAYING THE PIPE

The cost of cult

For ticket holders to the May 4 concert of the Cleveland Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, little was at stake save a pleasant evening in the company of Bach, Stravinsky, and Strauss. For the orchestra, however, the concert was an important appearance in the annual competition for attention on the bistoric Carnegie stage; its 106 musician's were there to satisfy the demands of corporate and government funders, individual donors, and music critics. For the base dise evening was another in its "Great American Ozonestras" series, one of a number of events it has orgaed since 1978, when it became an aggressive impresatio. The hall would do better financially if it rented out space by the evening (at \$3,700 during the week and \$4,000 on weekends), as it did for its first seventy years, until 1961. But producing its own programs gives it greater control and allows it to "schedule more of the Cleveland Orchestra and the Juilliard String Quartet, and less of Rick Springfield," in the words of Seymour Rosen, the hall's artistic managing director. To this end, Carnegie produced 100 of the hall's 260 classical music events in the 1983-84 season, including concerts by thirty-four full-size and chamber orchestras. Such variety makes Carnegie the only hall in the world where, year after year. it is possible to judge which bands are hot and which are not.

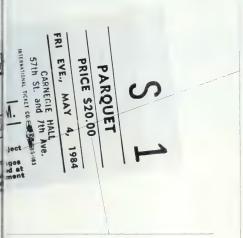
George Szell, the music director of the Cleveland Orchestra from 1946 to 1970, used to say that an orchestra had to develop a regular New York showcase if it wanted to achieve greatness. In 1958, he launched an annual subscription series at Carnegie to show record company executives, agents, music publishers, critics, and fellow performers what he had built. Touring has become even more important since the Szell era. The current contract guarantees Cleveland musicians fifty-two paid weeks a year, which means that after the orchestra has saturated the Cleveland market (twenty-four weeks), played its summer ason at the nearby Blossom Music Center (ten weeks) and its children's concerts (three weeks), and taken its vacation (eight weeks), it must go on tour for seven weeks to pay its lills. Critical success on the road assures contributors—who must make up the \$3.3 million deficit in the orchestra's \$15.4 million annual budget—that their money is being well spent. New audiences attracted by live performances on the tour help increase recording revenues, now \$300... To \$400,000 a year. Playing Carnegie is so important in these calculations that to introduce its new music director, Christoph von Dohnányi, the orchestra will increase the number of its appearances there next season from three to four.



This is a press seat. It is one of the reasons that Szell's New York strategy paid rich dividends in February 1963, when he was featured on Time's cover as the magazine anointed Cleveland the leader of the big five U.S. orchestras (the others being the New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia. Boston, and Chicago). To quote Time: "The articulate clarity and precise balance that Szell has brought to the Cleveland give its performances a depth of detail and an intricacy that approach chamber music." In 1965, the orchestra was selected by the State Department to tour the Soviet Union, an event that earned it so much national attention that its concerts in Cleveland were completely sold out on subscription for the following season. Szell's yearly visits to Carnegie became major events. In 1970, the New Yorker even weighed in with a lengthy profile of the orchestra by Joseph Wechsberg. Szell died that same year, however, and his successor, Lorin Maazel, was unable to win the affection of the critics. Cleveland gradually lost its reputation as the hot band to Georg Solti. and the Chicago Symphony. For this reason, the 1984-85 Carnegie appearances under von Dohnányi's baton will probably be the orchestra's most important in the last fifteen years. The critics will be listening closely; their verdict will shape the orchestra's fortunes both at home and on tour.

## CARNEGIE HALL

avid M. Rubin



he hall was scaled from \$12 to \$20 for the 2,700 seats put n sale for this concert. Tickets were kept back for the ress (fifty), for the orchestra manager and the conductor box of eight seats each), for the four soloists (four seats ach), and for the house itself (Box 23 on the first tier). A w seats with obstructed views were also withheld. Given ne average ticket price of \$16, a Cleveland sellout would ave produced about \$43,000 for the Carnegie Hall Cororation. The principal expense incurred by the hall was ne orchestra's fee of between \$35,000 and \$40,000 which included the services of guest conductor Erich einsdorf). Rosen spent \$9,900 to promote the event; he lso had to pay the house staff and to account for general nd administrative overhead for the hall. (The five stageands, who often must work double shifts and dinnertime get orchestras on and off the stage, each earn about 90,000 a year.) In all, the tab for this concert was beween \$60,000 and \$65,000; the deficit was at least 20,000. Over the year, such losses accumulate to about 1.4 million in a budget of \$11 million. Carnegie's direcors approach foundations, corporations, Friends of the Iall, the New York State Council on the Arts, and the Vational Endowment for the Arts to close the gap. To nake up the deficit through box office receipts alone, Carnegie would have to sell out concerts like these, night fter night, at an average ticket price of at least \$24.

The May 4 program was planned in the fall of 1982 by Leinsdorf, who had some juggling to do. First, he was scheduled to conduct both the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Philharmonic in New York during the same season, so he could not repeat anything on those programs. Second, because he and the orchestra's general manager, Kenneth Haas, had agreed to showcase four first-chair players as soloists, appropriate works had to be chosen. Third, the program had to have box office appeal. This meant avoiding most of the second Viennese school (Schönberg, Berg, and Webern) and their aesthetic heirs, as well as such fringe composers as Hummel. Finally, the program could run no more than the two and a half hours allowed under the musicians' contract. After consulting thirty index cards listing all of the orchestra's past New York programs, Leinsdorf chose a Bach concerto for violin and oboe, Strauss's Don Quixote, which features a cello and viola, and Dvořák's Symphonic Variations. When Rosen was informed of the program, his response was, "Too early, romantic, and romantic." He meant that the concerto would be played one year before Bach's 300th birthday celebration and that the Dvořák and Strauss were too similar in mood for a balanced program. But he was prepared to accede, as the program did not overlap with those already filed by other conductors in the series. Sometime later, however, while re-examining the score of the Dvořák, Leinsdorf remembered why he had avoided the piece over the years: he doesn't really like it. So he substituted Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, a piece he calls "a shot of B-12 in the behind for the audience." Such changes occur all the time; this one came too late to be reflected in the first promotional brochures. Seymour Rosen knows he can sell out a performance by almost any orchestra with Beethoven's Ninth, the Verdi Requiem, or an all-Rachmaninoff program, but he tries to temper economic concerns with artistic ones. In February he permitted Michael Gielen and the Cincinnati Symphony to offer Alban Berg's Three Pieces for Orchestra, along with his Violin Concerto (on a program with two Schubert symphonies), hoping that the appearance of Yehudi Menuhin as soloist would override resistance to Berg. It didn't. The hall was only 72 percent filled. It was an experiment unlikely to be repeated. "Anyone who tours who says he doesn't consider box office," Leinsdorf declares, "either has no experience or is a liar."

David M. Rubin is chairman of the department of journalism and mass communication at New York University.

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President's Private Sector Survey On Cost Control, J. Peter Grace, Chairman

:MACMILLAN

## BARELY SUPPRESSED SCREAMS

Getting a bead on Vietnam War literature By C.D.B. Bryan

Among the books discussed in this essay:

Meditations in Green, by Stephen Wright. 342 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$14.95. Fragments, by Jack Fuller. 211 pages. William Morrow. \$12.95.

A Rumor of War, by Philip Caputo. 346 pages. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. \$10. 365 Days, by Ronald J. Glasser. 292 pages. George Braziller. \$5.95.

Born on the Fourth of July, by Ron Kovic. 208 pages. McGraw-Hill. (Out of print.) 'NAM: The Vietnam War in the Words of the Men and Women Who Fought There, by Mark Baker. 324 pages.

William Morrow. \$12.95. Winners and Losers, by Gloria Emerson. 406 pages. Random House. \$10.95. Dispatches, by Michael Herr. 260 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$10.95.

But what a story he told me, as one-pointed and resonant as any war story I ever heard, it took me a year to understand it:

"Patrol went up the mountain. One man came back. He died before he could tell us what happened.

I waited for the rest, but it seemed not to be that kind of story; when I asked him what had happened he just looked like he felt sorry for me, fucked if he'd waste time telling stories to anyone dumb as I was.

-Michael Herr, Dispatches

according to John Newman's annotated bibliography Vietnam War Literature, some 116 novels, memoirs, journalistic accounts, and other books about the war were published between 1965 and 1981. I found that figure so astounding I went to my bookcases to see how many Vietnam books I have. I arrange my books alphabetically by author; all my Vietnam books, however, have been collected under V and have ended up in the bottom right-hand corner of my bookcases, in the deepest shadows of the room. Despite periodic winnowing, I found several dozen books there.

C. D. B. Bryan is the author of Friendly Fire. His most recent book is Beautiful Women, Ugly Scenes, a novel.

I won't pretend I've read all the histories, but I have read the literature. I've read these books because the war so changed the men and women who fought it; it changed those who protested the war at home; it even changed those who tried to ignore what was happening to America. It changed us all. I've read these books to try to understand how and why.

With the exception of the Korean War, which, as far as I know, produced only two books of real note-S.L.A. Marshall's Pork Chop Hill and Martin Russ's The Last Parallel-every war has generated a body of fiction with its own tone, voice, character, and design. Last November, in the Los Angeles Times, Elaine Kendall compared the novels of the Vietnam War with the World War I and World War II novels: "How quaintly naive they now seem in comparison, with their obligatory rites of passage, intense philosophical discussions, poignant love affairs in the midst of battle; with cliché mix of ethnic backgrounds and personalities; the suffering, bravery and heroism followed by hilarious asides to relieve tensions and point up the ironies.

"Don't expect any of these amenities in the Vietnam novels," Kendall cautioned. "Like the war they relive, these books do not fit the established mold. Like that war, they are bewildering, savage, irrational, horrific and unresolved. Reading that, I kept wanting to say, "Yes, but The books share a shape, or at least seem standa. The for the control of the cont

..." Because when I think of the literature from World War I—Robert Graves's Goodbye to All That, E.E. Cummings's The Enormous Room, Siegfried Sassoon's Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man, Erich Maria Remarque's All Quiet on the Western Front—neither does it fit an established mold. There beoks, too, with their depictions of trench warfare, numbing losses, psychotic episodes, and forgiastic violence, are equally "savgues as donal, borrific and unresolved."

and yet, Vietnam books do seem to share a agre, or at least to have standard parts. In fact, one of the problems I had with reading so many books about the Vietnam War was that they began to blur together, and it became hard for me to recall exactly which incidents take place in which books. What exists in my memory is a "Generic Vietnam War Narrative," its design as readily parsed as Kendall's outline for novels from the two world wars:

A young white male has several years of college behind him but no degree. He is vital, confident, self-consciously patriotic, and somewhat alienated from his culture. He enlists in the Army—were he only a high school graduate, he would enlist in the Marines. During infantry basic training a drill instructor who has done at least two tours in Vietnam tears open a baby rabbit with his teeth. Our young man is horrified but knows he has witnessed a Teaching Point of sorts. He is sent to Vietnam by commercial jet complete with attractive stewardesses. He arrives nervous, excited, eager, wanting to do good, to be good, feeling he is fulfilling part of his

Maya Ying Lin's design for the Vietnam Mem. 1981 In all, there were 1,425 entries. Drawings from other entries follow.

destiny, and within forty-eight hours he is sent to a combat unit to replace a kid who didn't last long enough for anyone to learn his name. The kid made a mistake, our young man is told, the kind of mistake that gets people killed.

In his platoon our young man meets Day-Tripper, who is stoned all the time; Rebel, the crazy white guy who loves killing; Juice, the cool black dude who can smell ambushes and booby traps; the Professor, who at some point will explain why Ho Chi Minh should never have been our enemy. And he meets Doc (or Bones), the conscientious objector medic; Bascomb, the psychotic company commander who gets fragged (that is, killed) by Day-Tripper, Rebel, or Juice; Bailey, the good sergeant whose life is saved by Day-Tripper, Rebel, or Juice; Williams, the young lieutenant who gets better with experience but is killed along with Doc (or Bones) near the end of the book. By the end of the book all the characters have been killed except the young hero (who is often the narrator) and either Day-Tripper or Juice, who re-enlists.

Before the end, of course, there is the first patrol, which our young man goes out on as though he were going to a movie until all hell breaks loose and suddenly he is in the movie and it is more real than anything he has ever experienced, so real that he can understand how someone like Rebel might become addicted to the adrenaline rush. (There is a moment in almost every Vietnam novel or autobiography when the seductive excitement of a fire fight is acknowledged.) On this patrol someone the hero didn't know very well is killed. Our young man wants to talk about it, but the platoon veterans say things like, "It don't mean nothin' at all," and "It's just the way it's got to be." He is appalled by their callowress.

There is the atrocity scene, to demonstrate that My Lai was not an isolated incident: prisoners are tortured or flung alive from helicopters, a young woman is raped, someone's ears are cut off, villagers are caught in cross fire or their huts are burned, a little girl is shot because the soldier saw she was—or thought she was—getting ready to throw a grenade, an old man or woman is deliberately run over by an armored personnel carrier.

There are dope scenes: guys stoned at night lying out on the bunker roof, tripping on the light show of gunships and arc flares over a distant position.

There are helicopter assaults into hot LZs, helicopter med-evacs, helicopters being shot down, downed helicopters being searched for. There is R&R in Saigon with Susie the bar-girl and hurried sex with a boom-boom girl beyond the unit perimeter. Her brother sells marijuana, her sister sells Coca-Cola, her mother does laun-

dry, her father either is with or was killed by the Vietcong.

And then there are the battle scenes, like this one from Stephen Wright's Meditations in Green:

Bullets zipped overhead. There was a second explosion. The ground shook. [Claypool] didn't know whether those were mines or grenades or artillery shells or mortar rounds or bombs. "One six two six one niner," Captain Miller shouted, ". . . six one niner!" A confetti of wood chips and leaf fragments cascaded onto Claypool's back. He didn't know what he was supposed to do. He curled up as round and small as he could get and he screamed, let it all come loose, guts in a flutter, wind howling through his chest. When he opened his eyes, Brown was lying across from him taking his picture. Brown lowered the camera, held up a hand with thumb and forefinger forming an O, and his jaw disappeared, yanked away by a hidden wire. Brown fell over, hands clutching his throat. He couldn't talk or scream. He gurgled on and on until Claypool wished he would die.

The Generic Vietnam War Narrative charts the gradual deterioration of order, the disintegration of idealism, the breakdown of character, the alienation from those at home, and, finally, the loss of all sensibility save the will to survive. The narrator of Jack Fuller's Fragments explains this single remaining drive:

The peace symbols Jackpot and I wore were, of course, different from the ones they put on their book bags and placards back in the World. Our symbol stood for something concrete, immediate. Theirs was an abstraction, and we had pretty much given up on flags. We did not care about history or intentions. We did not even worry who was right and who was wrong. We were not looking for a lull or de-escalation or anything else that might not last. The only bombing that bothered us was a mission whose rounds fell short. And the only problem with free-fire zones was that the other side was free to fire, too. We wanted peace, all right. We wanted to live.

The hero of the Generic Vietnam War Narrative does live. He flies back to the World and at the airport a pretty young woman spits on him and calls him a baby-killer; when he arrives home his parents are afraid of him, his friends who did not serve are embarrassed by him, his old girlfriend is uneasy with him; he cannot find a job and does not really care to look for one; he has nightmares, smashes up a few things, misses his buddies still in 'Nam, and at the very end wonders what the hell it was all about.

What did it mean? What good did it do?

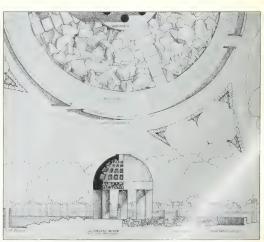
do not mean to diminish the importance of Vietnam War literature by suggesting it is all "of a type." The 365-day insertion into the war zone that typified most young men's service in Viet-

nam has dictated the chronological narrative form of the majority of these books. This seems to have been lost on the many critics who have made formal structure the focus of the debate about Vietnam War literature. Some, like Dan Cryer of Newsday, have asked whether straightforward nonfiction could convey a conflict in which B-52 bombers waged war against strawhatted farmers. As Michiko Kakutani noted in the New York Times in February, critics have wondered whether conventional realism might not be inadequate for conveying the moral and political ambiguities of the war in Vietnam, and whether a new narrative strategy might not be called for. Some have faulted novels about the war for lacking imaginative vision: "The urge to 'tell it how it was' makes the necessary art and artifice required in writing a work of fiction all too apparent, and therefore unsuccessful," William Boyd wrote last fall in the Washington Post's Book World. "It's no surprise," he continued, "that the two best novels about the Vietnam war are, on the one hand, the most fanciful and absurd (Going After Cacciato) and, on the other hand, the most removed (Dog Soldiers)."

Did the ambiguities of the war render the traditional narrative obsolete? Of course not. John Del Vecchio's *The 13th Valley*, James Webb's *Fields of Fire*, Philip Caputo's A *Rumor of War*, and Jack Fuller's *Fragments* are all straightforward narratives, and stunning books.

Vietnam literature is concerned with something more than form. What all the novels, memoirs, collections, journalistic treatments,

Vietnam War literature is concerned with something more than form. The writers want to give historical coordinates to the landscape the war occupies in their minds

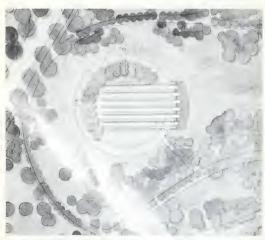


Thomas and Nancy Michall of Brookline, Massachusetts, proposed a small, classically inspired stone temple to be surrounded by a garden of jagged local rock.

American soldiers went to Vietnam as innocents. Myths and the media had formed their ideas about war and nonfiction accounts set out to do is not merely get at the absurd or capture the ambiguities; they aim to make sense of the experience, to contain the war within some comprehensible, graspable context, to give geographical and historical conding tes to the landscape it occupies in the author's mand. The books attempt to say, this is what was like. This is what happened.

Glasser's 365 Days is a collection of ie stories, I suspect—derived from his iences as a doctor at a U.S. Army hospital ipan in 1968. The patients he treated at ima were for the most part soldiers who had been seriously enough wounded to require evacuation to Japan. "These pages were not written in desperation," Glasser tells us in his foreword, "nor were they written out of boredom, or even, I think, to prove a point, but rather to offset the sinking feeling we all had that some day, when the whole thing was over, there would be nothing remembered except the confusion and the politics."

If it is hard for some of us to believe that anyone *could* forget Vietnam, it may be useful to point out that to an entire generation Vietnam has as much significance as *Happy Days* reruns. The freshmen now in our colleges and universities were babies when, on March 8, 1965, two Marine battalions landed to defend the Da Nang airfield. These freshmen were seven when *The Pentagon Papers* was published, nine when the last U.S. combat troops were pulled out of Vietnam, eleven when the communists captured Sainam, eleven when the communists captured Sainam, eleven when the communists captured Sainam.



Douglas Allen Bennett of Cambridge. Ma American flag: paths of red and white grante see lead to a blue pool.

gon and South Vietnam fell. The Vietnam War is history to them, and I don't think they understand how different it was from every other war in which Americans had fought.

In A Rumor of War, Philip Caputo's memoir of the sixteen months he spent in Vietnam as a young Marine lieutenant, we learn of one such difference, the way American generals defined victory: "Our mission was not to win terrain or seize positions, but simply to kill: to kill Communists and to kill as many of them as possible. Stack 'em like cordwood. Victory was a high body-count, defeat a low kill-ratio, war a matter of arithmetic. . . . "

The arithmetic of war required that if it moved, you killed it; if you killed it, you counted it; if you counted it, it had to have been Vietcong. War is hell—all war literature carries that same basic message. Innocent civilians are killed, farmers are strafed, and yet . . . And yet, in Vietnam the enemy was everywhere. It wasn't just the NVA regular or the Vietcong in his black pajamas. It was the kid who lobbed the satchel charge into the bunker; it was the Mama-san who hid weapons in her hut; it was Satchmo, the former chauffeur at the U.S. Embassy, who was found dead after the Tet Offensive attack on the compound with a Soviet machine gun at his side. The message of the Vietnam novel is clear: "Get him before he gets you.'

Who were the American soldiers who did all this killing? They were different, too; myths and media images had formed their ideas about war. They went to Vietnam as innocents.

One of the most heartbreaking books to come out of the war—and they are all heartbreaking, after all—is Ron Kovic's autobiographical Born on the Fourth of July:

In the last month of school, the marine recruiters came and spoke to my [high school] senior class. They marched, both in perfect step, into the auditorium with their dress blue uniforms and their magnificently shined shoes. It was like all the movies and all the books and all the dreams of becoming a hero come true. I watched them and listened as they stood in front of all the young boys, looking almost like statues and not like real men at all. They spoke in loud voices and one of them was tall and the other was short and very strong looking.

"Good afternoon men," the tall marine said. "We have come today because they told us that some of you want to become marines." He told us that the marines took nothing but the best, that if any of us did not think we were good enough, we should not even think of joining. The tall marine spoke in a very beautiful way about the exciting history of the marines and how they had never lost and America had never been defeated. . . When they were finished, they efficiently picked up their papers and marched together down the steps of the stage to where a small crowd of boys began to gather. I couldn't wait to run down after them,

meet with them, and shake their hands. And as I shook their hands and stared up into their eyes, I couldn't help but feel I was shaking hands with John Wayne and Audie Murphy. They told us that day that the Marine Corps built men-body, mind, and spirit. And that we could serve our country like the young president had asked us to do.

A couple of months after his June 1964 graduation Kovic enlisted in the Marines; in September he reported for induction. "I stayed up most of the night before I left, watching the late movie," Kovic writes. "Then 'The Star-Spangled Banner' played. I remember standing up and feeling very patriotic, chills running up and down my spine. I put my hand over my heart and stood rigid at attention until the screen went blank."

I have not been able to forget the innocence and idealism of those passages. Nor have I been able to forget Kovic's description of the scene just after the attack during which he received the wound that would leave him paralyzed forever from the chest down: "Men are screaming all around me. 'Oh God get me out of here!' 'Please help!' they scream. Oh Jesus, like little children now, not like marines, not like the posters, not like that day in the high school, this is for real. 'Mother!' screams a man without a face, 'Oh I don't want to die!' screams a young boy cupping his intestines with his hands. 'Oh please, oh no, oh God, oh help! Mother!' he screams again."

Glasser, in 365 Days, writes of screaming, too. The wounded soldiers he treated "were so brave, they endured so much, they were so uncomplaining that you couldn't help but feel proud of them. I can remember only one boy who would not stop screaming.

When I think of that one boy I think of all these young men's books. For the voice of Vietnam literature is that of a barely suppressed scream. There is an intensity to these books similar to that which pervades the literature of the Holocaust. One is always conscious of the authors' efforts to stay calm, to contain the shriek. How else does one cope with a war "fought for no other cause," as Philip Caputo wrote, "other than our own survival," survival against an enemy who was seldom seen, survival against the mines and the booby traps, survival against the ambushers who faded back into the jungle. One of my strongest memories during the writing of Friendly Fire was an interview I did with a young black man in the federal penitentiary at Terre Haute, Indiana. He had been court-martialed for striking his squad leader and an officer. They had tried to disarm him after he had fired his M-

rice paddy. I asked the young man why he had fired at the Vietnamese. "Look," he said, "all I wanted was to get out of the field, that's why."

16 at some Vietnamese civilians working in a

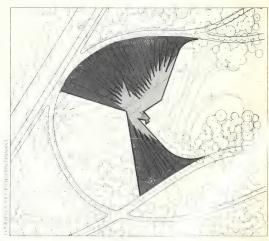
"You mean, out of combat?" I asked. "Combat!" he snorted, "I hadn't seen no combat. All I seen was guys getting killed!"

One of the Vietnam veterans Mark Baker interviewed for 'NAM: The Vietnam War in the Words of the Men and Women Who Fought There described an ambush his unit walked into: "All we ever saw were a couple of sneaker marks and a couple of sweat shirts with UCLA on them. We started wondering who the hell we were fighting. We're wet and freezing in the monsoon, and these NVA dudes got UCLA sweat shirts." There was that otherworldliness to Vietnam. In 1967 Bernard Fall wrote a piece for the New Rebublic about visiting an Army artillery fire base and finding this line scrawled on the wall of a shelter: "I can't relate to this environment."

God knows people at home had no better idea of what was going on. Gloria Emerson, who covered the war for the New York Times from 1970 through 1972, writes in Winners and Losers of coming back home and meeting "the woman who asked me what I wore to officers' dances and the others like her with her fixed images: pilots dancing with women in black dresses and hats with little veils, an orchestra playing 'We'll Gather Lilacs in the Spring Again.'

No one has a better eve and ear for the hallucinatory quality of the Vietnam experience than Michael Herr. In this passage from Dispatches, my favorite book to come out of the war, he finds just the right combination of irony and wonder:

We were still twenty feet from the first cover, a low paddy wall, when we took fire from the treeline. It There is an intensity to these books that recalls the literature of the Holocaust. One is always conscious of an author's efforts to contain the shriek



John T. Swain of Salt Lake City, Utah, submitted a plan that called for thousands of granite paving stones to be set in place to form a huge stylized eagle

The book to be written about Vietnam would not be available at bookstores. It would be helicopter-assaulted onto readers' front lawns

caught one of the ARVN in the head and he dropped back into the water and disappeared. We made it to the wall with two casualties. There was no way of sn and the no room to send in a flanking part tags were called and we crouched behind the wall and waited. There was a lot of the trees, but we were all right as here have kept down. And I was thinking, Oh m p. this is a rice paddy, yes, wow! when sudder heard an electric guitar shooting right up in the ear and a mean rapturous black voice singing, "Now, c'mon baby, stop acting so crazy," as when I got it all together I turned to see a anning black corporal hunched over a cassette recorder. "Might's well," he said. "We ain' goin' nowhere till them gunships come."

That was the first time Herr had ever heard Jimi Hendrix.

his past winter I spent an evening with David Greenway and John Kerry, Greenway had been in and out of Vietnam from 1967 through 1974 as a correspondent for Time and later the Washington Post, Kerry is the highly decorated Navy lieutenant who sat before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during the April 1971 Vietnam Veterans Against the War rally in Washington and asked the senators: "How do you ask a man to be the last to die in Vietnam? How do you ask a man to be the last man to die for a mistake?" David Greenway is now national foreign news editor of the Boston Globe: John Kerry is lieutenant governor of Massachusetts and a candidate for the U.S. Senate. We had been discussing the Vietnam literature, and I asked them what they felt it lacked.

"What makes the Vietnam War different," Kerry said, "is the moral depravity. No book has given an accurate depiction of the disintegration of the sense of ourselves."

"The American sense of ourselves," Greenway added. "The self-delusion. It was the *Bridge Over the River Kwai* syndrome. To show progress was an end in itself instead of helping the South Vietnamese to help themselves."

"It was not evil in the beginning," Kerry said,

"but it became evil. What is missing is that disillusionment. You cannot believe it is all for nothing. You want to believe that what you die for is something worth it."

They both wondered whether anyone who had served in Vietnam could write the necessary book, the book that would combine elements of what was happening in the United States with what was happening in Vietnam. If such a book were to be written. I think it would have to be a Mystery, a Political Exposé, a Horror Story, a War Novel, a Tragedy; it would have to be a fantastical, hallucinogenic, nightmarish black comedy born of rage and despair and betraval and, ves, love. It would not be available at bookstores. Instead, it would be helicopter-assaulted onto readers' front lawns: it would come videotaped, computerized, and Dolby-stereoed, with acetate overlays and a warning that eight or so years after being exposed to it, the reader stood a good chance of getting cancer.

One of the most consistent themes of World War I and World War II literature is that after those wars nothing was ever again the same. Our view of ourselves as individuals and as a nation was changed forever. It may be too early to understand fully the changes that occurred in us as a result of the Vietnam War. It may even be senseless to try, because I am beginning to think that the war was just one more brutal and heartbreaking symptom, and not the cause, of that era of racial and generational polarization, of senseless campus killings and mind-bending and life-ending experimentation with drugs, of inner-city conflagrations and communes, of the megacorporations' indifference to the environmental and ecological disasters they wrought, of congressional and presidential chicanery, of political imprisonments and assassinations. Because of the overt way the Vietnam War so deeply touched so many lives, the literature it spawned reflects an immediate outcry at the explosiveness of its evil. The Great Vietnam War Novel, in its exploration of all the subtleties and deceptions, will have to vent screams we still suppress.

#### ETTERS

Continued from page 6

The people of Europe and the Jnited States share a common interst in maintaining the free world's libral trading system and the demoratic way of life it represents. Five undred million Europeans and Americans constitute the world's two reatest markets.

For thirty-five years, the defense of Europe has depended on a strategy of nuclear deterrence in which the United States has played a critically mportant part. In that time NATO has not lost a single man, woman, or shild, or a square inch of territory. NATO works. It has kept the peace. It is the best "peace movement" there is nev's keep it that way.

Oliver Wright Washington, D.C.

Oliver Wright is the British ambassador o the United States.

The Russians are capable of destroying all the 400-odd NATO conventional military targets in Europe with hyperaccurate, low-yield air pursts that would kill few civilians—or few American troops, if the U.S. zone in West Germany were avoided—and cause relatively little collateral damage. NATO does not have such weapons to use against Soviet conventional military targets.

In all probability, therefore, any war in Europe would begin with a disamming Soviet strike involving the use of these hyperaccurate missiles. It would be a very hard blow for NATO to counter. The tank attack NATO is prepared for is far less likely precisely because NATO is prepared for it. An increase in NATO's conventional strength, as suggested by some participants in your Forum, will not solve the problem.

Most Americans are unaware of the existence of these weapons. But the Russians are basing their European strategy on them, and have achieved a commanding lead. To maintain a credible deterrent, and thus lower the risk of war, NATO must have the ability to destroy Warsaw Pact conventional military targets with invulner-

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NOTES FOR "LETTER DROP"



SOLUTION TO MAY DOUBL: ROSTIC (No. 17): It was up to you to remember what you came for, while your eye traveled from the startines to tin whistles to ice cream salt to harmonicas to flyapper (over your head, batting arous is not a thread beneath the blades of the ceiling fan, stuck with its testimonial catch).

—[Eudora Welry]: The Corner Store

CONTEST RULES. Send the quotation, the relativistic and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 18, https://dx.dagazine. Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by June 8. Set loss of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners are Jubule Acrostic No. 16 (April) are Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ashley, New York, New York: Elizabeth Charette. Washington, D.C.; and Frederick G. Kempin Jr., Havertown, Pennsylvania.

able, hyperaccurate weapons that would not trigger a strategic response For one side to have this capability creates a much less stable situation than if both sides have it.

As to the U.S. role in NATO, the first thing to be done is to achieve this deterrent.

John Train New York, N.Y.

At Yalta and Potsdam, the United States and the Soviet Union began a process of dividing Europe to their mutual advantage. Both NATO and the Warsaw Pact were premised on the political immaturity of their respective European members. That circumstance no longer exists. Europeans today are not interested in being held nuclear hostages so that two superpowers can play deterrence contests with each other.

The fact is, détente is not an "option," and even less, as Irving Kristol would have us believe, an option that will fail. Détente has intermittently been the reality of Soviet-French relations since the 1960s and of Soviet-West German relations under both Helmut Schmidt and Helmut Kohl. Whatever the United States decides. Europe is forging a foreign policy of its own. The two halves of Europe have already created links. The Soviet Union has already shown that it would rather trade with West Germany than invade it. Hungary is as attracted to capitalism as Greece is to socialism. It is a sign of what is wrong with NATO that so much attention is given to whether the status quo should be changed when it has been changing for some time.

Alan Wolfe
Departmentof Sociology
Queens College
Queens, N.Y.

#### Responding to the Russians

Marshall Shulman's calm and persuasive account of "What the Russians Really Want" [Harper's, April will come as no surprise to those who have been doing their homework. As Shulman himself would doubtless be he first to acknowledge, there is little n it that reasonable experts on Soviet uffairs have not been saying for years.

The fact that Shulman felt obliged o lay these truths out with such dilactic clarity suggests that he has another problem in mind quite apart rom that of understanding the Kremin's behavior: the difficulty of getting hose in authority in this country to isten. It is no secret that our capacity o maintain a consistent and intellient policy toward the Soviet Union nas declined substantially in recent rears. It is no accident (as the Rusians like to say) that this decline has paralleled the increasing duration and volatility of our presidential selection process. As the current campaign amply testifies, we have become a prooundly inward-looking nation, given to viewing the outside world as a relection of our own endlessly fascinatng and by now thoroughly contemplated domestic political navel.

It is not too much to suggest that before Shulman's wise observations are likely to be taken to heart, we are going to have to do something about this. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our

stars, but in ourselves.

Iohn Lewis Gaddis Department of History Ohio University Athens, Ohio

#### 1040's Bottom Line

Underlying Robert Lekachman's annotation of the income tax form "A Common Form Inequity Takes," *Harper's*, Aprill seems to be the idea that the only function of our tax system is to soak the rich.

In fact, the principal purpose of the tax system is to raise revenue to pay for the legitimate functions of government. The question is: How does one do this most fairly and efficiently? Although Lekachman quotes Adam Smith's maxim that taxes ought to be levied according to the ability to pay, he ignores Smith's other maxim: "Every tax ought to be so contrived as both to take out and to keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible, over and above what it brings into the public treasury of the state."

Smith well understood, as Lekach-

man apparently does not, that excessive tax rates can impose a burden over and above the actual dollar amount of the tax. The result could be a reduction in productive activity such that the state would actually take in less revenue. "High taxes," Smith said, "sometimes by diminishing the consumption of the taxed commodities, and sometimes by encouraging smuggling, frequently afford a smaller revenue to government than what might be drawn from more moderate taxes."

A case in point is the special treatment of capital gains, which Lekachman asserts is a giveaway to the rich. History indicates, however, that raising taxes on capital gains to get at the rich is totally counterproductive. In 1969 Congress doubled the capital gains tax. The result was that revenue from this tax fell to almost nothing. In 1978 Congress reversed itself and cut the capital gains tax in half. The result was a sharp increase in revenue. If Lekachman is right and the rich do get most capital gains, then a reduction in the capital gains tax increased the tax burden on the rich!

For an economist, Lekachman's view of the tax system is simplistic in the extreme. Hardly anyone in the economics profession believes we can blithely ignore the incentive effects of our tax system in the blind pursuit of income redistribution. Nor do I think the American people hold a brief for such a policy either—witness the strong support for a flat rate tax. In short, his view is out of step both economically and socially with today's view of what a proper income tax should look like.

Bruce Bartlett Washington, D.C.

Bruce Bartlett is executive director of the Joint Economic Committee of the U.S. Congress.

## Correction

The May Index reported that in 1982, vandals in Riga, U.S.S.R., smashed 1,800 square miles of telephone-booth glass. A number of our readers were not fooled by this disinformation. The figure is actually 1,800 square meters.

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# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 18

by Thomas H. Middleton

he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 74.

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14	F	15	Z	16	8	. 100		17	R	18	C	19	X	20	S	21	U	2.2	F	23	A	24	Q	25	€	1	E	26	A	27	L
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66	W	67	Q	68	Х	69	Υ	70	U			71	Υ	72	Р	73	В	74	W	75	N	76	н	77	С	78	K	79	E	80	X
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158	М	159	J	160	1		ı	161	J		ì	162	0	163	٧	164	R	165	Q	166	Z		ĺ	167	J	168	0	169	R	170	) Z
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183	٧	184	0			185	F			186	L	187	U	188	1	189	Υ	190	Т	191	F		_	_	-			-	_	-	-

#### **CLUES** WORDS

- A. Substitution of a mild 26 171 23 61 153 126 expression for one deemed offensive 143
- B. Porticos C. Contaminates

E. Weird

- 90 18 59
- D. Excessively proud; arrogant (hyph.)
- 88 184 123 34 124 110 149 180 137 104 181

79

91

76 158 152 178 174 111 62

- F. Old material worked into a new form
- 14 191 185 130 156 G. Stimulate 97
- H. Furnishes, supplies
  - 32 41 106 147 8 188 160
- Grasslike herb, genus Iuncus J. Mailer novel (4 wds.
  - 177 109 159 83 after The) 60 182 120 161 167

146 94

29

- K. Show lively interest
- L. Left quickly (2 wds.)
- M. Heavy waterproof trousers worn by loggers and fishermen (2 wds.)

**CLUES** 

#### WORDS

- N. Submits
- 57 145 75 116 89
- O. The offense of trying to corrupt a jury
- P. Huts; cottages; compartments
- O. One of Moore's "Irish Melodies" (3 wds.)
  - 148 135 11 102 165 113
- R. Surpassed
- 164
- S. Steep; tough; formal; strict
- T. Remained
  - 190
- U. Situation remote from worldly affairs (2 wds.)
- V. Volatile petroleum

W. Word game

- 144
- X. Bay famous for its
- 80 Y. Captivates, charms
- Z. Mayfly

151 163 134 138 183

166

117 87

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## NO, VIRGINIA, HE ISN'T UNCLE SAM!

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# PUZZLE

# RighTangles

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

il answers are entered in right-angular fashion. setter following the clue number indicates in which direction the answer starts out. The solver must determine where in the course of the entry the 90degree turn is made, and in which direction. Calculations are aided by the fact that each letter in the diagram appears in precisely two words.

Clue answers include four proper nouns (one has an apostrophe) and uncommon words at 12E and 35S. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 74

1									2	3
4		5					6			
7							8	9		
10	11					12				
13		14		15		16				17
				18		19				
		20	21			22				23
24				25	26				27	28
		29	30	31			32	33		
		34						35		
	36	37			38	39				

## Clues

- 1E Pat one's back in church tomb (8)
- Thus the district attorney takes the lead in prosecutorial work as a refresher (7) (two words)
- Darker complexioned . . . without the skin blemish, more bashful (9)
- 4E One British politician that is marginally Torythat's irreverence (7)
- 5E Chap may riot about right source of drugs (8)
- 6E Swears half of vote stuffing was rigged (5)
- 7E Aerialists, very quiet internally . . . do they do somersaults? (8)
- 8W Vulgar man wearing beret (5)
- 9N Figuratively, the height of ambition always is French (7)
- Married life almost upset thin skin (4)
- Trying one reefer initially, dispersed smoke (7)
- Sen. pays off nervous connection (7)
- Flavor that could link Tristan and Iseult (5)
- 14W Distressed, if craft is buying and selling (7)
- 15W Annoying insect . . . it zips (3)
- Tendency to put a diet off (8)
- 17N I shouldn't go in to harangue customers (5)
- 18E Female has battle in contentious party (7)
- 19N You con I find Cher a mess in soft fabrics (9)
- 20E Rube with hacked around one area in the country (7)
- Democrat campaigned with backing from oil plant
  - 36W I'll say it: "Kev" (4) 37W The Stones—the worst! (4)
  - 38N One who's armed doesn't begin to frighten (5)
  - 39N Take off the top . . . the Eskimo's stripped (4)

21N Axes to cut and sharpen instrument (9)

Place in which I lanced boils (7)

28W Hair covering one small animal (5)

31W Throw back large piece of cotton (4)

24N Piddling day in Kentucky (5)

sounding (5)

can Indian (8)

mass (8)

26N

29S

30W

32E

34E

it (8)

22W Gee, are you-if you listen-very loud and harsh-

25W Converts see Lord transformed around start of

An informal talk: a tool for cultivating an Ameri-

Audience approval to employ following papal bull?

University doctorate about the Spanish is bore (6)

. . . Harp-playing? Certainly taking a wild shot at

A cheer with love backs American author (5)

Oven . . . but don't start to cook in it (4)

Is harp-playing the priest's province . . . (6)

Contest Rules: See a roun, "seed diagram with name and address to "RighTangles," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016 Intries must be received by June 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year still to the state of the solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners' names will be printed in the August issue. We not of the April puzzle, "Milestone," are Henry Hirschberg, Putnam Valley, New York; Karen L. Hodge, Clinton, Connecticut; and Elizabeth M. O'Neill, San Leandro, California.





